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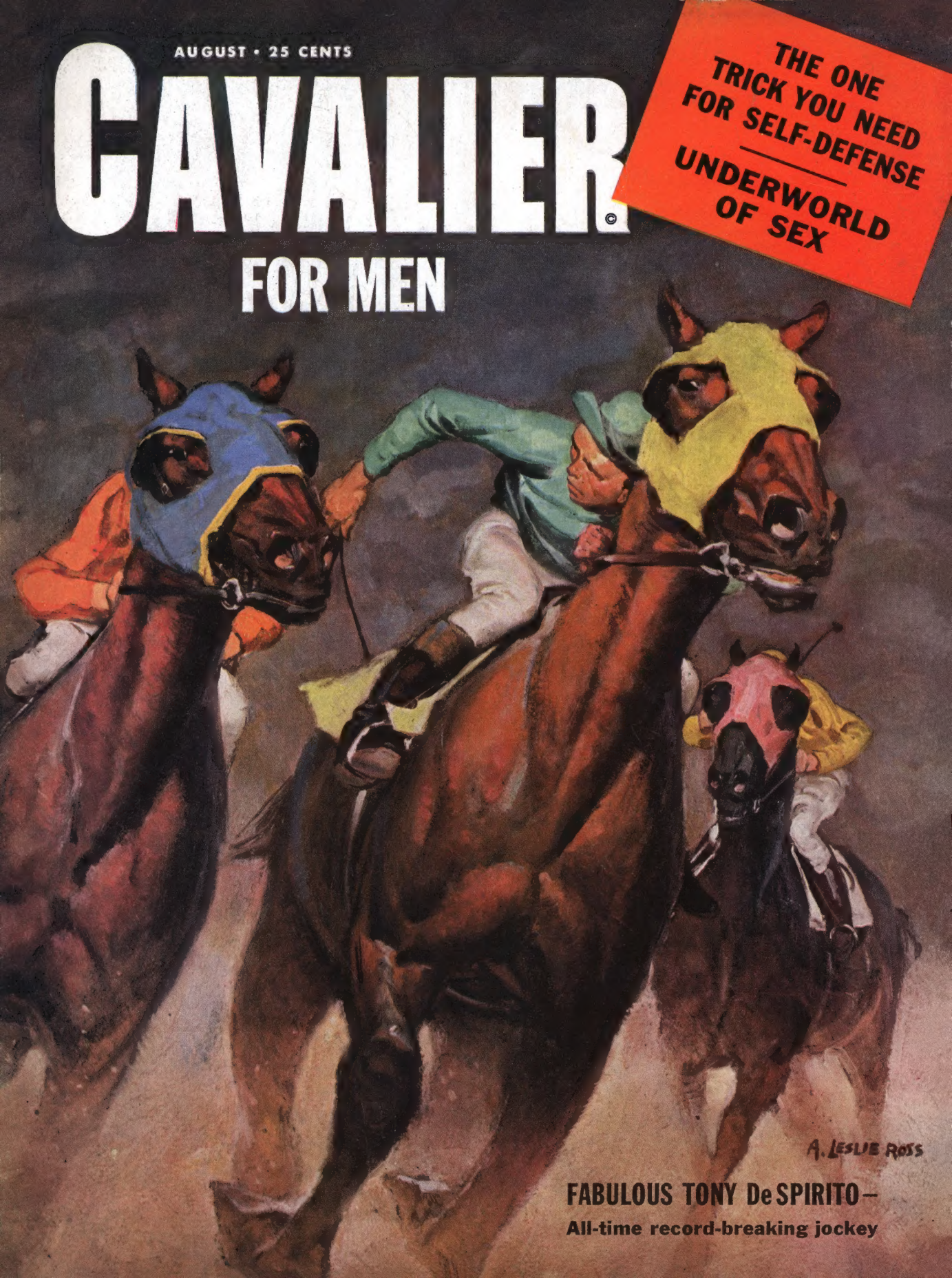

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CAVALIER

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Death Drives

Slow driving is not safe driving. Half the accidents on the road are caused by "mopes" who are violating minimum speed laws

If you've ever been hounded on the road by a slow driver, you're lucky to be alive. His presence is the single biggest threat to your life—once you get behind that wheel. Slow drivers are the cause of four out of every ten deaths on the highway.

Let's suppose you're one of the millions of normal motorists out on the highway.

You have just started on a trip and you're in a relaxed mood. For the first five or six miles you've been traveling in traffic which is comparatively "open" and moving right along. Thus far you have been obeying all legal traffic rules, as well as a few additional self-imposed ones which aren't in the books, but which you have learned make both for safer driving and getting the most out of your particular car.

Suddenly the driving pattern changes as you overtake a long line of cars forming a creeping road block. At the head of this block, and entirely responsible for it, is a driver who is what highway officials and law enforcement agencies call a "mope." You probably call him a lot of other names, most of them unprintable.

This mope is moving at an obstinate 30 miles per hour in a 50 mile per hour zone, blithely ignoring the line of traffic piling up behind him. No amount of impatient horn-tooting will pressure him into increasing his speed or pulling into the lane to the right. He's the irritating, self-centered cork in a seething bottleful of pent-up traffic. Nothing you can do will cause him to unplug.

Within the next two miles, as you chafe and grow progressively more impatient, the mope will create a slow-moving procession one quarter mile long. In four miles, this procession doubles in size.

Driving as though he isn't going any place and has all day to get there, the mope will do much more than make you edgy and frazzle your nerves. In four miles, or eight minutes, he will reduce a $1,200,000 strip of modern highway to horse-and-buggy inefficiency. He will cause cumula-

The mope in the center lane is turning a three-lane highway into a two-lane jam-up that may extend from one to three miles.

a Slow Car

by Emile C. Schurmacher

tive time loss and inconvenience which cannot be computed. But far more alarming than you probably realize, he will create an accident-potential which may be fatal—*to you!*

Trouble is bound to come when a rational, safety-minded, and usually law-abiding motorists like yourself, is goaded into taking desperate chances in order to get ahead of the road block that has been set up.

I freely admit that, although I am considered a careful driver, I have broken traffic regulations in half a dozen states. I've passed mopes to the right and passed them in "no passing" zones. I've passed them to the left on the wrong side of a double line, and on curves, and in bursts of speed of better than 75 mph.

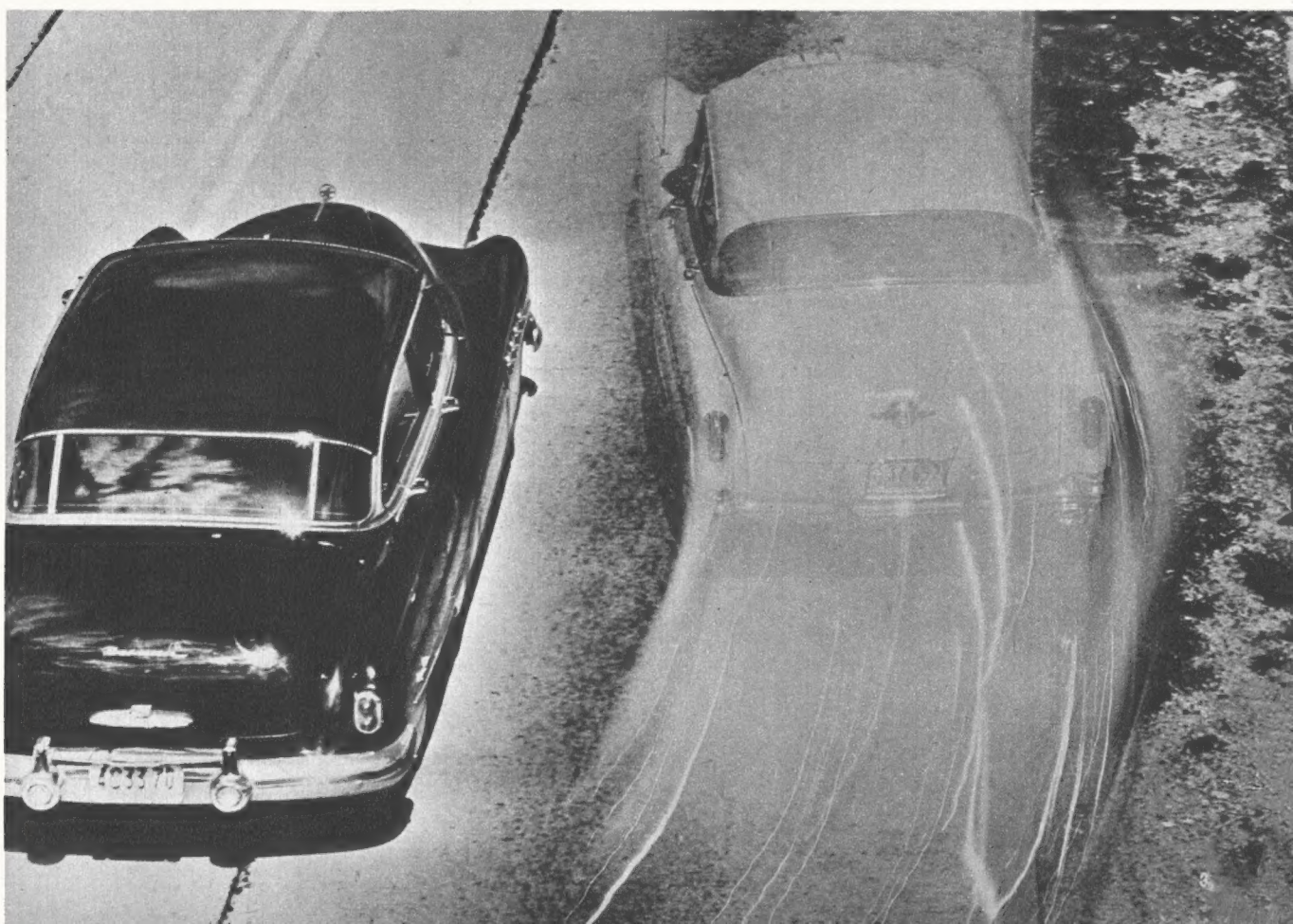
Like most drivers, I've had no intention of breaking laws, risking my life and those of others. But a mope can transform me—or you—into a speeder, a reckless, irrational driver, a corpse, by his infuriating highway tactics.

Seldom in danger or involved in a collision himself, he is the primary cause of 20 percent of all head-on or frontal sideswipe automobile fatalities on the highway. He is also the primary cause of 13 percent "at angle" collision fatalities, 2 percent of rear end or rear end-sideswipe fatalities, and 3 percent of other highway accident fatalities. For an accurate idea of the deaths caused by mopes in your state each year, just subtract the number of highway fatalities in which pedestrians were involved and take 38 percent of the remainder. The answer will appall you.

The incredible thing is that although the responsibility of the mope for highway fatalities is increasing in direct ratio to more cars, better roads and the construction of new super-highways, his actions are still viewed as passive, rather than active, by unrealistic courts and insurance companies.

In the course of more than a million and a half miles of driving, including eight coast-to- [*Continued on page* 72]

By hogging the road and crawling along, the highway creep in the black car forces those behind him to take foolhardy chances.



New York to Miami in an Eggbeater

They said it couldn't be done. The Coast Guard even put a watch on me. But for 4,000 miles I rode alone in my 16-foot boat

Every fall, the expensive cabin cruisers and yachts around our place on Long Island head south with the birds. Their owners follow the Intracoastal Waterway, spending a few hundred dollars more for the trip than I make in a year. But at least I could afford to wish that I was going along. I know a lot of other fellows who indulge in my form of cheap wishing—you may be one yourself—but my trouble came when my wishing turned into an obsession.

Somehow, some way, I just had to make that trip. Me and my 16-foot outboard motor boat.

Now there is one thing about an obsession, especially an obsession that's become entrenched over a period of years: it won't take "No" for an answer. The experts I consulted were all agreed that a 4,000-mile trip, some of it on the open sea, was impossible in a small open boat powered only by an outboard motor. When I suggested that not only did I propose to make the trip, but that I was going to make it a round trip and *alone,* they just looked at me pityingly and walked away. Apparently they thought that because it had never been done, it couldn't be done.

So I consulted some amateurs who knew nothing about the sea, and they were much more encouraging. As they pointed out, quite logically, as long as countless outboards could be seen along the coast from Long Island to Key West, there was no reason why one outboard could not *go* from Long Island to Miami. To this I agreed quite happily, and waited my chance.

Last summer it came. On May 22nd I accepted delivery of a 16-foot Shell Lake runabout and a 25-hp Johnson outboard motor. That night I fitted my canoe-ribbed craft with a pair of floor boards of my own design. In good weather they would furnish me with a smooth bed at night. In rainy weather they could be taken up, mounted on edge in sockets along the gunwales, and provide the walls of my cabin.

The roof of my cabin, which I planned to use only on rainy nights when I would be safely tied up in sheltered water, was made of an old tarp, supported from within by knock-down frames and with my long boat hook serving as a ridge pole. I took the compass from my car, used an old auto gas tank for my reserve supply of gas, and tossed in a few cans of oil. For the rest I had a canvas roll of tools, a gasoline camp stove, a gasoline lantern, some nesting pots, a portable radio, fishing tackle, and the usual in the way of supplies, clothing, and sleeping bag.

By morning I was ready and off, before either I or my deserted family could change our minds.

I was a stranger to both my boat and my motor, but I figured we could become as well acquainted on our way to Florida as anywhere else. It worked out that way, too.

My first stop was at a Long Island Coast Guard Station, where I received what I took to be some official encouragement. "Joe," said a captain who shall remain nameless, "in our business we keep a special eye on fools and Sunday sailors, but on you we will keep an extra watch 24 hours a day." I thought it was real nice of him to make the offer.

I took it easy the first day, breaking in my motor, but even so I made the 120 miles from Brookhaven harbor to Manasquam Inlet in less than 10 hours. I put that down to luck, favoring winds and tide, and the fact that I was still in waters I had sailed for more than 20 years. The next day, however, following the regular inland water route to the Cape May canal, I was averaging a neat 20 miles an hour without taxing the motor. Immediately I became quite cocky about my new-found power and speed.

When I started on my 4000-mile trip, I'd given my new boat and motor only a two-hour test. But believe me, we sure got plenty of chances to become better acquainted.

by Joseph Adams

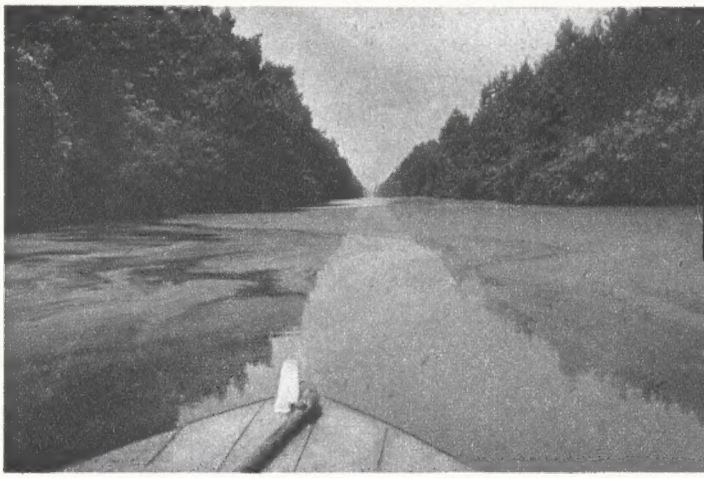
In fact, I became so cocky I decided to abandon the inland water route for a spell and go "outside." By skipping directly across Delaware Bay, and then skirting the coasts of Delaware, Maryland and Virginia—the Delmarva peninsula—I could clip more than a hundred miles from my journey.

I made it across the bay all right, but as I started around the Delaware coast, the smooth, oily swells began to tighten up a bit. The *Scamp*, as I had named my boat, would skim up the side of a long roller and then try to take off at the top. The crash as she fell back on the other side would shake every bone in my body, and what it did to my loosely stowed gear was a caution.

I saw at once that my own foolishness could get me into a lot of trouble. I throttled back and headed for an inlet. Once safe, however, I found myself still in trouble. The inside bays were poorly marked, often only with branches thrust into the muddy bottom by local fishermen. Maybe, to them, each stick was as meaningful as a bell buoy, but to me they meant nothing. In the next couple of days, as I darted outside when the bays became too shallow, and inside when the ocean became too rough, I learned I could be sure of only one thing: If a reef was to be found anywhere, I would find it and hang up on it.

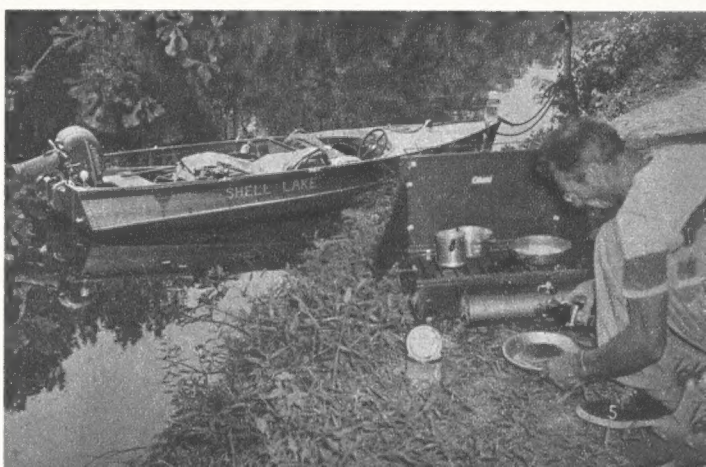
I was no longer cocky, but I had something just as bad. I was impatient, and when you are all alone, impatience can sometimes lead you into some desperate and foolish moves. I had already lost two days by taking my "short-cut" and I was still a long way from Cape Charles. Grimly I turned outside, determined to make a run for it.

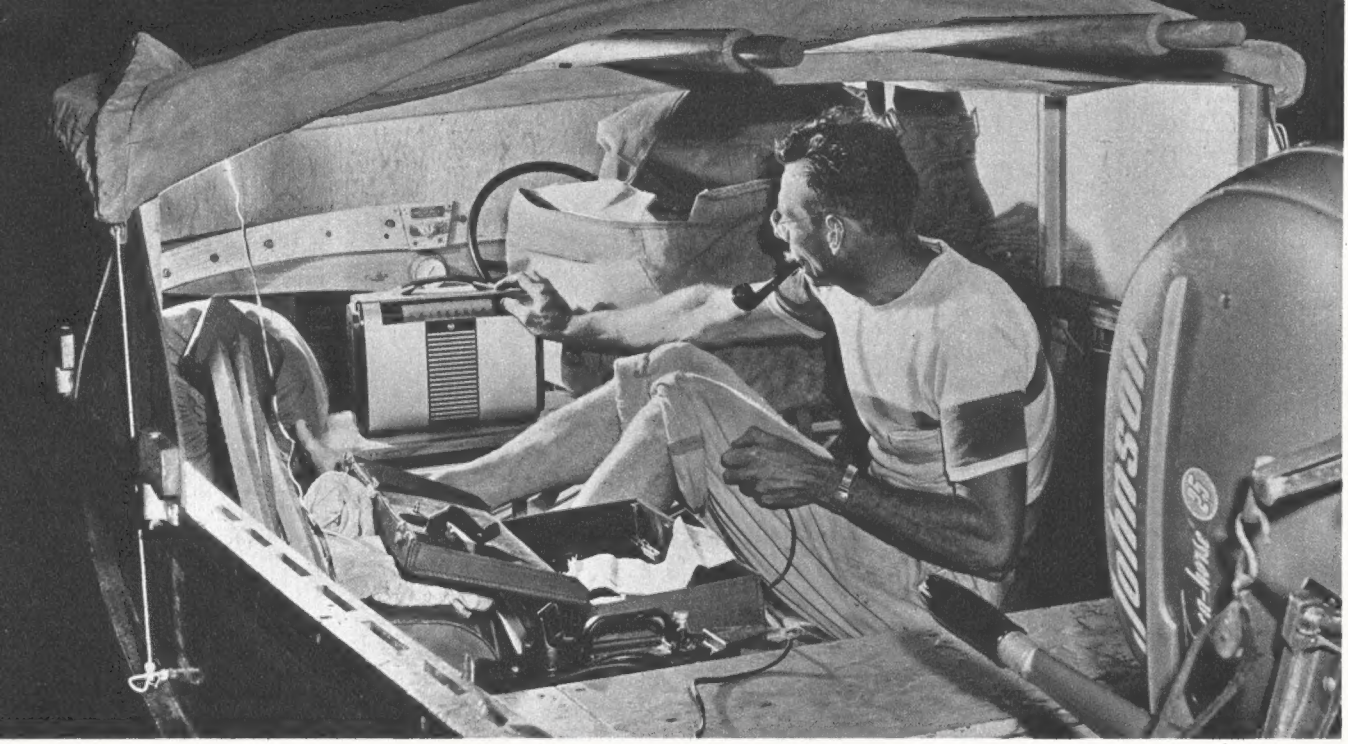
For a while luck was with me. The sea was calm, and I purred along at my 20 mph. I had finally learned how to stow my gear so that the weight was distributed to the *Scamp's* complete satisfaction, and she rode as though on



Going along North Carolina's Dismal Swamp Canal, a heat wave hit that I thought would kill me. The deck became too hot to touch and the buzzards too lazy to fly away.

One thing about boat life: it makes you hungry as hell. Many's the morning I awoke and had myself some delicious pancakes and coffee. As for fish, catching 'em was easy.

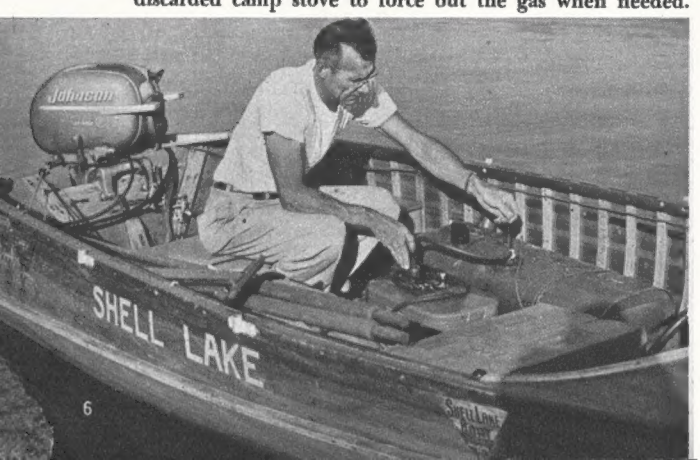




Come night I'd tie up the boat, make a roof out of an old tarp, take my shoes off and tune in on my portable. It was the life of Riley, and the whole trip cost only $375.

Many marine gas stations have shower accommodations, but whether they did or didn't made no never mind. I found a good old-fashioned hosing just as cool and refreshing.

I used an old auto tank (cost me a buck) for my reserve supply of gas. Into it I installed an air pump from a discarded camp stove to force out the gas when needed.



wind instead of water. The sun was bright and hot, there was hardly a cloud in the sky, and the only wind was the breeze of our own speed. There wasn't a sign of trouble anywhere.

But I had a lot to learn. Without warning a roller crested beneath me. The *Scamp* broke out of the water like a broncho coming out of a chute, and the propeller screamed in mid-air. I was tossed up from the boat, but fortunately not away from it, and my seat was still there when I crashed down on it. By the time I regained my breath, I was surrounded by breakers, there was an inch of water in the boat, and foam was everywhere.

The Coast Guard at Metomkin Inlet saw my plight and got a boat out, but though I had already exposed myself as a damn fool, I was spared the further humiliation of being towed to safety. At least I made it inside the bay under my own power, only to run aground just as the Coast Guard launch got within hailing distance.

I poled myself free of the reef and followed the launch back to the station. I felt like some delinquent child about to be dressed down by a truant officer. Though I was new to outboard motor boating, I had knocked about in small sailing craft for years, and I had a pretty good idea of what the Coast Guard thought of jerks who took fool-hardy risks. But I was given no dressing down.

Instead I was taken to the boat house where I was shown a powerfully built double-ender of some 50 feet in length.

"A beautiful monster," I said respectfully.

"She is now," replied the officer in charge. "And she's about as sea-worthy as they come. But you should have seen her after we fished her out of those breakers you just came through. She was upside down, her bow smashed, and her motor filled with sand. No lives lost, though."

I began to get the idea that those breakers were nothing to play around in.

The officer in charge, with the consideration and helpfulness I found typical of the Coast Guard the entire length of the coast, then explained why I had found myself in thundering breakers when there was no wind, and everywhere else the sea was calm and serene.

"There's a shallow reef out there," the officer explained in words I could understand, "and it acts like a stumbling block to those long, smooth rollers. They come sliding in as

calm as you please, trip on the reef, and fall flat on their faces. If you and your boat happen to be there just as a big one trips and falls on you—let's say from about thirty feet—it's good-bye boat."

I nodded, a little shaken.

"Now," continued the officer, "there are reefs like that all along the coast. They can form quickly, and they can disappear quickly, so not all of them are charted. And as you learned today, once they have formed and the tide is right, those breakers can jump up out of nowhere and take one healthy snap at you. No boat, no matter how big, can fool with them. That's why Cape Hatteras, down the coast a piece, is called the Graveyard of Ships. A big graveyard for big ships."

Again I nodded.

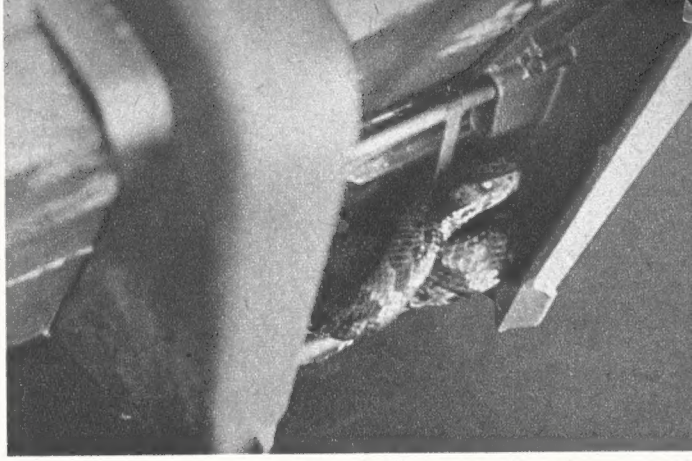
"And that's why the United States government has spent several million dollars building a thing called the Intracoastal Waterway. It's so guys like you won't have to go out in breakers like that."

Well, that was it. I had learned my lesson the hard way. I spent the night as the guest of the Coast Guard, and the next day a Coast Guardsman came with me to guide me through the network of channels that laced the inner bay. He left me at the next station, to be ferried back to his own post later, and I must say that my respect and admiration for those boys, loaded as they are with hospitality and courtesy, is something that will remain with me permanently.

I blundered on alone. Oyster beds began to appear in the shallow water, and I winced every time my thin hull slid over a clump of knife-edged shells. It was getting dark when the tide changed, and when it went out it went out like no other tide I had ever seen before. It was as though someone had pulled a plug out of the bottom of the bay. One minute I was in shallow but navigable water, and the next I was high and dry, surrounded by acres of oysters.

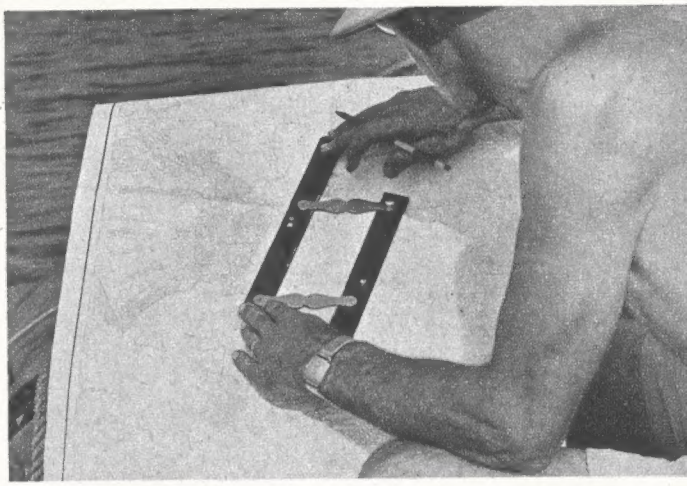
To complete my embarrassment, a Coast Guard plane sent out to see why I was not checking in on schedule, circled over me and then went away. I began to realize what the captain meant when he said the Coast Guard keeps a special eye on fools and Sunday sailors.

That night, with only the radio for company, I got my first real taste of lonesomeness. [*Continued on page* 58]

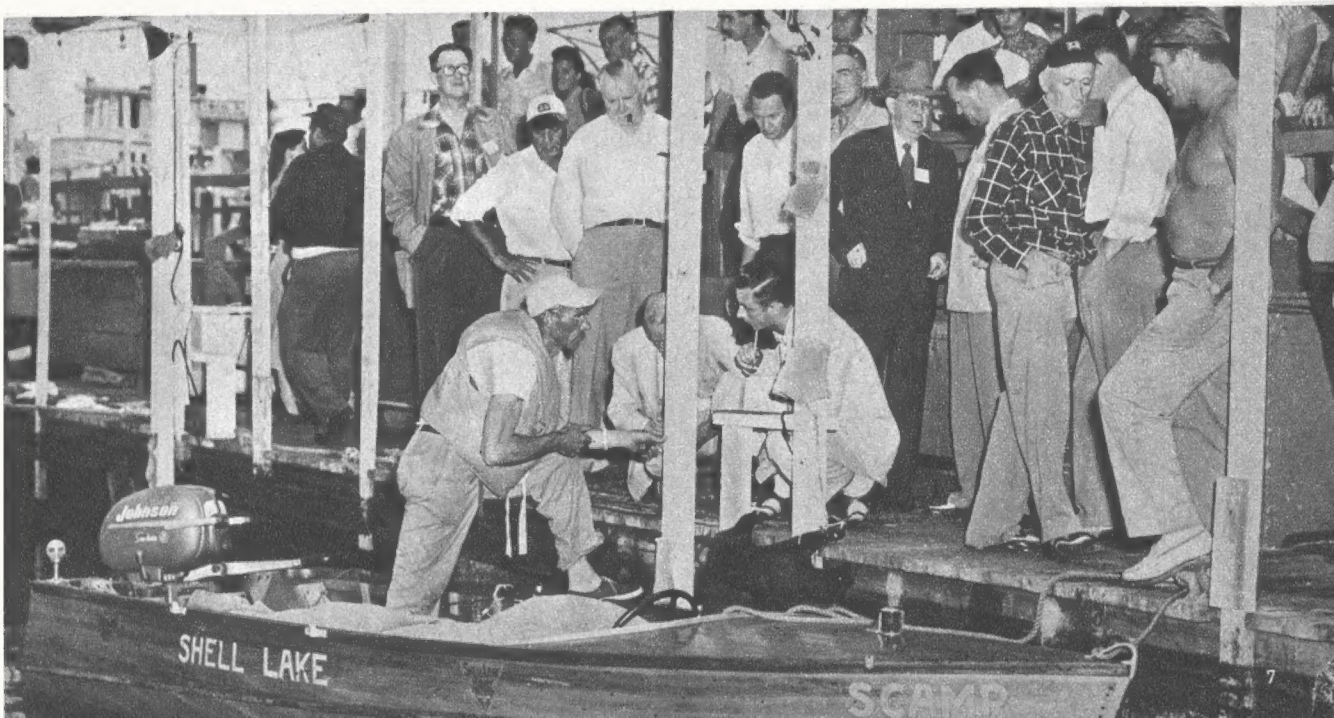


It just takes one cottonmouth to finish a man off, and this one nearly got me. I found it coiled around the bracket of my motor while gassing up in South Carolina.

The only charts I possessed—and these I didn't get hold of until the return trip—were those of the Chesapeake and Delaware Bays. Otherwise I used ordinary road maps.



On June 7th, at 6:00 p.m., I pulled into Miami. There were plenty of newspapermen on hand waiting to get my story. Seemed disappointed I hadn't lost an arm or two.



Here's Looking at You

Sure, Sam's magic cocktail opened new vistas for him. But who can stand too much of a good thing?

by John Novotny

Illustrated by Victor Kalin

"Go ahead, Kelly," Sam Bascombe ordered, his chin supported on his fists, elbows planted on the bar. "Pour it in."

"Not anisette!" Kelly, the big bartender, pleaded.

"Pour."

The anisette was added to the chromium shaker and Sam Bascombe leisurely pointed to another fancy bottle. Kelly sighed and measured a jigger of brandy. Sam pointed again.

"That's bourbon," Kelly said. "You already have bourbon."

Sam shrugged indifferently and indicated his next choice. Kelly looked and gagged.

"What's wrong?" Sam asked. Kelly wiped perspiration from his forehead.

"That's wine, Sam. Don't ask me to add wine to this. I'm afraid to look into the shaker now."

"Well—just a dash," Sam compromised.

Carefully the bartender permitted a few drops of Malaga to fall into the mixture. A wisp of smoke rose toward the ceiling and, for the first time that evening, a smile crossed Sam Bascombe's face.

"I think we are finally beginning to approach the answer," he murmured.

"I think we're past it," Kelly objected. "Nothing in the world could get me to drink this mess."

"Except sheer boredom," Sam said wisely. "Tending bar at the Hotel Freemore brings you a certain amount of zest. As, for instance, this experiment you are sharing with me right now. You meet all kinds of people. But how long could a man of your imagination, or mine, last as chief accountant for Colman Toiletries?"

"I can't even add," Kelly said.

"Ability doesn't enter into it," Sam went on, running his eyes judiciously over the remaining bottles behind the big bartender. "Every day I sit there and look at the same blank faces of the same dozen women. Every day I listen to the same

"What's with them?" the bartender asked in a whisper.

inane questions, and every day, of course, there is Martha."

"The wife?" Kelly asked. Sam nodded, and the bartender's head bobbed in sympathy.

"Point it out," he said kindly. Sam pointed, and Kelly closed his eyes as he added a spot of Benedictine to the container.

"Perhaps we'll let it rest there," Sam said.

"Good. I'm surprised it hasn't exploded. Now what?"

"Shake it up."

Kelly backed away from the bar in horror. "You're the one who's looking for excitement. You shake it up."

"Right," Sam agreed. "Toss some ice in there and hand me the other half of that affair."

Kelly complied with the instructions and Sam Bascombe jammed the glass into the chromium shaker. He got off the tall bar stool and raised his arms. A young lady wandered into the cocktail lounge from the lobby and paused at the strange sight of the customer shaking his own drink. Kelly motioned her on worriedly.

"Not too near, please," he called across the bar. "This may explode."

"What's in it—nitroglycerine?" she laughed.

"If we have a bottle of it here, it's in it," Kelly said. The girl smiled and walked through the revolving door to the street. Sam finished his job, placed the shaker on the bar, and Kelly removed the large glass carefully.

"Well?"

"A Tom Collins glass should do nicely," Sam said. The bartender produced one and Sam reached for the shaker. Kelly held up one hand.

"Wait," he said. "I was chicken a minute ago. Permit me."

Sam settled himself on the stool and Kelly grasped the cold container. He poured bravely. Both men studied the opaque mixture that nearly filled the tall glass.

"Don't look as bad as I thought it would," the bartender mused. "Sorta changes color too."

"Very attractive," Sam agreed. "Perhaps I should pay you now. No telling what results this may have."

Kelly frowned, studied the glass, and shrugged.

"Let's say a buck and a half and charge it up to experience."

Sam counted the money onto the bar and Kelly rang up the sale.

"Bottoms up," the bartender encouraged and watched with admiration, astonishment, and then trepidation, as Sam Bascombe drank it down to the last drop. "Nothing in the world could get me to do it," he whispered.

Sam wiped his lips and set the glass on the black mahogany surface. "It was worth the money, Kelly," he said with conviction.

"How did it taste?"

"Quite good. Very different."

"Now you can face the world again?"

Sam Bascombe laughed shortly. "After four of them, maybe yes."

Kelly jumped and Sam gestured.

"No, don't worry, Kelly," he said. "I don't want another. I just expected too much from liquor. But making the drink was a fine idea. Perhaps that was the best part and—"

He stopped as the girl came back into the bar and headed for the hotel lobby. His mouth opened slowly and a red flush spread across his face. The girl looked over and smiled.

"How did it go?" she called.

"Stowed away safely," Kelly answered. "Tasted good according to last reports."

The girl laughed and left the bar. Sam turned to stare at the bartender. "It's a wonder she wasn't arrested," he said hoarsely. Kelly looked blank.

"Why, she must have taken them off right out there on 46th Street," Sam said in amazement. "And then she brazenly walks in here and smack into the lobby."

"You lost me somewhere," Kelly confessed.

Sam shook his head, removed cigarettes from his pocket and offered them to the bartender. Kelly looked around the empty room and accepted one. He held a match and they lit up. When the lobby door swung open again, he cupped the cigarette in one hand. A pretty brunette stood poised in the doorway.

"Mr. Bartlett show up yet?" she asked.

"No ma'am," Kelly called. "A little early for him."

The dark-haired girl smiled her thanks and disappeared. Sam Bascombe stared after her. Slowly he climbed off the stool and stood clutching the bar. His face was very red.

"Is this a convention?" he asked. "And have they no shame? Good heavens! On a stage—yes! In a fashion show—yes! But in a lobby, on the street, and in a cocktail lounge—no!"

"No what?" asked the befuddled Kelly.

"No walking around in their underwear," explained Sam Bascombe indignantly. Kelly swallowed hard.

Wow! For a buck and a half you got some drink."

"I am not joking—nor am I drunk."

Sam walked easily across the room and back to prove his point.

"Do I appear drunk?"

Kelly shook his head. "No, but something is wrong. Wait! That babe is headed this way again."

The brunette approached the bar. Sam drew himself back and his breathing became extremely irregular. The girl nodded to him and then turned to Kelly.

"When Mr. Bartlett does show up, would you mind telling him Virginia couldn't wait?"

"I'll be glad to," Kelly said, looking her up and down. The girl's eyebrows went up.

"Satisfactory?" she asked disdainfully.

Kelly grinned goodnaturedly.

"I'll tell him."

"Thank you."

She walked out. The two men looked at each other.

"How did you like Virginia?" Kelly asked.

"All I can say is if the girls in my office dressed like that—"

"Like what?" Kelly interrupted.

"Why, little peach pants and—"

"Listen, Mr. Bascombe," Kelly said softly, "Virginia was wearing a suit. Blue jacket and skirt. And a white lacy blouse."

A stricken look appeared on Sam's face. While they remained silent, the street door opened and two showgirls from the nearby theatre walked in. Kelly whistled softly.

"What's with them?" he asked in a whisper as they approached the bar. Sam sat frozen.

"Pink on the blonde and," he gulped audibly, "—black—black on the redhead."

"Lace?" Kelly asked. Sam nodded unhappily.

Kelly drifted over to serve the two girls and when he returned Sam was waiting.

"A drink, Kelly. A strong drink," he gasped.

Kelly brought out the bourbon and poured generously into two glasses. "It's unusual, but I think I'll have one too. Here's looking at you."

They tossed the bourbon down. Sam Bascombe relaxed. "That feels better," he murmured. "You know, that black lace is not unattractive."

Kelly seemed pensive. A moment later a tall blonde girl walked in to join the others at the bar.

"How about this lovely thing?" the bartender asked. Sam looked and was forced to hold his breath until the bourbon went to work. Then he smiled and turned back to the bar.

"This child of nature does not believe in loading herself down," he announced. Kelly clenched his fists.

"None?"

"No underwear for the blonde," Sam said. "And I applaud her independence. I'll have another drink."

"That does it," Kelly stated, grabbing the chromium shaker. "Start pointing."

"You said that nothing in the world could get you to try that drink," Sam reminded him.

"I didn't say blondes," Kelly insisted. "Start pointing."

Ten minutes later, Sam rested his arm. "I wonder if we forgot any of the ingredients," he mused. "Or added any?"

"One way to find out," Kelly said, tossing a handful of ice into the shaker. After shaking, he poured the mixture into a tall glass and held it up.

"It looks like it," he said.

"Smells like it," Sam sniffed.

"Here goes," Kelly said bravely. He tilted the glass. When he finished he held onto the bar.

"But it wasn't it," he moaned. "I can't see a thing. I think I've gone blind."

Sam quickly poured himself a shot of bourbon and sipped it thoughtfully. "You'll have a great deal of trouble mixing drinks," he said.

Kelly moaned. "Mixing drinks? I'll have trouble walking."

Kelly groaned and then stiffened.

"It's wearing off!" he shouted happily.

Sam hurriedly poured another shot as Kelly shook his head wildly.

"Ah-h," the bartender sighed as the dimness passed away, "that's better. I was scared there for awhile. You know, Sam, I think I'll treat you to one. Drink up." . . .

The next day, in the office, Sam Bascombe kept his eyes riveted on the ceiling for the simple reason that he was afraid to look anywhere else. The landscape before him was a mass of pastel shades and extremely prominent flesh tones. At home he had only Martha to contend with, and she wore a corset. A movement distracted Sam's study of the ceiling and he looked down as Elizabeth Rooney got up from her desk and walked away from him toward the back of the room. He choked.

"Can I get you a glass of water, Mr. Bascombe?" Marilyn Phillips asked sweetly.

"No, thank you," Sam protested. All morning Marilyn's right shoulder strap had irritated him fiercely by refusing to remain in place. The girl seemed unmindful of it. Marilyn turned back to her typing and Sam relaxed. Five seconds elapsed and his blood pressure soared again as Kay Richmond looked at him, smiled, and got up.

"Not her," Sam thought unhappily. "She has a question. I know it. Here she comes. Be brave."

Kay sported a strapless affair, and she walked from head to foot. She wasted nothing.

"Mr. Bascombe," she spoke softly. "Last month's perfume sales seem all out of proportion on this report."

She leaned over his desk to hand him the paper and perspiration broke out on his forehead. He blinked at the blurred rows of figures.

"If you'll leave it here, Miss Richmond, I'll compare the proportions with other months," he said faintly. Kay wriggled unhappily.

"But I'll need the other figures on that sheet to complete my report," she said.

"Please stop that," Sam pleaded. The girl looked puzzled.

"The report?"

"No. That motion. It is most distracting."

Kay stood up and smiled distantly.

"I'll be back later for the paper," she said softly and undulated back to her desk. Sam felt at a disadvantage, and he looked around for a release valve. Halfway down the aisle, Terry McAllister sat operating an adding machine. Terry's little white vest-like bra attached in front and, because Terry was warm, she had temporarily unsnapped that vital connection. Mr. Bascombe's eye stopped there.

"Button that up!" he ordered harshly. All the girls snapped to attention. They stared at him innocently.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Bascombe," Terry said, questioningly.

"Er—Miss McAllister," Sam hemmed, realizing his mistake. "Glutton. Yes. Me, that is. Bring that up. Glutton for work."

Terry wore a rather transparent blouse and slip. She also regretted having unsnapped her bra because any motion now was fraught with danger. Carefully and erectly, she slid from her chair and carried the tabulations toward Sam. At each step she achieved more freedom of movement. Sam closed his eyes and accepted the paper blindly. Miss McAllister headed for the lounge.

The remainder of the morning passed uneventfully and Sam went out for lunch. He was almost hit by a car on Sixth Avenue and, later, he walked into the back of the Music Hall doorman. Lunch was eaten at a restaurant which was staffed by men.

Fate conspired against him in the afternoon: all the girls had questions. At three o'clock Sam could take no more. He leaned over and glared at Marilyn.

"Miss Phillips," he exploded. "Will you please put that strap in place!"

The room was silent as the [*Continued on page* 54]

"Mr. Bascombe," Kay said softly, "last month's perfume sales seem all out of proportion."

This was the big one. Tony DeSpirito scores 389th win on King's

The silver plate Tony was awarded for setting a new record isn't the only reason for his father's new-found happiness. Through all his successes, Tony has never forgotten his folks.

Hotshot

The experts said he didn't even know how to sit in a saddle, but Fabulous Tony had the perfect answer—a record-smashing total of 390 wins in one year

As the horses came down the stretch, the one-armed man leaning against the rail groaned. Behind him a voice that was supposed to be a whisper said, "Damn it, there he goes again."

But there was no use in trying to keep it a secret. The sharp-eyed stewards had seen what the jockey up on Braseda had done. And the movies of the race presented the evidence clearly—Braseda's rider had twice interferred with the horse named Prairie Kid. The decision handed down was swift and definite. "Jockey A. DeSpirito is suspended for ten days effective Dec. 12."

Then the Florida sky fell in. Hundreds of letters of protest, most of them carrying New England postmarks, poured in on the stewards. "What are you trying to do to the kid?" the fans demanded. "He's had enough tough breaks without you stewards weighing the sacks in on him." . . . "Are you out to keep him from breaking the record?"

That was the key to all the noise—the record. For young Tony DeSpirito, a little apprentice jockey out of Lawrence, Mass., was on the verge of smashing jockey Walter Miller's 46-year-old record of riding 388 winners in one year when the suspension hit him.

While the storm of protest raged around him and the language of the letters got worse, swarthy Tony DeSpirito said nothing. Setbacks were nothing new to Tony and he knew how to take them. He'd had a lot of experience with

Quest in the ninth race at Tropical Park on December 30, 1952.

DeSpirito's style of riding has been roundly criticized, but his results cannot be denied. Much of his phenomenal success can be traced to the power in his hands and wrists.

DeSpirito

by Nelson Dunstan,
President, New York Turf Writers' Association

rough knocks since that day years before when his sad-faced father had come back from the shut-down wool mill in the middle of the day to tell his hungry family that Tony would have to leave school and help bring in some money.

And there had been plenty of rough going in those long months when he had kicked around Lawrence and Methuen, looking for a job, any job—with a pair of strong hands and a piece of a grammar school education his only recommendations.

Then one day in October of 1951 things started to break right for Tony. He got to thinking about the other kids in Lawrence and the jobs they had and he remembered one of the older guys saying, "They're always looking for strong kids at Rockingham."

So it was across the state line for Tony and into New Hampshire where a stable-to-stable search brought results —a job walking "hots," which is the process of cooling out horses after workouts or races.

In the old days it took a boy from three to five years to move from a job like walking "hots" into the jockey's seat, but boys move faster today and Tony DeSpirito, his head full of the stories about how much money the Arcaros and Atkinsons were pulling in, made up his mind that he was going to get into the big dough as soon as possible.

With a stomach full of guts [*Continued on page* 78]

Circumcision is a MUST

Forget about prejudices. What you are about to read intimately affects your life, your health, your happiness

by Eric Northrup

Circumcision is the first operation recorded in medical history, and according to the latest tallies it tops all others in popularity. Each year, more and more baby boys leave the hospitals of our nation a shade less complete than when they entered, for modern parents have come to regard this delicate act of surgery as a valuable safeguard to health.

Yet we can state without any hedging on the subject that very few persons outside the medical profession realize the crucial importance of the operation. *If all the facts were known and acted upon, circumcision would be compulsory for every male child born in the United States.*

This may sound like a tall statement—yet it is backed up by an increasing number of physicians and public health experts, [who today have very special reasons for recommending routine circumcision for all healthy newborn males].

The facts you are about to read are the first ever published on this subject in a popular national magazine. They are not intended as a scare story—most men, circumcised or otherwise, have little cause for alarm—but rather to bring you up-to-date on one vital aspect of male hygiene that has been seriously neglected.

Many annoying, painful and unpleasant disorders are caused by that excess bit of covering tissue—called the prepuce or foreskin—which the man child brings with him into this world. Doctors and hospitals, aware of these conditions, have been recommending the operation as a wholesome hygienic measure for over three decades. But it is only within the past few years that medical science has caught up with the fact that much more may be at stake for the uncircumcised male than comfort and freedom from minor inflammations and infections. Clinical and laboratory evidence now reveals that—

1. Venereal disease strikes hardest at the uncircumcised members of our population.

2. Penile carcinoma (cancer of the penis)—much feared in many parts of the world—shows special preference for "complete" males, rarely attacks the circumcised.

According to the American Cancer Society, penile carcinoma accounts for 2½ percent of all male cancer cases in the United States—a figure that may seem paltry enough until you begin to think of the men, almost one thousand a year, who are killed or seriously affected by this terrible disease. One well-known surgeon, Dr. Arthur L. Dean, puts the matter squarely when he writes, "Since I have been compelled to amputate approximately two hundred penises for cancer, and since the only cause was chronic irritation beneath a tight prepuce, you may well imagine that I strongly recommend circumcision within a week of birth."

Dr. Dean's indorsement of circumcision as a cancer preventive is based on more than his own experience. It is buttressed by hard-packed statistics gathered from hospitals in this country and abroad. Surveys based on thousands of skin and cancer admissions to clinics in New York, Montreal, Tel Aviv and elsewhere, reveal that there is not a single case on record of penile cancer among men circumcised in infancy.

Doctors had observed for many years that cancer of the penis is virtually unknown among Jews, who circumcise their sons eight days after birth, and that it is rare among Mohammedans, who perform the operation between the fourth and sixteenth year of life. But it took something more than mere statistics—concrete laboratory evidence—to explain just why this is so.

Such evidence appeared in 1947 when two quietly determined researchers, Drs. Alfred Plaut and Alice C. Kohn-Speyer, discovered a cancer-producing agent in smegma, a substance that is secreted beneath the foreskin of uncircumcised males.

Working at the pathology laboratory of Beth Israel Hospital, and at the Department of Cancer Research, College of Physicians and Surgeons, in New York, the scientists conducted a unique experiment. They injected scores of white mice with smegma, placing them under careful observation to determine possible after-effects. Within a short time, Drs. Plaut and Kohn-Speyer discovered several different forms of cancer in their laboratory animals—cancer which in all cases could be traced back to the harmless-looking substance that is produced in the human foreskin.

Does this mean that all uncircumcised males are in grave danger and should immediately submit to the pain and discomfort of an operation? Certainly not. Proper hygienic habits will in most cases prevent any disorders, including cancer. It should be emphasized, however, that careful attention must be given to one special area which is often neglected during bathing—the inner surface of the foreskin.

Like the appendix, the human foreskin has never been able to prove itself capable of any function except trouble-making. And doctors are beginning [*Continued on page* 67]

The Circumcision *by Rembrandt*
From a painting in the Hague

I Was Trapped on a

Willard Price

Man-eating piranhas infested the waters. Ruthless killers patrolled the shore. I had no choice—I had to ride the strangest craft ever built in hell

by Willard Price

Illustrated by Mal Singer

The storm came out of nowhere, but that was no surprise. They usually do in the Amazon. One minute, Carlos, my Portuguese-Indian half-breed, and I were in our dugout, fishing. The next, we were fighting to keep the boat afloat in the roaring flood.

The little boat was out of the struggle quickly. The storm picked it out of the water and smashed it down again—against a giant tree. Then we were in the water and the battle was reduced to us and the flood.

As I struggled to keep my head away from the plummeting debris, I looked for the shores. One was at least a half mile away. The other was out of sight. I turned in the water and started toward the nearer shore.

It was rugged going—the wind was dead against me. And in the back of my head was the thought of the maneating piranhas. Then I heard Carlos. I looked back and saw him sitting on a floating island. I clambered aboard as it came past.

When we had caught our breaths, we examined the island. We had been lucky—it was a substantial island, though not one of the largest by any means. It was a good half acre in size. We walked about cautiously, testing the ground to be sure that it would hold us. Part of the land was covered with grass, part with shrubs and young trees, particularly the fast-growing cecropia.

Quite evidently our island was but a year old. A bar of

Floating Island

silt left by last year's flood had sprouted with growth which had time to rise a few feet high before the present flood came along to lift it from its firm base, and carry it downriver.

No other river in the world carries so much floating material as the Amazon. Besides uprooted trees, great beds of water hyacinths and accumulations of brush, there are the really substantial floating islands that have soil, plants and trees. One of these may be several hundred feet across and twenty feet thick.

Surface soil that breaks away from the river banks of North America and Europe sinks very quickly. Amazon soil doesn't because it is laced with jungle growth. This is a land where the rainfall is frequently ten times ours; the sun is hot, and a deposit of soil is full of growth within a few weeks. When the annual flood begins, the strong current undercuts the roots, and the mat, with its topsoil, shrubs, vines and trees, breaks loose and floats downriver.

Such drifting lands are seen even at low water and, during the flood season, one may stand in one spot and count scores of them. Then a considerable number of animals is carried from the upper reaches far down the river or even out to sea where their craft is broken up by the waves. Anacondas, boa constrictors, alligators and 700-pound tapirs take the ride. One time an island carrying two handsome bucks drifted alongside a river boat. The bucks were trans-

The tiny piranhas would have eaten us in the water. As it was, we caught, cooked and devoured a couple of them.

ferred to the deck and the passengers had venison for dinner. On another occasion a bewildered jaguar leaped in among the hammocks of third-class passengers.

Indians who wish to travel downstream and do not relish the toil of building a canoe take to the floating islands. Rubber gatherers, held by debt in a state of peonage, escape by the same means.

The floating island is for the wanderer what the freight train is for the hobo. Tropical tramps, without the fare for riverboat passage, place themselves with some food and a guitar on a suitable bit of drifting real estate and sing their way down river. A vagrant German took up residence on a bit of unattached land and sailed all the way down the Paraguay-Parana from Concepcion to Rosario, his only baggage a demijohn and an accordion. A floating island is one piece of property where the squatter's rights are respected—except by the puma or giant anteater or some other creature driven to invasion by the terror of the flood.

My theory that our island was but a year old received a jolt when I observed on the downstream side of the island a huge kapok tree that must have seen a hundred years pass. Its trunk lay in the water and its branches and roots rose high into the air.

On examining it more closely, I found my theory still held good. The tree was not a part of the island. The two had merely become entangled while sailing downriver.

The river-edge town of Itacoatiara faded out behind us and we were off on as strange a voyage as anyone has ever made.

My man Friday had to choose this occasion for one of his frequent attacks of malaria. The ducking in the river and the chill wind on his wet body—and it's astonishing how cold one can get within three degrees of the equator—set him off. He lay down in the grass in the partial shelter of the tree.

Now both shores were indistinct blobs. I felt decidedly alone. We might drift for days, even for weeks. Our island might float straight out into the Atlantic, there to be broken up by heavy seas.

And there was the problem of food. Even in the jungle, with all the resources of the forest to draw upon, men died of hunger. We had only what we could find on a half acre.

There were some small palms and I looked among them for "palm cabbage," the young buds. None seemed edible. There should be shoots in that clump of bamboo. But there weren't. There were some red berries on a bush, but they tasted so bitter that I was afraid of them. I took my knife and slashed a young cow tree which, when large, gives out a very good substitute for cow's milk. This puny specimen yielded only a few drops. I saw a small turtle, but it slid off into the water before I could catch it.

Doubtless the river beneath us was full of fish. But I had no way to catch them—our fishing gear had shared the fate of the canoe. Remembering how the Indians fished, I selected a small straight branch of the kapok tree and carved out a pointed spear.

Then I went to the edge of our floating platform and looked down into the current. The water was so turbid that I could not see an inch below the surface. I gave up the idea.

I continued the vain search for food until night closed in. Then as I started to settle down for the night a heavy rain descended and soaked our clothes anew. A cold wind sweeping unhindered across the flooded river, here some twenty miles wide, chilled us. I made Carlos as comfortable as possible, banking up the earth around him to keep off the wind. He was quite feverish and his mind was wandering. He needed warmth but we had no matches for a fire. Quite

We searched the Amazon for help until our eyes ached. Then one

forlorn and humiliated by my complete failure as a boy scout, I trenched myself in beside Carlos.

It was a bit terrifying, plunging through the night in the grip of a ruthless current. I could see nothing. And there was the constant threat of our half acre crashing into an island or peninsula and crumbling to bits beneath us. Then we would have to get by the piranhas, sharks and alligators before we reached shore.

And there would be other hazards on shore. Wild animals, marooned on the island, would be ravenously hungry. Discounting the danger from animals, the chance of being cast up on an island where we might not be discovered for months was not inviting. All in all, a moving island was better than a fixed one—it would take us somewhere.

Above the roar of the water came the sounds of the jungle, now far away, now alarmingly close as we passed a point or a large island. The sounds that come out of the Amazon jungle at night defy comparison with any other sounds on earth.

The sources of the sounds are not impressive. Most of them emanate from frogs, toads, cicadas and howler monkeys. There is also the coughing roar of the jaguar, the grunt of the alligator, the whistling whinny of the tapir, the quick gasp of the dolphin, the nightingale-like song of the sabia, the funereal tolling of the bell bird, the squeaking of vampire bats, the war cry of a herd of peccaries ganging up on their victim, the doleful sob of the owl known as the Mother of the Moon, and all manner of miscellaneous shrieks, screams, growls and guffaws. A great tree falls with a crash. A mysterious sound is heard like the clang of an iron bar against a hard, hollow tree. A sudden piercing cry makes the flesh crawl along your backbone.

But the greatest contribution to the unearthly din is made by the howling monkey. When you first hear this incredible booming thunder, you imagine a vast herd of bulls in mortal combat with a pack of jaguars.

I never thought I'd be glad to see a howling monkey until that morning on the island when we had one for breakfast.

of these wood-burning river boats caught up with our island.

And yet this animal with a roar like that of the Bull of Bashan weighs only some 30 pounds. But it has an Adam's apple as big as an orange and it is this resonant box that is responsible for the creature's hideous bellow.

As I listened to this clamor, another sound cut in—a thrashing, tearing, scraping sound. The lower branches of the great tree had evidently struck a sandbar, for the whole mass was revolving like a mill wheel and great chunks were breaking from the edge of our island. The mat underneath us was heaving and splitting. It might be broken up entirely or we might be brushed off by the flailing arms of the tree. Then we were clear of the sandbar; the tree stopped churning and we sailed serenely on.

Altogether it was a bad night. When dawn came, I hopefully looked for a boat. There was none, and even the shores had moved back.

Carlos, half awake, was asking for a drink of water.

"And I suppose you would like some breakfast too?" I said sarcastically.

"Yes, senor, I would."

I went out, determined to make our half acre yield up food and water.

There was plenty of water, but it would have to be boiled, to eliminate the risk of typhoid or dysentery. And I had no fire or teakettle for boiling water.

Then my eye lighted upon a teakettle—at least the makings of one. The tallest growth on our island was the bamboo. This makes phenomenal progress in the tropics, sometimes growing at the rate of a foot a day. I went over to examine the clump. The trunks were about three inches in diameter. Every eight inches or so up the trunk was a raised ring. Inside that ring, I knew, was a partition closing off the hollow interior. [*Continued on page* 80]

Ace in the Hole

Learn just one good trick of self-defense and you'll never be unarmed. Here are 13 effective ones to pick from

by Ralph Bellamy

Star of "Man Against Crime"

Produced by George Rosenthal

ROUGH AND TUMBLE

1 Get assailant off balance by grabbing his coat front. Now he's unable to throw any weight into his punches.

2 In simultaneous action, smash your knee into his groin and bring your forehead down on the bridge of his nose. Should your knee miss, his "jackknife" reflex will bring his head forward, enabling you to land a nose crusher.

If you're like most men, you probably think self-defense tricks are just for the experts and the athletic guys with the big muscles. Well, you're wrong—anyone can learn self-defense. It's simply a matter of looking over the different defenses and picking the one that fits you best, both mentally and physically.

And everyone should learn at least one good trick of self-defense—because the chances are good, no matter who you are or where you live, that some day you're going to find yourself in a spot where that one good trick can mean the difference between taking a brutal beating or getting away with a whole hide.

The odds on a one-trick defense succeeding are all in your favor. An assailant has to come in close to attack you. In so doing he must come within your reach, and even an experienced brawler cannot know which trick you're going to pull on him. Even if he recognizes the defense as you start it, he still can't do much about it. His muscles are tensed for the attack he has started. He must relax and regroup them for the defense. This takes two moves. You are using one.

In defending yourself, the success of your action depends on a combination of surprise and knowledge of the right moves—not on brute strength. This is not to say that strength counts for nothing in a brawl, but rather that self-defense puts the strength you have to the best possible use. Even if your attacker is more powerful than you, you are still more than a match for, say the fingers of one of his hands. So you launch your attack against those fingers. They're bound to give—and so is he.

An important thing to remember about self-defense is that it means just that. Self-defense does not call for a course of planned destruction—it is more a means of escape. Setting an attacker on his rear long enough for you to run to safety is as much a defense as using a .45 to cover your getaway. And while it probably isn't as satisfying, it's recommended by the police.

A good selection of easily-mastered one-trick defenses is shown here to give you the opportunity to find the holds best suited for you.

Get the feel of the tricks you choose by trying them on a friend. Then when you read about or witness a brawl, put yourself into the place of the person who's been attacked and picture how you would have used your holds. After awhile, they'll be a part of you and, when it counts, they'll act like reflexes.

These holds are meant to be used when the chips are down. They hurt—so be careful when you try them out on that helpful pal. Save the rough stuff until it's necessary. Then make your ace in the hole pay off. •

HOW TO BREAK A FRONT STRANGLE

1 Grip his elbows, one hand forcing up, the other down.

2 Pull one elbow toward the ground, simultaneously pushing the other elbow up. Make certain that you have your hips in a position to block any possible knee action.

3 When his balance is gone, shove him hard into a fall.

SIMPLE BREAK AGAINST A BEAR HUG

1 No matter how big the hoodlum or how strong his hold, he can be made to let go. First, work your arms forward, clench fists, then point your thumbs out and up.

2 Jab them right into lower wall of assailant's abdomen.

BEAT HIM TO THE PUNCH

1 Facing opponent, grip rear of his right shoulder with your right hand, then shove heel of your left hand against his chin, forcing it toward his left shoulder.

2 As you work both maneuvers, move right leg to the rear of his right hip. Trip and smash him down on his head.

COUNTER TO BEING HIT AND HELD

1 Pin the hand that the assailant has against your body to yourself with the flat of your corresponding hand.

2 Swing your right arm over his pinned one, moving your body at the waist as though you were punching a target.

3 This mounts leverage against his captured wrist and forces him off balance at the penalty of having his wrist snapped. Cut back at his throat with edge of free hand.

BREAK FROM A STRANGLE

1 When taken from behind, turn neck so that strong side muscles are the ones that take pressure of the choke.

2 Swing your leg to the back of assailant to block his legs from the rear, then lean backwards. This forces him backwards also, thus opening his groin to attack.

3 Then drive your arm into his vitals.

A SHORT WAY OUT OF A BRAWL

1 Seize attacker's hair and pull his head down and forward.

2 Bring knee hard to attacker's face, aiming at nose area, at the same time striking his neck with a rabbit punch.

BREAKING UP AN ATTACK

1 Grab his lapels in a criss-cross grip so your left hand grips his left lapel and your right hand grips his right lapel. At the same time, throw one of your legs behind him to act as a trip and to keep you from being kicked.

2 Pull your grip together. This has the effect of turning his collar into a noose that will cut the flow of blood from his brain. Then just shove him over your trip-leg.

CAPTURE AND "COME ALONG" HOLD

1 Move to assailant's side, facing same direction as he.

2 Grab his hand from below with the crotch formed by the thumb and fingers of your hand. Now your palm should be against his, your thumb against the back of his hand.

3 Still holding his hand, as above, lift your elbow and hook it into crook of his arm. Tighten both grips hard.

ELBOW BREAK DEFENSE

1 Grab the attacker's hand or wrist and yank his arm out straight, stiffening his elbow with your other hand.

2 Then turn and step in front of him with your left leg.

3 Crouch slightly, putting your shoulder under his arm. Use legs for leverage when you straighten out violently.

A BREAKAWAY FROM CLOSE CONTACT

1 Hold your hand against attacker's hip or kidney region.

2 Jab the stiffened fingers of your free hand straight into his throat—and shove. This forces him against your blocking hold and painfully breaks his balance.

3 When you have him off balance, slam him to the ground.

BREAKING THE HAMMERLOCK

1 While he has your right arm pinned behind your back, whirl about so that your free elbow can smash against your assailant's temple, his Adam's apple, or his jaw.

2 To pull clear, keep spinning while he is still shocked.

COUNTER TO A WEAPON ATTACK

1 You can counter his knife thrust by dropping your matching arm inside his attacking wrist and shoving outward.

2 Then, with the other hand, drive a pencil (or similar object) into assailant's eye. Has same effect as bullet.

The Killer Came to Drink

Flint brought law into the frozen woods—the law of the .45 and the double cross. His master plan would have worked—had he remembered one clue

by Don Pringle

Illustrated by Norton Stewart

Ric Flint cursed the snow-laden scene outside the cabin window, as hunger pains rippled sharply through his stomach. He slammed the .45 down on his lap and dug into his shirt pocket for his last cigarette. He thrust it between his thin lips, then cocked his head suddenly, listening, hoping to hear the echo of a gunshot. There was no sound.

Flint turned to the window, hating the silent, motionless expanse of snow and skeletal trees. He'd been sitting there since dawn, maintaining a vigil that might mean the difference between life and death. Unless he or Prescott killed game, starvation was inevitable. He scanned the area about the lone pine a hundred feet from the cabin where the tiny spring bubbled from the ground. They had found fresh deer tracks there yesterday, shortly after they stumbled onto the cabin. On the chance that one of the animals might return to drink, he kept watch at the window while Prescott hunted actively. Flint liked the arrangement—he was glad to stay in the warm cabin while the big man waded through the snow.

A sudden movement beyond a clump of mountain laurel caught his eye. He scooped up the gun, then let it fall back in his lap when he saw that it was Prescott making his way toward the cabin. He pressed his sharp face against the glass, and, seeing that the big man was empty-handed, let out a curse.

Prescott's approach was accompanied

"Take good aim," Flint said softly. "Our lives depend on it. When I count three—blaze away."

by pistol-like reports as his feet broke the thick snow crust. With each step he sank to the knee. Flint remained at the window, his face taut with anger, until Prescott pushed open the cabin door. Then he jerked from the chair.

Prescott's face was beet red from the cold. He laid his revolver on the log slab table and shrugged out of the plaid mackinaw, walked to the stove in the center of the cabin, and thrust a couple of chunks of wood into it. He turned around and stood close to the stove.

Flint raised his .45 and said, "For two bits I'd gun whip your stupid face. It was your idea to come up here. Now it'll be a miracle if we get out alive. You're supposed to be the great hunter. You'll bag enough game to keep us going. Yeah!"

Don't go blaming me," Prescott's deep, metallic voice had a slight whine. He began to crack the knuckles of his big meaty hands. "There ain't nothing we can do but hope. We're still better off than if we kept going down the main highway. The cops would've had the road blocks out an hour after we walked out of that bank. How far would we have got?"

"We had a chance didn't we?" Flint spat at the stove. "What a laugh! A sixty thousand dollar holdup and we starve, just because you turn chicken and decide to head into the mountains."

"You wasn't against coming up here then," Prescott said plaintively.

"If I'd known anything about the mountain country, I'd have known better than to listen to you. You said it would be easy to find an empty cabin to hole up in now that the hunting season is over. You said you'd bring in game to keep us going. It was fool luck that we found a cabin, but fool luck isn't going to bag a deer for us. And if you don't get one in a couple days, we'll never get out alive."

"I'll get a deer," Prescott said with an eager nod of his big head. "We'd be eating venison now if it wasn't for the snow crust. The deer can hear me coming a mile away, and there's plenty of 'em in these woods, too. Why there's racoon tracks right behind the cabin. Tried to trail him to wherever he's holed up, but he barely scratched that hard snow crust. Good eatin', a racoon is. They hibernate about the last of January. And they got the queer habit of washing their food off before eating it. Guess that's why this one is hanging around the spring. Ever seen a racoon? They have ringed tails and—"

"Ah, shut up! You talk like a hillbilly."

Flint stalked over to the cupboard set in the center of the cabin's east wall, and got a battered tin cup from the second shelf. He scooped water from the galvanized bucket on the floor at his feet. After drinking, he scowled at the interior of the cupboard. Not a crumb of food. There were two bowls and a plate and a couple granite ware pans on the bottom shelf. On the top shelf were a bunch of rusty screws, nails, a door hinge and a dusty carton labeled Rat Poison. The cabin was a summer home apparently. There were no signs that it had been occupied this winter.

He hurled the cup at the grinning death's head on the carton of poison. Turning around he said to Prescott, "Only good thing about this layout is the mountain water. But I'd trade it for one sip of whiskey—even rotgut."

Prescott, who had seated himself at the table, cracked his knuckles and began shuffling a deck of cards. His round face creased with a grin. "I might like to make a trade like that myself."

Flint checked a rising tide of anger. The knuckle-cracking of the big man always got on his nerves. He went to his chair by the window and sat down. If he got out of this fix okay, he would lone-wolf it as he had done before he ran into Prescott in Pittsburgh. The big man had been a liability when it came to planning and carrying out the half dozen gas station holdups they had pulled off together. And he had certainly messed things up on the bank getaway.

Flint turned to the window. Evening had stained the snow with long shadows. He scanned the woods, looking to the north, then swinging his gaze south. He stiffened. A movement to the right and beyond the lone pine caught his eye. He touched his forehead to the window for a clearer look. Expelled air whistled softly through his teeth.

"Get your gun," he whispered. "There's a deer heading for the spring."

With bated breath he watched as the animal came forward, slowly, cautiously, nose high, testing the air for alien odors.

"It's a doe," Prescott whispered behind him. "I'll take a behind the shoulder shot. You aim for the neck. A hit in either place will bring her down."

"Take good aim," Flint said softly. "Our lives depend on it. When I count three—blaze away."

He raised his gun and tried to still his shaking hand. The doe was at the spring, standing broadside to them. She stood there motionless for a moment looking in the direction she had come from. Then her head swung around and down, disappearing below the snow rim about the spring.

"One. Two. Three." The roar of the guns smashed at Flint's eardrums. He kept pulling the trigger until the gun clicked empty, though he had lost sight of the animal after the first shot. He saw the snow about the spring churn upward as though it had exploded.

"We got her. We got her!" he screamed, and hurled himself from the chair. Prescott beat him to the door. They ran to the spring as fast as the crust and depth of the snow would permit.

The doe lay a few feet beyond the tiny water hole pawing feebly at the crimson-splashed snow. Her dun-colored eyes rolled frantically. Prescott raised his gun and fired a bullet into the head. A tremor rippled through the animal, then she was still.

"I told you we'd make out in the mountains," Prescott said. "Just wait until you sink your teeth into that meat. Ain't nothing like venison."

Flint felt saliva drip from the corner of his mouth as he yanked a knife from his pocket and dropped to the snow on his knees. Swiftly he hacked the hide from a hindquarter and began to carve chunks of meat from it.

"Hey, look at the spring," Prescott said. "Blood's running under the snow and into the water. Let's drag the deer back a few feet."

Flint struggled to his feet, his hands heaped with steaming, blood-dripping meat. "The hell with it. Let's get back to the cabin and pack this under our belts."

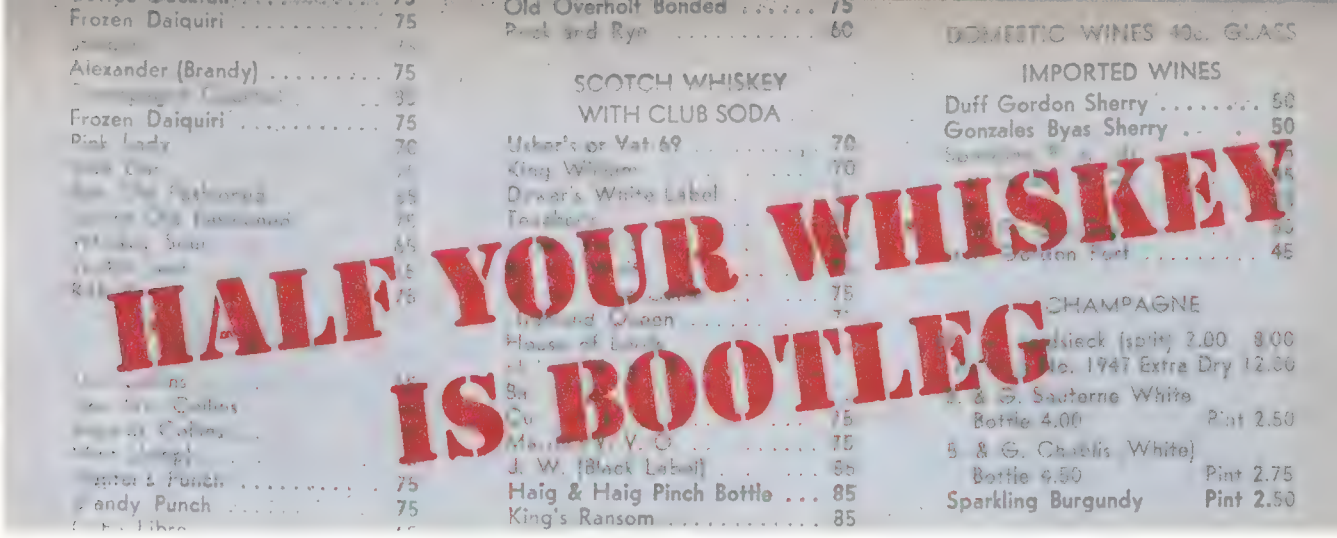
They removed two of the round lids from the stove top, impaled the venison on sharpened sticks, and held it over the fire. The odor of the sizzling meat made Flint's stomach quiver. He pulled the meat from the fire after it had cooked briefly. He ate, oblivious to everything but eating.

There had been approximately five pounds of meat. They ate until it was gone. Prescott wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and looked at Flint, grinning. "Bet you never tasted better beefsteak than that."

Flint tossed the stick that had served as a meat spit into the pile of wood by the stove. His face was softened by the pleasant fullness of his stomach. He went to the water bucket and got a drink, then said, "Let's drag the deer to the cabin."

A considerable amount of blood had flowed into the tiny water hole. There was only a slight overflow of water, enough to keep the blood from freezing but not enough to carry the blood away rapidly. They dragged the animal a few feet from the spring, gutted it, then pulled it back to the cabin and onto the porch. As they went to work with their pocket knives, removing the hide, Prescott said, "We'll cut it up in pieces before it gets a chance to freeze. It will have to be kept out here to preserve it and it will be rock hard in a couple days."

Night was upon them when they finished the butchering. They piled the meat in a corner of [*Continued on page* 69]



HALF YOUR WHISKEY IS BOOTLEG

Chances are you've been paying for moonshine without knowing it. Not since Prohibition has so much fake stuff been poured

by Paul Dodd

We'll repeat that statement and save the statistics for later--*half your liquor is bootleg!*

Contrary to what most people think, moonshine is not a hillbilly monopoly. If you live in any of the big cities—or near them—there's a damn good chance you've been drinking the stuff without knowing it, since it's put up in phony packages that resemble legitimate brands.

Who sells it to you? Aside from crooked liquor stores, nearly every "after hours" club from New York to San Francisco. Other fine sources of the 90 proof health waters are restaurants, nightclubs, hotels (where bellhops do a thriving business), small, all-night gas stations, dry area speakeasies and brothels. The big striptease joints in Cincinnati, New Orleans, Chicago and Miami aren't bashful about sticking suckers for a buck a throw.

How do they get it? Simple. Say a still is producing 500 or more gallons a day. This means that the operator is large enough to work with "wholesalers" who pay for the alcohol cash on delivery. Usually the wholesaler picks it up in souped-up, reinforced trucks (to eliminate the telltale sag) and moves it to his own warehouse.

There he cuts it to 90-proof and sells it to "pushers" who, in turn, sell it to retailers. The operator of a still may have a dozen wholesalers. A single wholesaler may have 20 pushers. And each pusher may have as many as 50 retail outlets. So you can see how the network expands.

Like in old Prohibition days, the pusher may flavor some of the alcohol himself, using orange peel, prune juice, and any number of substances to make it look or taste like blended whiskey. He never tries to imitate Scotch; even legitimate distillers had a tough time doing that during the War.

Around New York, pushers—and sometimes wholesalers—trade with "bottle laundries." These laundries secure legitimate whiskey bottles and fill them with booze that tastes so much like the original that only a connoisseur can tell the difference.

Though it sounds weird, these outfits actually have squads of bottle snatchers operating all over the city at night. To avoid suspicion, they do their prowling in Cadillacs. They cover neighborhoods where there are lots of bars and where the residents are known to be heavy home drinkers. They work hand in hand with janitors, who supply them with empties from apartment houses at 20c apiece, and with bar-

Two Philadelphia policemen examine the concrete fermentation vats of a captured still easily capable of producing $60,000 worth of liquor daily. The mass production techniques of big city bootleggers are completely up-to-date.

Most bootleggers give up meekly. Gunplay is shunned because use of a gun in connection with a federal offense greatly increases the chance of a severe jail sentence.

tenders and restaurant night watchmen, who charge 60c apiece. So elaborate is the setup that bottle laundries are equipped with printing presses to counterfeit popular brand labels and to make labels for phony brands.

But the key to the whole bootlegging system is the guy who makes the alcohol. His audacity knows no limits.

In Brooklyn, a few months ago, the law broke into an "abandoned" waterfront warehouse and found a huge, three-decker distillery capable of turning out 2,500 gallons of 180-proof alcohol a day—a rate unmatched since Prohibition. On a yearly basis, according to the Alcohol Tax Unit, this would cost the government $18,980,000 in lost taxes.

The raid, carried out by 11 federal agents and a squad of plainclothesmen, had all the ingredients (except a gunfight) of a movie script: The scaling of a six-foot fence, the smashing down of five doors, an encounter with a vicious dog that bit two of the raiders severely, and the fact that the building itself was owned by the city.

Even the beginnings were dramatic. Out of the complexity of stinks that rise along the waterfront of the Upper New York Bay, the anonymous owner of a hypersensitive nose telephoned police that he had singled out the unique odor of yeast. Three weeks of sniffing, searching and sleuthing followed before authorities were able to locate the exact whereabouts of the illegal distillery.

In the building they found a plant worth $100,000 in itself. There was a Louisville-type still with a 36-inch condensing column extending from the basement to the roof. A steam boiler, 12 feet high provided 90 pounds of pressure for cooking the mash. There were 200 bags of granulated sugar, 10,000 pounds of yeast and 700 five-gallon cans awaiting the next run of alcohol—which was sold to wholesalers for $5.00 a gallon. *The federal tax on alcohol is $21 a gallon!*

At this writing, the ringleaders have yet to be caught, but their capture is relatively unimportant. As long as there are such fantastic profits to be made, there are thousands to take their place.

Last December, a youthful ex-con was chopped down by a shotgun blast in front of a saloon on Chicago's seamy South Side. According to police, he had tried to double-cross a hijacking gang and had paid the penalty. What makes this case significant is that the hijacked merchandise was a truckload of bootleg whiskey valued at $50,000.

Law enforcement authorities see in this, and in similar recent

Agent Barney Masterson gets set to drop three sticks of dynamite in a vat of corn mash—one of 16 found at the site of a big moonshine still in Duval County, Florida.

incidents, strong indications of a return to the tommy-gun tyranny of the 20's and the inevitable vendettas between rival bootlegging and hijacking gangs. Their fears are based on the rising crescendo of giant bootlegging operations that have been uncovered within the last two years. The trend points unmistakably to a major comeback of the cold-blooded, trigger-free hoodlum. Next to him the hillbilly moonshiner is on the side of the angels.

Erwin Hock, New Jersey's Alcohol Beverage Control Director, summed up the situation when he said, "During the past nine months we have made a number of seizures that indicate a resumption of organized activities familiar to the Prohibition era."

Typical of what he had in mind was the Newark gang of Charles (The Blade) Tourine, whose ties with other underworld enterprises were notorious. Tourine and 30 members of his gang were successfully prosecuted for bootlegging by the government, but their sentences were amazingly mild considering the magnitude of their operations. They were so big they used four million pounds of sugar in one year to make alcohol. In fact, they came to trial so well-heeled they almost succeeded in bribing the jury. Yet, despite all this, the average jail sentence was 22 months, the total fine: $24,300.

George P. Butterly, Jr., chief executive officer of the New York State Liquor Authority, described a similar situation when he spoke at a meeting of liquor dealers in Albany recently.

"Traditionally," he said, "the mountain regions of several southern states have been the scenes of major bootleg still operations, but in recent years the locale has shifted near the large urban centers up north. The character of bootlegging has also undergone a transformation, changing from the small pot still of the mountaineer to the large upright still of the big city manufacturer. In short, the illicit distilling business has been industrialized."

Just two months after Butterly made his statement, the newspapers carried a story of one of the biggest still raids in years—just 200 yards away from Brooklyn Police Headquarters. The way it was done illustrates two ways that stills are uncovered.

In a routine check on an ex-bootlegger parolee from a New Jersey prison, a federal agent found him driving a small suspicious-looking delivery truck. He noticed that the ex-con was delivering raw, uncut alcohol in 5-gallon cans to speakeasies in the Red Hook District. Federal agents can't do anything about [*Continued on page* 62]

These New York moonshiners used an ingenious system to minimize chances of detection. Cans of 180-proof alcohol were lowered through a trapdoor to waiting trucks.

The largest bootleg seizure since Prohibition was made recently in Brooklyn. In the 2,500-gallon-a-day still, federal agents found 200 bags of granulated sugar, 4 tons of yeast.

WILD MAN from VINEGAR BEND

The Cardinals have done the impossible—they've come up with a guy who's dizzier than Dizzy Dean. And Wilmer Mizell is a left-hander in the bargain

by Paul Gardner

Wilmer "Vinegar Bend" Mizell, St. Louis' giant southpaw, comes down with his high hard one.

When Dizzy Dean was at the peak of his pitching career, victims of his gags and razor-edged retorts used to say, "Well, we got one thing to be thankful for—he ain't a left-hander." The common superstition among diamond men is that guys who throw left-handed also think left-handed and can't rightly be held accountable for their actions.

Now it looks as if baseball will find out what a left-handed Dizzy Dean is like, for the St. Louis Cardinals have come up with one—a big raw-boned pitcher who has the stamp of greatness and that certain something known as color. His name is Wilmer Mizell.

When Mizell, a tobacco-chewing, cigar-smoking, wildness-plagued throwback to Ring Lardner's days, showed up at the Cards' spring training camp last year, the sportswriters were immediately attracted by his battle to control his smoking fast ball, then by the color promised by the name of the kid's home town—Vinegar Bend, Alabama.

The six-foot-four, 196-odd pounder told them plaintively that the town was so named because a vinegar truck once toppled into a bend of the Escatanpa River and the pioneers of the town settled there.

A little digging and some off-hand talking with Cardinal executives soon revealed that hailing from Vinegar Bend wasn't the only colorful spot in the pitcher's past. His entrance into the Cardinal chain is, for instance, quite a story. . . .

They didn't have a baseball team in Wilmer's high school, so the kid didn't have much contact with the game until he was 16. Then his cousin, Dorvan Turner, an enterprising 24-year-old who had seen some baseball in nearby Mobile, organized a team. "The other eight boys was all my relatives," Wilmer relates. "Most of them Turners on my mother's side."

When Dorvan Turner saw his younger cousin rear back and fog the ball over the plate, he knew the kid had some-

When Vinegar Bend rears back and lets go with his fast ball, the batters don't dare take a toe-hold at the plate.

thing. One day he suggested that Wilmer go up to the Cardinals' camp at Biloxi, Mississippi and ask for a tryout.

"Won't go," Mizell answered, "unless you-all come with me." And by "you-all" he meant the whole team.

The sight of the various Mizells and Turners marching into camp with big Wilmer, the only pitcher on the squad in the van, made the Cardinal executives smile. They stopped smiling when Mizell started to pitch. In three innings he threw just nine pitches.

Since the rule was in effect that you could not sign high school boys until they graduated, Cardinal Scout Buddy Lewis waited until the day of Wilmer's last school session. He rode up to the farm, only to learn that the pitcher was out at the creek swimming. Lewis fetched him out of the water, took a catcher's mitt from the car—he had been a major league catcher—and had Mizell throw him a few fast ones just to prove that he hadn't been dreaming two years before.

"My hand stung so, I knew I wasn't," recalls Lewis.

The scout didn't even let Wilmer return home after the graduation exercises—he put him right on a train to play with the Albany, Georgia team in Class D. Mizell was signed for $500 and thus began the career which may strangely pattern that of Dizzy Dean who, oddly enough, was Mizell's first baseball hero.

Mizell's first throw in organized baseball—two years after he had seen his first hard sphere—shot 20 feet over the catcher's head. The patient receiver looked over at the manager—somebody was crazy. But Wilmer changed his mind in a hurry. In the next contest, he struck out seven of the nine men who faced him. His first two decisions were both losses, then he won nine in a row, dropped another and ended the season with a new string of four wins.

The next stop for Vinegar Bend Mizell—his team mates call him Vinegar, Vinegar Bend and Will—was Winston-Salem, N. C. in Class B. Again, [*Continued on page* 65]

TRUE CRIME

the case of the PHONY POISON

A man-hungry wife . . . a pinch of gypsy ginger . . . a frail killer and a lady detective—these made a perfect concoction of murder

by Alan Hynd

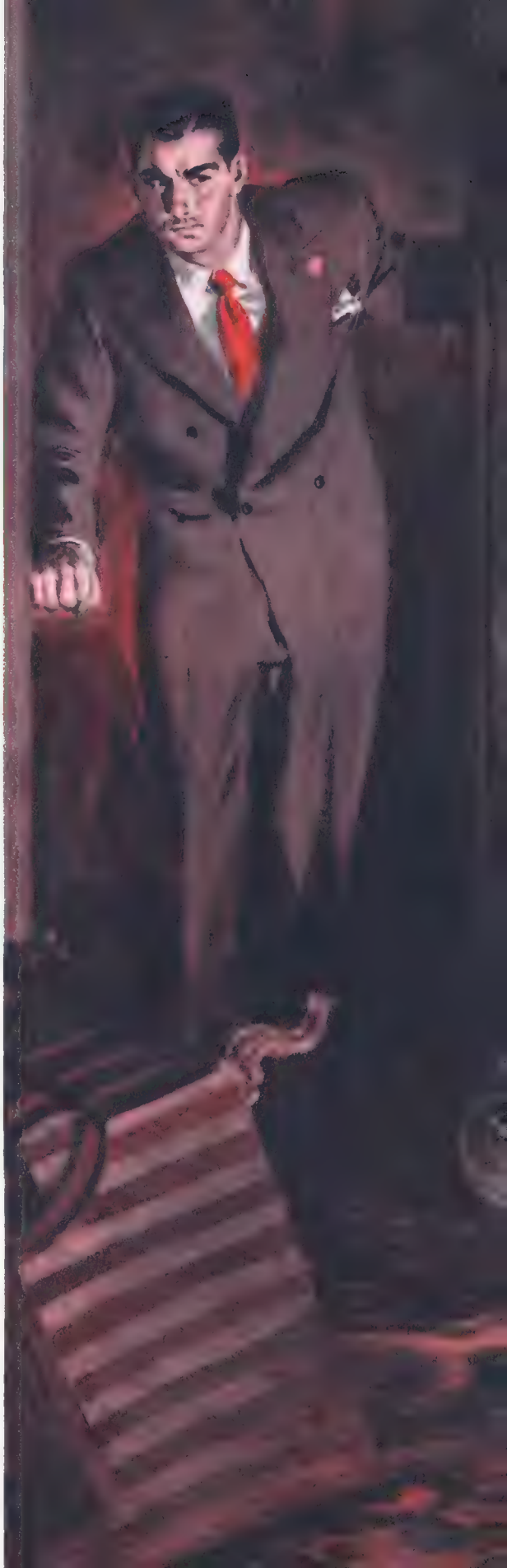
Illustrated by Ray Johnson

A little man nearing the age of 80, dressed in funereal black and leaning on a cane, hobbled into the Cleveland offices of Pinkerton's National Detective Agency on a gray, humid afternoon in August of 1919. Old Moses Kaber, the irascible millionaire founder of the printing and publishing concern of Kaber & Sons, had come to hire the Pinkertons to solve a murder.

The victim in the case was Kaber's own son, Daniel, a man in his early fifties and a business associate of his father. Kaber had been done in a month previously—or, to be precise, shortly after midnight of Friday, July 18. His end had been a gaudy, overdone affair. Somebody had entered his bedroom in a southern colonial show place in fashionable suburban Lakewood, slashed him in the abdomen not once, but 24 times, and all but wrecked the house by way of crudely simulating a robbery.

The murder instrument had been a daggerlike contrivance fashioned from a carpenter's file. It had, by mistake no doubt, been left behind, red and wet. Kaber had been bedridden, mysteriously paralyzed, for three months before being fatally slashed. Just prior to dying, following the attack, he had regained consciousness like a man in a movie melodrama, and made his one and only comment on his plight, something of a contribution to the gallery of understatements. "There is," he said, "something behind all this."

"The Case of the Phony Poison" is a Cavalier bonus reprint, Copyright 1948, Fawcett Publications, Inc.



"You flat-chested hussy!" Eva shouted as the house dick came charging in.

The city detectives, at the end of a month of frustration, became so accustomed to blind alleys that they felt out of place on through thoroughfares. They had, it developed when the Pinkertons took over, muffed a couple of choice clues—one actual, one potential—right in the Kaber home.

The actual clue emerged from a three-pronged ice pick that was kept in the kitchen refrigerator. A living-room buffet which had been pried open during the robbery simulation, bore markings that corresponded with the prongs of the pick. It was unlikely that rank outsiders, bent on the business of real or phony robbery, would have searched the premises for implements with which to accomplish their objective. Someone well acquainted with the Kaber home, then, had had a hand in the business.

The potential clue was a four-ounce drugstore bottle, filled with a light amber fluid. It was found among some debris in the cellar. The cork had been secured by red sealing wax, and the seal was not broken. The bottle contained stale ginger ale, nothing more, nothing less. The fact that somebody had placed sufficient emphasis on four ounces of stale ginger ale to bottle it and seal it was highly significant to the Ohio superintendent of the Pinkertons, a quiet man named J. H. Walker.

The puzzling face of the crime became no more understandable to Superintendent Walker when he reconstructed the murder scenario.

Five persons had been in the house the night of the killing. There was Daniel Kaber, the victim, alone in the bedroom on the second floor. Across the hall was his 70-year-old mother-in-law, Mrs. J. A. Brickel. Down the hall were two 17-year-old girls, Marion McArdle, the daughter of Kaber's wife by a previous marriage, and a girl friend. A male nurse, a big man named Uterback, was in a room on the third floor.

Kaber's wife, Eva, was in another part of Ohio, visiting relatives. There were no servants in the house, old Mrs. Brickel, a testy character with a cracked voice, having kicked out two maids not long previously.

The girl friend of Marion McArdle, Kaber's stepdaughter, heard moans coming from the bedroom of the paralyzed man shortly after midnight. She awakened Marion. "It's nothing," said Marion. "Daddy does that all the time."

Uterback, the male nurse, was a man with sharp ears. From the third floor he heard the moans, and came bounding down to discover the crime. The commotion brought old Mrs. Brickel across the hall from her room. "What," she inquired, "is going on here?"

"Somebody," said Marion McArdle, "seems to have stabbed Daddy."

The old lady sniffed: "Good enough for him!" she snapped.

The male nurse, startled at Mrs. Brickel's reaction, called to her as she left the room. He told her that her son-in-law was at death's door, and inquired as to where she was going. "Back to bed," said the old lady, and Uterback told himself, in effect, that he had now heard everything.

Eva Catherine Kaber, the victim's wife, was a dark, austere woman in her early forties. She had married Kaber—a kindly, easy-going man—more than a decade previously, following a divorce from her first husband, Charles McArdle. Wealthy in her own right, she founded and supported a home for young businesswomen, another institution for the care of children whose mothers had to go out to work during the day, and she was a liberal contributor to the local chapter of a nation-wide organization that devoted itself to the care of unmarried mothers and their children.

Walker, the Pinkerton man, asked Mrs. Kaber if she would explain the extraordinary behavior of her mother, Mrs. Brickel, the night of the murder.

"Mother," said Mrs. Kaber, "was never overly fond of Dan." Daniel Kaber's people, it seemed, had not given him and his bride a present on the occasion of their marriage, and Mrs. Brickel had always held that against her son-in-law.

Superintendent Walker became intrigued with the murder instrument, the carpenter's file fashioned into a dagger. The tip of the thing was blunt, although the edges were sharp. It would have taken at least the strength of a normal person to have plunged the file into a stomach, dagger fashion, because of the blunt tip.

The coroner's report showed that the lethal weapon had been used not as a dagger but as a knife which had made slashes that compensated in number and length for what they lacked in depth. This led Walker to the deduction that the murderer had not possessed sufficient strength, even while bent on taking a life, to use the dagger as such. In other words, the killer had been a frail person.

If Walker was a puzzled man, as he made preliminary probes into the mystery, he certainly had company in the person of the physician who had attended Daniel Kaber after Kaber had been bedridden with paralysis. The doctor had guessed at everything in the books as the cause of the paralysis, except poison. He hadn't guessed at poison because, as he so tastefully put it, one didn't associate poison with such a high-class household.

Now that Walker suggested poison, however, the doctor said, why yes, poison was really the only yardstick that could be applied to all of Kaber's symptoms. The body was, therefore, secretly exhumed. Poison it was.

The girl friend of Mrs. Kaber's daughter Marion—the young lady who had been in the house the night of the murder—dredged up from her mind a singular episode for Superintendent Walker. She had been visiting Marion one afternoon shortly after Daniel Kaber had come down with paralysis. Marion's mother wasn't at home, but her grandmother, old Mrs. Brickel, was.

Mrs. Brickel was out on the portico, apparently waiting for somebody. The old lady was so tense that she communicated her uneasiness to the visitor with the result that the young lady, chatting with Marion in the living room, kept one eye on the portico.

Finally, a short, dumpy, olive-skinned woman, wearing billowing pastel satins and looking for all the world like something out of the Arabian Nights, appeared on the portico. The moment the woman began to talk to old Mrs. Brickel, Marion McArdle flew to a baby grand piano and began to pound out one hot tune after another. She played as loudly as she could, apparently to drown out the sound of the voices from the portico. The playing continued until the woman waddled off the portico, out of sight.

Marion's friend asked her why she had played so long and so loudly when her stepfather was ill upstairs. "Oh," said Marion, "a little ragtime never hurts anybody."

The fact that Daniel Kaber's family, wealthy as it was, and generous as it was known to be, had not bought a wedding gift for Kaber and the philanthropically inclined divorcee disturbed Walker. There must have been a powerful reason behind such a studied slight. Walker determined to find out what it was.

Old Moses Kaber, who was footing the bill for the investigation, wasn't very enlightening. He mentioned the name of a well-known fertilizer, and added, "We just didn't like her."

Mrs. Kaber had left the murder house and taken up residence in a downtown Cleveland hotel. She couldn't, as she explained it, bear to walk through rooms so heavy with memories of her late spouse. But old Mrs. Brickel and her granddaughter remained in the house.

Walker called on Mrs. Kaber at her hotel. He had known her around town as a kindly woman, given to broad A's and otherwise dripping with culture. She was practically surrounded by bottles and feeling no pain when Walker entered her hotel suite. The [*Continued on page* 60]

That Indian Rope Trick

The late Howard Thurston, world-famous magician, spent thousands of dollars on this spectacular stage version of the trick experts say can't be done.

For the past 598 years people have been talking about the Indian Rope Trick. $50,000 is yours today if you can find anyone who has actually accomplished this remarkable feat

by Morton Sontheimer

It is the considered opinion of many magicians that the best known trick in all magic has never been done.

Yet there isn't a country in the world that hasn't heard of the Indian Rope Trick, and there's hardly a nation where you can't find somebody who claims to have seen it.

Accounts of it are varied, but the essentials differ little from the description recorded in the Lahore Civil and Military Gazette of 1898:

"The conjurer took a large ball of rope, and after having attached one of the ends of the rope to his pack which was lying on the ground, hurled the ball into the air. Instead of falling back to the ground, the ball continued to ascend, unrolling until it disappeared in the clouds. . . . A large section of its length remained rigid.

"The magician ordered his son to climb the rope. Seizing the rope with his hands, the little boy climbed up with the agility of a monkey. He grew smaller and smaller until he disappeared in the clouds as the ball had done. . . . After a while, the magician called to his son to come down. The voice of the little boy replied from above that he did not want to come down. . . . The magician became angry and ordered his son to descend upon penalty of death. Having again received a negative answer, the man, furious, took a large knife in his teeth and climbed up the rope and disappeared in the clouds. Suddenly a cry rang out, and to the horror of the spectators, drops of blood began to fall from the place where the magician had disappeared into the sky.

"Then the little boy fell to earth cut into pieces; first his legs, then his body, then his head. As soon as the boy's head touched the ground, the magician slid down the rope with his knife stuck in his belt. Without undue haste, he picked up the parts of the child's body and put them under a piece of cloth, under which he also put the rope (after having hauled it down from the sky). He gathered together his magician's paraphernalia, drew aside the cloth, and the little boy picked himself up perfectly intact."

Some $50,000 in rewards have been offered for anyone who can duplicate this legend to the satisfaction of experts. Almost every magician who has visited India in the last 50 years has advertised a handsome offer in the native press for a demonstration of it. Milbourne Christopher, noted magician and authority on rope tricks, says he has never known an instance of anyone collecting. Yet, periodically, sober travelers of integrity report having witnessed the trick.

The first known account appears in a manuscript dated 1355 A.D. by Ibn Batuta of Tangiers. Oddly enough, he claims to have seen it in China, not India, and the version he saw was performed with a leather strap instead of a rope. After watching the gory spectacle, Ibn Batuta reported he had "an attack of palpitations" from which he was restored only by a drink of the Amir of Hangchow's finest brandy.

The Emperor Jehangir of New Delhi gave another account of the trick between 1605 and 1627, in which the magician used "50 cubits of chain" and had a dog, a hog, a panther, and a lion climb up it until they disappeared. Thereupon, he hauled down the chain and went home, leaving the Emperor and the other spectators staring incredulously into an empty sky. The report didn't clear up the fate of the dog, hog, panther and lion.

Many attempts have been made to explain the trick. One theory is that the magician never performs it at all, but creates the illusion by hypnosis. The trouble with that frequently offered explanation is, there is no such thing as mass hypnosis.

Servais LeRoy the Belgian conjurer, was the first of the modern magicians to simulate the Indian Rope Trick. Thurston and Blackstone also staged imitations. But the average stage production is an anemic version in which an assistant climbs the rope and disappears in a puff of smoke. Some of the modern tricksters have used a copper wire concealed in the core of the rope to give it rigidity, and invisible wires either strung across the stage or suspended from above it.

A Canadian amateur, full of imagination and enterprise, once tried to collect the reward by an elaborate, detailed imitation of the trick. But after he put the "dismembered body" together again, one fake arm was left over and he was laughed off the stage.

CARS OF PLASTIC

Tomorrow's cars are here today. You can buy them, drive them. The bodies do not dent. They are light — strong — inexpensive — smart. They make steel seem like a leftover from the Middle Ages

Four men stand on hood of Jaguar-like plastic auto body to demonstrate its strength. Made by the Glasspar Company of Costa Mesta, California.

by Joseph Wherry

Would you like to own a sports car equal in appearance to those costing five or ten thousand dollars? Or how about a boat able to withstand collisions with objects capable of ripping the bottom out of an ordinary craft?

They can be yours—and you don't have to be rich either. All you need do is turn to plastic bodies.

Perhaps the most promising of all plastic cars in production is the DKF-161, the new Kaiser-Frazer sports car which will be coming off the assembly lines late this summer. The fiberglas-reinforced plastic body, designed by Darrin, makes for a low, sleek convertible with a European touch. It'll weigh 1,500 pounds, less than the lightest American convertible, thanks to plastic, although it will measure 15.3 feet from bumper to bumper and will be equipped with a 100 hp engine. The price? Somewhere in the neighborhood of $2,000.

While Kaiser-Frazer is just coming into the field, there are several companies in full production turning out plastic bodies you can install on a variety of chassis. And even they are not the pioneers of the field.

One of the earliest plastic-bodied cars was built in 1947 by Stanley Griffin, a motion picture cameraman of Glendale, California. So successful was his little two-seater IMP, built on a 72-inch wheelbase chassis of his own design, that he was approached by friends and neighbors who finally talked him into going into limited production. Powered by a two-cylinder motorcycle engine, Griffin had a car capable of amazing economy and 50 miles per hour. But the body (which he sold for slightly less than $700) was the thing, and he built it up over a male mold, or mock-up. "Laid up" would be a better term, for he employed sheets of fiberglas cloth, several of them, bonded together with a plastic resin which he painted on like enamel.

The result was a miniature car that could withstand the

Unpainted, though finished, this translucent plastic auto body is stood high in air to demonstrate its one-piece construction and its extremely light weight of 200 lbs.

A three-position folding top is a feature of the DKF-161, Kaiser-Frazer's new plastic sports model that sells for around $2,000. Company predicts mid-summer deliveries.

To illustrate fact that plastic body does not dent, this car sideswiped tree while going 25 miles per hour.

Below, left, no dent visible, though wood chips ground into body are evident. Entire injury: a 14-inch crack.

Above, right, first repair step is to buff area and cut through crack with sander so that a patch can be made.

Glass fiber is laid over crack and coated with resin, then sanded and painted. Entire job took one hour.

combined weight of several men standing on the body. If there is any doubt about the resultant strength, try standing on the metal hood of your car sometime. On second thought, don't do that; the hood would cave in, or at best be badly sprung out of shape. Just take my word for it—this fiberglas is strong.

Just who, of several persons, actually hit the streets with the next plastic-fiberglas car is not a simple matter to determine, but within the last year no fewer than four distinct designs have become available down in southern California alone. Now there are swanky fiberglas tops on the market which are designed to fit the popular Jaguar XK-120 sports car. There are several designs on the drawing boards for Morgan chassis, some for MG's and others.

But the ones which have real appeal, those which have been viewed by more than 100,000 people at exhibitions in California, are called the Glasspar *Boxer* (originally the Brooks), the Irwin *Lancer*, and two very practical small jobs, the Viking Craft *Wasp* and *Skorpion*.

In 1951, May to be exact, Eric Irwin of Costa Mesa, California began attracting attention with his *Lancer*. Utilizing an old pre-war Studebaker chassis, Irwin built up a skeleton of wood and expanded metal lath (see accompanying illustration) upon which he laid his sheets of fiberglas cloth. The result is a nearly full size body weighing only a scant 200 pounds. The resulting low center of gravity enables Irwin to scoot around right-angle corners at speeds approaching 50 mph without any appreciable roll. But the story doesn't end with the *Lancer*.

A few miles away another sportsman with weekends free from his duties as a U. S. Air Force pilot, decided that he wanted a sports car. Trouble was that all those which took his fancy cost anywhere from $2,000 to $6,000 and that's a lot of money. So Major Ken Brooks got in touch with Bill Tritt of the Glasspar Company, builders of fiberglas boats, and together they decided that they would design a body for an old Willys chassis which Brooks had acquired.

Over a year of spare time work went into Ken Brooks' *Boxer* which was road tested about a month after the *Lancer*. In fact Brooks and Irwin put their heads together on a number of problems. The construction of the *Boxer* differs somewhat from that of the *Lancer* in that a solid male mold was used. Wood covered with casting plaster permitted the same eventual laying-up of fiberglas sheets, but with less final finishing required.

Meanwhile two other gentlemen in Pasadena had pooled brains and financial resources. John Wills, a well-known industrial engineer with considerable plastics experience, and Ralph Roberts, formerly the man who answered to the name of Mr. Le Baron in pre-war days, began work on the *Wasp*, a smaller two-seater. (Automotive enthusiasts will remember the Le Baron body designs for Packard, Lincoln, and many foreign custom built cars costing small fortunes.

Using an old Crosley chassis with an 80-inch wheelbase, Wills and Roberts found that the same body, with only minor alterations, is easily installed on Fiat, Simca, and similarly sized chassis. Now a cleaned up version of the *Wasp* called the *Skorpion* is available on order from Viking Craft for home installation.

Rumor has it, and these rumors seem well-founded, that British Austins may one day appear with fiberglas bodies, though of course not in England.

Now the good news is, and all backyard mechanics will welcome this, that all of the foregoing plastic-fiberglas bodies are available on order. One needs only to visit the back row on a used car lot where old "clunkers" sell for a song to get a start on a sports car that looks like a $5,000 job, yet will cost less than $1,000.

The most commonly employed fabrication method to date is to build a male mold directly on the completed chassis. Steering wheel, seats, firewall and instrument panel

Eric Irwin's Lancer body, now in limited production, sells for around $700. It takes a chassis with a 110-inch wheelbase.

should be firmly attached to the chassis in the exact position they will occupy after the car is finished. Plywood bulkheads are fixed to the chassis to form the cross-sectional design when viewed from the front.

Stringers, set into notches, are then affixed from the front to the rear. Curves and fillets are formed with either casting plaster (which must be glass-smooth before applying fiberglas cloth) or by means of stretching a covering net of expanded metal lath over the entire body mold. Actually the cockpit is not covered, but wheel openings are; these are easily cut out after the fiberglas body is removed from the mold. The edge of the cockpit can be gracefully curved to avoid a sharp edge.

Once the mold is completed, only about one more work day will be required to bring the body to the point where it is ready to be painted.

Because fiberglas *is* glass—tiny thread-like filaments woven together into a plastic cloth, those who work with it protect their hands with gloves while building up layers of the material.

The *Lancer,* for instance, requires around eight layers of fiberglas cloth. The layers are placed over the mold longitudinally—after the mold is first thoroughly greased and then covered with a complete layer of cellophane to facilitate ready removal of the finished body.

Dividing lines which run between the edges of the first layer of fiberglas are covered with the second layer. In other words, the layers are staggered much as are bricks in a masonry project. After the "cloth" is laid up, the plastic resin bonding fluid is brushed on. This substance is about the color of pure corn syrup, and about two gallons will be required for a body designed for a 110-inch wheelbase.

After the fluid application, the entire body is covered with another complete layer of [*Continued on page* 72]

This photo of the smart-looking Skorpion shows cockpit styling to advantage. Viking Craft charges $445, fob Pasadena.

"Nobody'll know different," the madman said. "Not if I lay you out in the open an' stampede the herd back over you."

Treasure of Blood Gully

A fortune in uranium was there—but so were the thundering, crushing, stampeding hooves of a thousand Australian buffaloes

by Cedric Mentiplay

Illustrated by George Giguere

Alan Hall gazed at the herd and breathed deeply. It was everything they had told him back at Darwin—all that and more. The beasts before him were cattle, but the cattle of a wild and fantastic age, preserved in all their power and savagery in this timeless land.

They were buffaloes, distant relatives of the working animals of the East, but resembling them as little as a fighting Brahma bull did a dairy Holstein. Their brown and black bodies were lean and hard and heavily-muscled, their massive shoulders and loins tapering to slender, almost dainty legs and disproportionately small hooves. There was a murderous lift to the wide sweep of their horns.

He fumbled with his camera. Suddenly his hands were oddly clumsy, the palms moist. Standing there on the stony, saltbush-studded desert, with only the flimsy tripod between himself and that uneasily stirring mass of wild beef, he felt naked and alone. Fear was acrid in this throat, and the tenseness of his muscles made every movement clumsy.

He struggled to throw the feeling off. He had to go through with this for two reasons—first, because such a spectacle fell to the lot of very few photographers, amateur or professional; secondly because of Lou Marston. It was Big Lou who had dropped a day's hunting to give him this chance, and who was now setting the stage with all his consummate skill as buffalo-hunter and Northern Territory plainsman.

Lou was coming back now from where he had staked Alan's horse at a safe distance—a tall, dust-coloured centaur on a dust-yellow horse. Two hours' stalking had determined positions, distances and the state of

mind of the herd. Now, with a brief signal to Alan, he cut in on his chosen target—a young bull near to full growth.

Lou's words came back to Alan in their slow Australian outback drawl: "Pitchers? We'll get 'em. You get set on the ground, see? I'll cut one out o' the herd an' steer 'im your way. I'll be close on 'im, see, with me rifle, an' I'll drop 'im where yer like. Fair enough?"

It was fair enough, of course. Lou's skill was a byword in the Territory. It was like backing a certainty, only that even a certainty did not look so sure when your life was down as the stake.

The bull was running now, jinking back in panic to rejoin his fellows. Lou, swinging his hat and carolling a high, shrill call, hazed him away. The bull turned about, snorted, then lunged at the flying shape which crossed under his nose. Halfway through the lunge he saw something anchored there in the desert, an alien something which was suddenly allied with all his troubles. Head down, mighty muscles driving him forward, he set himself for the dismounted man.

Alan caught him in the finder. Working coolly now that the waiting was over, he snapped a middle-distance shot, made a quick change, and was ready again. The buffalo came on, horse and rider close beside him. Lou was riding with his knees now, his back ramrod-straight, his rifle at his shoulder. The whole magnificent picture came thundering across the plain in a bright banner of dust.

Alan waited for the crack of the report. The flying animals filled his sights. He could see the red flare of nostrils, the fleck of foam. Lou! Why didn't he fire?

He pressed the release. The bull came on. Yelling like a maniac, Lou was working his rifle-bolt, losing ground in the mad race to the buffalo's target. He had missed his shot, and now he was out of it.

There was nothing left—no time at all. Alan turned to run, then realized that this was the worst thing he could do. Facing the animal, he might get away with a last-minute jump. The broad span of horns filled half the sky—he could see the bloodshot little eyes fixed upon him. The noise of hooves was a long drum-rumble in the dust. No hope. Not a ghost of a chance. . . .

Then he heard the rifle-crack. The charging beast seemed to fall in upon itself, to bear down under its own weight. Alan skipped aside as the dying buffalo slid to rest, tipping the camera on its tripod.

"You big mug! What were yer tryin' ter do—kill the bloke? Who in hell told you you could shoot?"

Bricky Waters rode in slowly, a squat little man whose once-red hair had bleached and thinned to a gauzy halo. Now his freckled moon-face was scarlet with rage, his stubby hands flicking automatically through the motions of reloading. Lou sat his horse impassively, taking it all without reply.

"All right, Alan?" Bricky peered down in a concern that was almost comical. "I'll get your horse. Better go back to camp—we got some skinnin' ter do."

The laughter rose unbidden in Alan's throat, and bubbled there, so that his voice wavered. "I'm okay. And I got those pictures, Lou. The second one must be a beaut!"

But on the ride back the laughter died out of him, leaving an aching emptiness. He began to shake. It was the delayed reaction—something he had known before in the African desert, and on the beaches and mountainsides of Italy. Now it brought on a queer sense of foreboding. Just that once, when a life was in the balance, Lou Marston, famed marksman of the Territory, had missed his shot.

His mind went back five days to his first meeting with Marston. It had been an odd thing, to walk into the shuttered dusk of a Darwin hotel room and see a shadowy figure bending over a heap of luggage on the floor—odder still when the room was the one you had booked, and the luggage belonged to you.

Then the intruder straightened up without embarrassment, looking you full in the eye, and grinning easily. He was a big man, grilled to sinew and saddle-leather by the Territory sun, moving for all his size with a feline grace—but the white grin and the bleached gray eyes in the deeply-tanned face were somehow disarming.

"They dumped me in here with you," the stranger explained. "Town's full o' new blokes an' rumours o' hot rocks an' easy money. Name's Lou Marston."

He waved his hand at the scattered gear. "Tryin' to figure you. You got a good camera there, an' a box o' tricks. City bloke, eh? Newspaper photographer?"

Alan shook his head. "Geologist. I've been looking over the new uranium strike at Edith River for the Government. The 'box of tricks' is a Geiger counter. I made it myself, and like to think it's rather special. Right now I'm on leave, and the camera's a hobby."

"Geiger, eh?" Marston showed a flash of interest. "Get a good price for that, as things are now. Not thinkin' o' sellin', are you?"

Alan laughed. "No chance. Won't part with it, even for nuggets. It's a sort of mascot, and tool of trade."

But Lou Marston was looking at the camera and scratching his ear reflectively. "Amachoor photographer, eh? If ye're lookin' for shots, you might come down inter my territory. We shoot buffalo for the hides, see? Wickedest beasts on the continent. Now listen—"

It was an offer that fitted perfectly into Alan's plans. The following day they went aboard a landing-craft skippered by lanky, talkative Jim Burrows and headed down the coast for Lou Marston's camp. And here just one sour note obtruded itself. Between Burrows and Marston was a gloomy, hostile silence.

The ugly vessel was riding in over coral depths toward the shoreline before Burrows had a chance to speak to Alan alone. Then, with one eye on the lounging figure of Lou Marston, he murmured, "If you have any trouble, I'll be back today week."

Alan turned, startled. "What do you mean, trouble?"

Burrows lined his craft up for the rusty wartime beaching-apron. "You get some 'hatters' in the Territory—word's a carry-over from 'Alice in Wonderland,' I guess, meaning a bloke who's not quite there. Lou and his cobber, Bricky Waters, just about qualify. I can't figure out why he's suddenly so hospitable."

"They're not after my dough, anyway," Alan told him. "Government salaries don't attract bushrangers."

Any vague apprehensions Alan had were stilled by the sight of Bricky Waters and of the camp itself. The Australian outback was on Bricky like a brand—the good, honest outback of billy tea and dampers and comradeship. The camp, fashioned from beaten-out fuel-cans, scrap tarpaulin and salvaged timber, could have been something tossed up in the African desert in the old army days.

They dined on buffalo steaks and tinned greens and scalding tea, and Bricky talked by the yard about the Territory and the easy money to be had, if a man was tough enough. He told of buffalo and crocodile, and of driving the great mobs of cattle overland clear across Australia from the Kimberleys to Queensland, and of battles between lugger-crews for pearls and shell. And as Bricky talked, the tropic night came down, and enchanted firelight turned cans and waste and drying buffalo-hides to ruddy gold.

"An' yer can dig it out, too, if yer knows the places," Bricky said. "There's still gold in the Kimberleys, an' other stuff not so far away—places like Iron Knob an' Yampi, solid chunks o' metal, still for the findin'. Gimme those, an' ye can 'ave all the uranium in Rum Jungle an' Edith River too."

"Garn, you old goat!" Lou Marston mocked him. "You're a natural earbasher with a fresh ear in sight, mine havin' been wore out six months ago. Alan, what about you 'avin'

a go? Tell us what you know about this uranium stuff."

Alan did so gladly, giving them as complete a picture as he could of the search for uranium ores. Then he opened up the Geiger, told them about magnetic fields, and showed them how to establish a background count.

Lou listened to the clicking with some awe. "You mean there's some of this racket wherever you go, and if it speeds up you're onto something?"

Alan nodded. "That's roughly the idea. Spot your area of search, report it to the Government, and collect your thousand pounds. If it's good enough, you might get twenty thousand. Here's a book the Department issued. Gives you hints on what to look for."

Bricky peered at the brightly-coloured pamphlet. "Pretty," he said. "Me, I'll stick to buffalo." He lay back, and soon his snores were reverberating from the beaten-tin roof. The place fell silent as Alan settled into his bedroll. His last waking image was of Lou Marston, still wearing the Geiger earphones, crouched forward over the ashes of the fire, his eyes fixed on the pamphlet illustrations.

The following day was one of the most frustrating of Alan's life. He was country-bred, but it was long since he had thrown a leg over a horse, and his big brown gelding was wild. They found the herd, a close-knit unit of those fabulous animals which sprang to full speed within seconds of sighting the horsemen. Bricky and Lou closed at full gallop, and even so could barely hold their position.

Riding with everything he had, Alan hung on and gasped. The hunters had their rifles out, and were picking their targets at point-blank range. This was a page from the Old West, from the days of Buffalo Bill and his kin, and the vast free-roving herds which they slaughtered. The beasts were different from the American bison, of course, but they were as ugly, as dangerous, as full of fight.

He tried to bring his camera into action. It was heavy and ungainly, and when he eased the gelding's reckless speed the herd disappeared before him in a cloud of dust. Riding madly, he went in again, dropping his reins as he had seen the others do. But the gelding was on edge, dancing with the smell of sweat and blood. Glorious action was taking place right under Alan's nose, and he could do nothing about it.

That night, stiff, blistered and discouraged, he was ready to forget about pictures. It was then that Lou Marston outlined the plan which was almost to cost Alan his life. To Alan, sick to death of horseflesh, it seemed a wonderful idea. Only Bricky was outspoken against it. "Hatters, both o' yer," he growled. "I won't be in it, won't even watch it—I don't believe in murder."

"Who asked yer?" Lou said easily. "Let 'im talk to 'imself, Alan. Take no notice. Now, about this gadget o' yours, there's somethin' else—"

Alan dismounted stiffly at the empty camp and turned the gelding into the rope corral. Five days—and what were they proving about Lou Marston? He felt a cool breeze blowing about his neck. If a man followed that line he might find himself as crazy as—as Jim Burrows thought the two buffalo-hunters were; if he didn't, there was the odd chance that he wouldn't be feeling anything much longer.

Lou and Bricky came in a little later with the reeking spoils of the hunt. Nothing was said of the buffalo incident. In the days that followed, the hunters took their turns at cooking and cleaning up the camp, but scarcely spoke to each other. The herd had been lost for the time being, and it was a matter of searching far and wide for individual animals. This suited Alan, who had exchanged his camera for a borrowed rifle.

He soon found, however, that Lou was a difficult man to shake off. The big hunter seemed to feel a nagging sense of responsibility for Alan's welfare.

"Easy to get lost, out there to the south," he would say. "Nothing out there but gullies, scrub and snakes. We'll skirt the coast, then strike inland a little, eh?"

It was not long before Alan began to regard the broken land to the south as forbidden territory. It was a little puzzling, for the low hills and saltbush would make excellent cover for anything even as large as a couple of hundred buffaloes. He was quite willing to leave it to the experts, however, and grinned wryly as he discovered in himself a disinclination to face the herd again.

Then, in one of Lou's rare absences, Bricky sidled up to Alan with his eyes roving carefully round the arid expanse of semi-desert. "Notice anythin' queer about Lou lately?" he asked. " 'E's bin orright on those trips yer take together?"

Alan shook his head, waited for Bricky to go on.

"Funny. 'E 'ad a perfect shot at that bull at twenty yards, an' missed. 'E wouldn't mean you ter be done in?"

"But why—why should he?" [*Continued on page* 70]

The others slept on as the man slipped out of the camp with the Geiger.

Best in

by Joe Austell Small

Rich in beauty and rich in fish, Lake Pend Oreille is an angler's paradise. Look at that Kamloops they've got!

Get out your map of the West. Draw a tiny circle around Gardiner, Montana. Within a 150-mile-radius of this town is some of the world's best trout fishing. Residents of Gardiner will say that I could narrow the radius to 30 miles and still be right. And boosters outside the radius will kick me in the pants when I go back this fall. But it's impossible to tell about all the hot western fishing spots in one article, so I'll do a once-over lightly of this 150-mile-radius, then hit a few spots over a wider area.

First, let's go into the basics, then we'll take it spot by spot. And I'll try and tell you WHERE and HOW to catch fish in every case.

Rule one: Pass like a hi-lifed giraffe through the well-known tourist spots.

Thousands of poor saps whip the daylights out of those streams, catching six-inch planted trout, and few of them at that. An angler feels lucky if he has 20 yards on each side for elbow room, but he reasons it must be the place to fish—everyone else comes here. The poor guy doesn't realize that this is just the trouble—everybody else is here!

He could just as well have driven 200 miles farther on and snagged onto an old lunker that would have jarred his false teeth out.

So forget the "tourist" spots—don't mess around there longer than to sleep and get on the road. Head for some spot like—like the Madison River in Montana, for instance. That stream is a honey! The town of Ennis, in Madison County, is a convenient headquarters point, though you can camp most any spot along this beautiful stream. The float trip is a never-to-be-forgotten experience. And there is a 9 to 1 chance of getting more fish than you care to keep just any old time you try. Full particulars can be had on it at Ennis.

In the Madison, as well as any western stream, you will want to find what they are taking that day. Tomorrow it may be something else. Ask other fishermen, find out, but don't miss throwing some small spoons at those Madison River trout! If you are a purist and use only flies, I'm sorry for you. You're going to miss a real treat on the streams I'm writing about. Sure, they'll take flies, but at times a small spinner-bucktail combination or spoon of just the right action will mean the difference in a slim creel and great sport.

Read close to the page and try to believe this: I had 100 strikes on a one-mile stretch of the Madison River fishing with a small spoon in late August! The type spoon and the method are important. Here's the dope.

Use something along the Flatfish line. There are several small spoons that give the erratic, fast actions of this lure. The flyrod Spoonplug is truly ideal. It is made by Buck's

the West

Avoid the well-known tourist spots if you want 'em big and want 'em often. Just follow Joe Small and he'll take you to the best fishing in the land

Tackle Co., Hickory, N. C. The Russelure is a killer, and, of course, the Flatfish flyrod lures are trout takers from 'way back. I was using a Russelure spoon of 1¼ inches in length.

The Madison widens out where I was fishing, several miles off the highway from Cameron. It is a fast stream, difficult to wade, and until you catch on how to fish it, your luck may be slim. All right, let's say you have the lures mentioned above, or those of similar action, a fly fishing outfit, waders and net—you need a net in this fast water. Now, work quietly as far out as you can wade. Watch those boulders. There are thousands in this stream. Behind each there is a small eddy. Cast to the far side of this roiling water and bring your fast-wiggling spoon through the eddy. That memorable day I got a strike from 17 out of every 20 eddies I fished! They are great spots for old lunker trout to lie hidden, watching the current for morsels of drifting food.

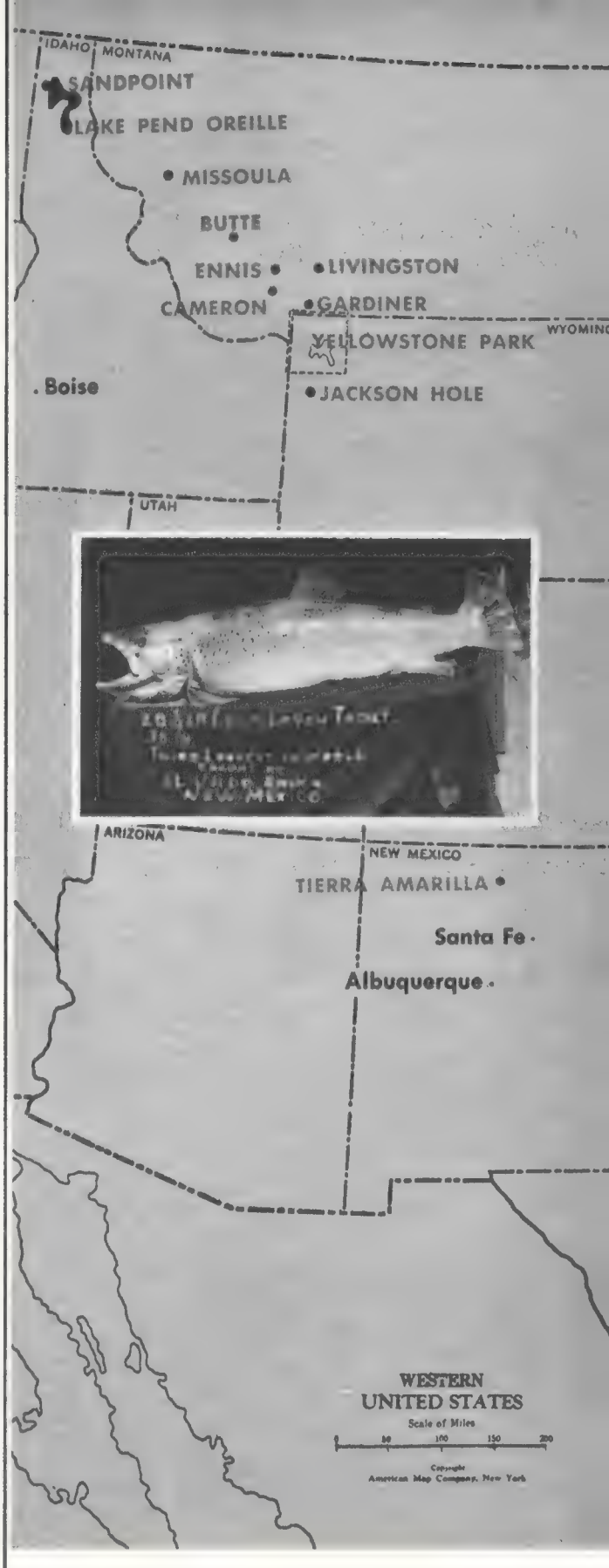
When fish are on the move, they may be in the riffles or in the upper or lower ends of pools, so don't overlook these bets. But work those eddies behind boulders—it's a great thrill to bring that flashing lure through the comparatively quiet water, see the silver of a striking trout, then feel the electrifying results shiver the light rod in your hand! Just thinking about it makes me want to drop everything and get back on that stream!

The Big Hole River is another great Montana trout stream. A number of local anglers prefer it to the Madison. And don't miss the Beaverhead, Ruby and Gallatin. All five streams are in Southwestern Montana, easily accessible to any fisherman who can be lured away from the heavy "tourist" spots.

Don't miss Georgetown Lake 40 miles west of Butte. Recent years have seen this lake hit tops. Three to five pound trout are usual catches and seven to ten-pounders are not uncommon. It ranks with top trout lakes in the whole western territory.

Generally, fishing is best in the western Rockies from mid-May through June to about the middle of July. However, when blizzards deposit unusually heavy stacks of snow during the winter months, the best fishing is during July and August.

Fall fishing is always good, even though few people seem to realize this. In Montana, Wyoming and Idaho, September brings on an Indian Summer feel to the air and fishing is great. A hundred times I've had sportsmen say: "September? Why man, it's too COLD in that country then!" But none of them had been in those states during September. They were not only surprised, but completely flabbergasted to learn they were missing the top fishing time of the year.



Northern Idaho, around Lake Pend Oreille, contains thousands of miles of tumbling streams. Rainbows, cutthroats, brooks and Dolly Vardens practically beg to be taken.

Good fishing generally lasts deep into October.

What to take along is an ever popular question. First, don't overlook plenty of warm clothes! You won't need them when the sun is out, but when that red glow paints western skies an Indian paintbrush red, the chill creeps in. At night, it's cold. And next morning when you're early on the trout stream—it's still cold! So take those longhandles, wool coats, and allow at least four warm blankets for covering at night. Last summer I slept under seven blankets (in mid-August!) and was blamed glad it wasn't six.

As for other equipment, it depends whether you wish to camp out or stay in tourist courts. Unless you want to pack way back, you can headquarter in a small town or tourist camp along the highway and drive quickly to a good spot. Rates, out of the main tourist lanes, average about $5.00 per night. Personally, I prefer camping at least half the time. And you've never seen such beautiful camping spots along these streams—and for little money.

Carry plenty of fishing equipment. An extra fly rod is advisable. Take spoons, spinners and flies galore. You'll lose plenty. As for flies, I have found it pays to find what they're hitting, then rush over to the nearest sporting goods store and stock up. But carry along your pet stock. If your selection is wide enough, you can generally find something that resembles what they're hitting.

If you stay out of the tourist lanes, the cost of living is about the same in the Rockies as anywhere else—in many cases, actually less. If you have a trailer, or take along a tent, you can set up camp in any of the designated camping spots and live perhaps cheaper than you can at home—and with crisp, brown rainbow and cutthroat trout to eat when you want them. And what that air does to your appetite!

A five to ten day fishing license costs from three to five dollars. Ask for fishing dope freely. Every crossroads store is full of information. By the time you stop at two or three, you'll be so fired up your eyeballs will be jumping! "See that old log bridge down there?" one Montana country store owner pointed out. "I watched a fellow land an eight pound rainbow just the upper side of it yesterday." Two, four, and even six pound fish are relatively common in the best fishing waters of Montana, Idaho, and Wyoming.

Find Livingston on your Montana map. Drop south

Camping is no problem, whether you own a trailer or not. Just pull up under a tree, step out and start fishing—which is what the author and his wife are about to do.

down the Yellowstone River to Gardiner. Fish any part of the miles and miles of beautiful water between these two points and you are in some of the hottest trout country in the United States! This section boasts year 'round fishing. I know of a local angler who catches trout in December and January, even during a snowstorm!

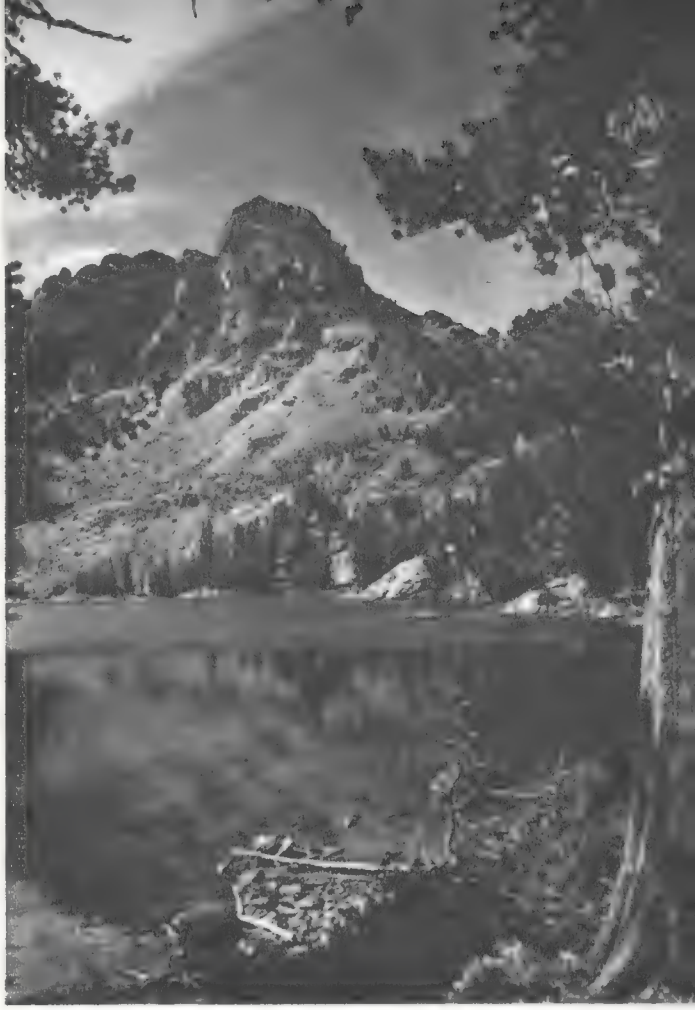
Yellowstone Park has been a fabulous fishing area for years. Yellowstone Lake and River have stood up under particularly heavy fishing, but the strain is beginning to tell. Actually, tons of fish have been taken from the Fishing Bridge area alone each season. Ideal natural conditions for the blackspotted or cutthroat trout (the only trout native to waters of the Park), extensive planting, enforcement of legal restrictions, and a comparatively short season have combined to keep Yellowstone Lake and River excellent fishing waters.

A large trailer park, housekeeping cottages at $2.50 to $3.50 per day, and a good cafeteria are to be had. But make your reservations in advance! You may do so by writing National Park Service, Yellowstone National Park. Don't miss that excellent stretch of fishing water above Canyon on the Yellowstone. Also, the Madison, Big Hole, Gardiner, and Gibbon Rivers are within short driving distance.

If you miss Henry's Lake while in the Yellowstone area, it won't be because of me. Here they boast the largest average trout in the United States! Fishing stories about this lake are so wild they are hard to believe, even in part. But I personally guarantee that a trip of 3,000 miles to reach it is entirely worth while! Take my word for it, *don't miss Henry's Lake.* It's just off main Yellowstone highway 20 and only about 20 miles from the Park.

What kind of fish? You'll find loch leven (German brown) in the Madison and Gardiner Rivers and their tributaries, as well as in Lewis and Shoshone Lakes. This is the trout that affords such excellent fishing for dry fly enthusiasts. Rainbow trout are common to the Madison, Big Hole, Gibbon, and lower Yellowstone Rivers, and some of the smaller lakes. Cutthroats are the principal trout of the Yellowstone and Snake River drainages. Eastern brook trout can be found, but are not plentiful in this area.

Now for the big lake or mackinaw trout. Look for them in Heart, Lewis and Shoshone [*Continued on page* 75]



When you're waiting for that catch, you have the world's most beautiful scenery for company. The peak is called He-Devil; the lake, Sheep Creek No. 4; the state, Idaho.

D. F. Paddock of Clarion, Pa., with his 5-pound rainbow trout, and author (right) with 7-pounder caught on the Chama near Bill Faris' place in northern New Mexico.

HE FILLED

Some men you can't push around, and Pete Kitchen was one of them. He was poison to Apaches and death to bandits, and for those who crossed him he had his own private cemetery

by Robert E. Pinkerton

Illustrated by Stan Ekman

Killers and bad men of the old West, men who often showed yellow in the clutch, live in books and movies, while decent, quiet men who just wouldn't be pushed around, men like Pete Kitchen, have faded into obscurity.

Pete wasn't a killer or a robber. He was just a man who wouldn't be killed or robbed. He never swaggered down a street with hands close to holstered Colts. He never fought in a saloon brawl. Pete chose tougher opposition, the toughest the West produced. He fought Apaches, fought them for 30 years.

In all southern Arizona, Pete Kitchen was the only American the Apaches failed to wipe out or drive out. At one time he was the only American south of Tucson.

Friends and neighbors were slain by the dozen. Pete's Opata Indian and Mexican hands were slaughtered and his son was killed. But Pete Kitchen lived to be 73, died in peace and in bed, and was honored with Arizona's greatest funeral to that time.

He had a distinction no man ever attained in the West. Pete had his own private "boot hill" a dozen years before Dodge City, and in a quarter of a century he got it nicely filled. Mostly it was filled with Mexican bandits, who often gave him as much trouble as the Apaches. In a canyon opposite his home, he filled an even larger cemetery, and no one knows how many Apaches were planted there.

He was not a grim, silent recluse, this one-man army that defeated the Apaches. He liked to go to Tucson for a few nights at the bars and poker tables. He was popular with the decent citizens. He took Tombstone in stride, too, though he was nearly 60 when that town and its gunmen bloomed. It was a fine market for the produce of Pete's ranch, and after a sale he'd try the poker tables.

But Tucson was Pete's town, had been long before Tombstone was spawned, and when the railroad reached it a quarter of a century after he did, Pete and his friends celebrated. As the first train pulled in, the first Pete had ever seen, he was deeply moved.

"We got to do something," Pete said between drinks. "Let people know the railroad's come to Tucson. Send a telegram."

"Send it to who?" a friend asked.

"The President knows," Pete said, "and all the senators and judges. We ought to tell 'em in Europe."

"Maybe Queen Victoria ain't heard."

"No, we got to go right to the top. We'll tell the Pope."

No one knew where the Pope lived. They argued for a while and then put it up to the barkeep, who said it was in Italy and, he thought, in Naples. So the telegram announcing Tucson's supreme event was sent. Pete and his friends went back to celebrating.

Two hours later a telegram was handed to Pete. It read:

"I am most pleased to learn that at long last Tucson has a railroad. But where the hell is Tucson?"

It was signed "The Pope" and, despite a wrong address and the speed with which a reply was received, Pete Kitchen died with the conviction that he'd had a message from the Vatican.

These were Pete's lighter moments and were well-earned. His middle life was spent in constant warfare with the most savage Indians in America. For years he lived 65 miles from the nearest white man, subject to attack at any moment.

"He Filled His Own Boot Hill" is a Cavalier bonus reprint, Copyright 1949, Fawcett Publications, Inc.

HIS OWN BOOT HILL

"One was ridin' a horse he'd stole from me last year, and I sorta concentrated on him."

Mexican desperadoes raided him often, yet the strain of always facing death did not warp him.

Men who knew Pete said he was slight and about 5 feet 10 inches tall. His voice was low and soft, and he had smiling, blue-gray eyes. He wore a wide-brimmed sombrero and a serape. His manner was quiet.

Peter Kitchen was born in 1822 in Covington, Kentucky, two years after the death of Daniel Boone. It is believed admiration for Boone prompted Pete's early interest in the rifle, and he developed a skill which is still talked about in Arizona. He joined the Mounted Rifles and in 1846 served on the Rio Grande in the Mexican War.

In 1853 the silver excitement drew him to Arizona which, at that time, was still outside the United States boundary.

Pete went at once to Tubac, 45 miles south of Tucson and oldest Spanish settlement in Arizona. The little town with its plaza and adobe houses slept beside the Santa Cruz River, and when Pete saw the valley, he forgot silver. Grass grew high as a cow's back. The soil was rich, and irrigation with river water was easily possible.

Mexicans had been growing crops around Tubac for nearly two centuries, so Pete went north a dozen miles to a place called The Canoa. He made a fort of his home. Instead of the low, flat-roofed structure common in Spanish America, Pete carried the thick walls four feet higher and cut loopholes.

The Chiricahua tribe, under Cochise, raided Mexico often and varied the routine with forays into the Santa Cruz. Between raids, Pete went scouting. The Santa Cruz was not wholly to his liking. It was getting crowded and

irrigation was foreign to his Kentucky training. A Mexican had told him of a place in the mountains to the south where water lay under the surface. Pete went to look at it.

He found a creek coming down through rolling hills to the Santa Cruz a dozen miles south of Tubac and followed it to a high valley. Grass grew tall and the land was level. Crops could be grown without irrigation, and the creek flowed all year.

Further, Pete's army training enabled him to see something else. Rising above the creek at the north end was a low hillock. From it he looked at the bare ridges on either side, across the long flat. No Apache could come close without being seen, and a fortress-house on the flat-topped hill could be defended. Nowhere had Pete found a place he liked better. But this was far from any settler; the road ended at Tubac and a man would be a fool to start a ranch in so isolated a spot.

On March 9, 1856, more than two years after the Gadsden Purchase gave Arizona to the United States, the Mexican soldiers finally marched out of Tucson, and the next day four companies of United States Dragoons marched in.

The next summer they built Fort Buchanan on the Sonoita, directly between Cochise's stronghold in the Dragoon Mountains and the ranch location of Pete Kitchen's dreams. That was enough for Pete.

He didn't move at once. He had to build a road, a house, corrals, sink a well; and crops and stock at The Canoa kept him busy. But he didn't have to fight Apaches. The commanding officer made a truce with Cochise, and Pete slept well at night. He'd taken a wife, too, Dona Rosa. After a son was born in 1858, Pete moved his family, stock and equipment to the new ranch, which he named The Potrero. His hogs brought high prices in Tucson.

Pete was scarcely settled before all hell broke loose. He'd kept no track of events 2,000 miles to the east, knew little of Lincoln and what his election would mean. In 1860, the government began to withdraw troops from Arizona to have them handy for war with the South. A green lieutenant violated a flag of truce with Cochise and the Apaches swarmed onto the war trail again. Fort Buchanan, which could have protected Pete, was abandoned.

The Chiricahuas, raging because Cochise had been betrayed, believed the soldiers had fled before their wrath. Their vengeance turned the Santa Cruz and the Sonoita rivers red.

Pete Kitchen was isolated on his new ranch. He was 65 miles from Tucson, the single Army post remaining. Only Tubac remained as a refuge, and the Apaches harried that.

News of this drifted down to Pete's remote ranch, and he went to Tubac to investigate, being careful to take the long way through the hills to the west and avoid Cochise's men. He arrived as a rescue party was starting north to find Bill Rhodes. Bill was an old friend and neighbor near The Canoa, and Pete borrowed a fresh horse and joined the party.

They found Bill's ranch. House and corrals were burned. The stock had been run off. Bill's two partners lay in the hot sun, naked, hacked, black from their own blood. Bill was not to be found, though Pete and his friends hunted for him. They buried the bodies and returned to Tubac, where they saw Bill Rhodes strolling across the plaza, an arm in a sling.

"You had some luck," Pete said. "Know your partners were killed and everything was cleaned out?"

"Yeah," Bill said. "I know. I saw it. Rode in wonderin' what the smoke smell meant and found the boys dead and the place wrecked. I smelled a rat, too, only it was thirty red rats—all around the ranch, lettin' me ride into their trap. I dug in my spurs so sudden I fooled 'em. Broke through and hit for Tubac."

But Bill's horse was too tired for the long race and as 30 Apaches began to close in, he headed for a place he knew, a dry mudhole surrounded by thick brush and with only one entrance. He crawled in, thinking he had little chance. He'd been fighting Apaches for years and knew how good they were. He didn't have a rifle, only a muzzle-loading Colt revolver which the Apaches had seen. They charged, and after Bill had shot six times, they rushed in for the kill.

Bill fooled them by reloading after each shot. When the Indians turned back, they left eight dead. They raked the thicket with bullets and arrows and one arrow struck Bill in the left elbow. He broke off the head and pulled out the shaft, but blood flowed so freely he thought he'd faint. He jammed the elbow into the sand and went on shooting.

"They kept poppin' and arrowin' at me for three hours," Bill told Pete. "When they made their last try, I had two bullets left. I got the leader, and they quit. Nine dead for one white man still alive seemed like too much. So they called to me in Spanish. Knew my name, too. We'd been fightin' before. Said I was a brave man and if I walked out, they'd let me live. 'No, damn you,' I tells 'em. 'I'll kill the last one of you.' Me, with one bullet left!"

"They didn't swallow that," Pete Kitchen said.

"They figured I was a man of my word and cleared out." . . .

Pete remained in Tubac several days, while the raids continued. Cochise had never been so savage.

"You're in a bad spot back in them hills," Bill Rhodes said. "Nobody near you. Better bring your family to Tubac. Or maybe Tucson. Looks like Cochise is goin' to own all this country."

"I got a good place," Pete said. "Good for hogs and cows. Pretty place, too. I figure if you can stand off thirty Apaches in a mudhole, me and my men can stand off three hundred in my house and collect quite a few doin' it. Besides, I don't like movin' so often."

Pete remained, and in June, 1861, orders came for the Army to abandon all posts in Arizona, even Tucson. Cochise was sure he'd won and stepped up his raids. In the end, not a settler was left in the great Sonoita valley, and no white man lived between Tucson and Tubac. A traveler found a gravestone for each of the 40 miles.

Yet in this land of desolation and horror, Pete Kitchen remained, and the pride of Cochise could not accept it. He turned his attention to The Potrero and gave orders that Pete Kitchen and all his people were to be killed.

Pete was ready. In three years he had built not only a successful ranch but a fort. He was a quiet, gentle, friendly man, but on one thing he was adamant. Always, night and day, a sentry was to patrol the roof and watch the approaches to the valley. From dawn to dark, another guard was posted along the creek.

Every man and boy carried one or two revolvers. Rifles were slung to plow handles when men worked in the fields or were within quick reach when they harvested crops. The house was an arsenal, with revolvers hanging on the wall and each corner stacked with rifles and shotguns. Ammunition was plentiful, and Pete encouraged target practice.

This was the fortress Cochise ordered taken, and Cochise himself, led the first mass attack. Cochise never hesitated to discard accepted Apache methods and adopt new ones, and several Army officers said he had true genius. When he descended into Pete's little valley, he came at noon, not the favorite Apache attack hour of dawn, and made a great show of force on the ridge to the east.

Pete was ready. He'd found the tracks of scouts for several days, and most of them on the hills to the west. Now, when Cochise sent his warriors shrieking into the valley from the east, Pete kept most of his men on the west side.

Fifty Apaches charged down the ridge to the east, shooting, yelling, acting as if they were coming on through. But they stopped at the creek and found cover behind its banks. All this time 50 more crawled up from the west, over Pete's "boot hill" burial ground toward the house. Pete,

expecting them, told his men to hold their fire. Thus, when the "surprise" charge came, it met a scythe of lead from the ramparts on the roof.

Some Apaches reached the shelter of the adobe buildings at the rear, but most of those who were able turned tail. Even then they were caught. While Pete had few men, many used two-muzzle loaders, some had the new single-shot breech-loaders, and all had long, heavy revolvers. The Apaches left 15 dead and wounded.

Immediately the Indians on the east charged, but Pete was ready for them, too. The Apaches had to cross 150 feet of open ground. Pete, with his deadly marksmanship and two breechloaders into which Dona Rosa slipped fresh cartridges as soon as they were fired, killed four.

"I'd 'a' got more," he said afterwards, "but I was looking for Cochise. Killin' him would 'a' been worth fifty of the others."

The Apaches retreated, leaving 23 dead or badly wounded. But they were not beaten. All day and all night the siege continued. The Apaches ran off many of Pete's cattle. They shot arrows at his pigs until, as a later visitor wrote, "the suffering quadrupeds looked like perambulating pincushions." They fired fences and corrals, burned a haystack, even managed to throw a torch into a hot vat of lard and set it ablaze.

But all this time, the women of Pete's ranch continued to ram charges into muzzle-loaders and pass the weapons to the roof. Boys joined their fathers and threw lead as cooly. How many Apaches Pete killed is not known.

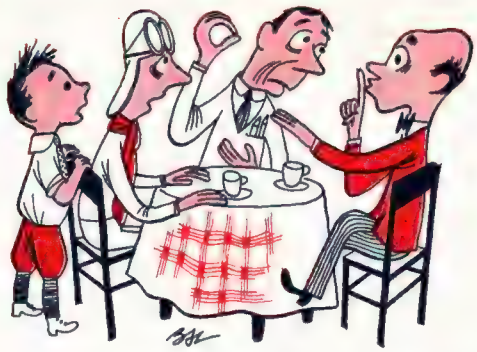
"Sometimes it looked close," Pete said afterward, "but those Indians were so reckless it was mostly good shootin' practice. Cochise sure can wind 'em up."

One of Pete's men was shot in the head and killed, three others were wounded, one dying later, and several were burned fighting fires. And Cochise had enough for the time. He withdrew, though Pete knew he left scouts to watch.

The next year, Pete's fourth in The Potrero, brought a lull. In 1862, some 2,500 California Volunteers, marching east to join the Union Army, arrived at Tucson and took on Cochise for a time.

In 1863, Mangas Coloradas, chief of the Mimbres Apaches in New Mexico, was slain under a flag of truce, and super-hell broke loose. Cochise's flaming anger turned against every white man in Arizona, with Pete Kitchen high on the list.

Only now Cochise tried new methods. Instead of a mass attack, he sent small bands to the little valley. He kept [*Continued on page* 66]



The Gold-Filled Hole in the Air

When it came to conceiving hoaxes, Barnum was a sissy not to be mentioned in the same room with Will H. Pickens. It was Will Pickens, the world's greatest promoter, who conceived *air pockets;* and the conception was hardly immaculate, for, as Will himself stated, his intentions toward anyone with a dollar never were honorable.

For the sake of old gullibles who may chance to read this story, here is a good place to describe what an air pocket is supposed to be. An air pocket is a hole in the air. Now 36 years old, it was a work of art created by William H. Pickens, who knew that no one would stop to consider that a hole in the air is impossible because the air at sea-level has a pressure of nearly 15 pounds per square inch, so that a cubic yard has a pressure on its surface of some 116,500 pounds.

The air pocket was born in a San Francisco restaurant in 1911. Around the table that evening sat Will H. Pickens, a quiet and shy birdman named Lincoln Beachey, a reporter from the San Francisco Chronicle, and a breathless and beardless boy—myself.

That morning, Will Pickens had had Beachey take the reporter up for a little traipse about the aerodrome, which consisted of vacant lots, for the sake of free publicity for the "flying meet" that soon was to be held there.

The aerodrome was surrounded by hills and the bay, so that the air that flowed across it was wrinkled by the terrain and undulated by thermal currents. The reporter had sat on the leading edge of the lower wing of the Curtiss biplane.

At dinner, the reporter stated with obvious sincerity that he wished he had stayed on the ground.

"How did it feel?" asked Pickens.

"Fine," said the reporter, "except when we hit those downsy-daisies. We dropped just like we had got into a hole in the air, a . . . an . . . air pocket."

Pickens' eyes snapped open. "A what?"

"An air pocket."

"How—how did *you* know!" gasped Pickens. Dropping his voice and putting on the expression of a Hollywood spy, he went on, "We have been trying to keep that thing quiet. Fliers get into 'em and there's nothing for the control surfaces to bear upon—out of control, see?—and it's terribly dangerous. You can't see how big an air pocket is. The little ones you shoot through before the airplane begins really to fall, but the big ones. . . ." Shudder, shudder. "Now we don't want the public to know that San Francisco is known to all fliers as the worst place in the world, the whole world, for air pockets, because there is such a danger of disaster after disaster, and if the poor people knew, it might scare them into staying away from the meet. But we must conquer the air, we pioneers, so we are determined to solve and master this terrible threat."

"What causes air pockets?" asked the gaping reporter.

"Nobody knows. It is a g-r-reat mystery. Why, you're the only layman who even knows that they exist!"

The "news" leaked. As can be imagined, the meet was a great boxoffice success.

Pickens was no man to ask fortune never to darken his door again. Before the flying meet at Sacramento took place, the papers somehow got wind of the "news" that it was being kept dark that Sacramento was infested by the hugest and grouchiest set of air pockets in the whole world. Readers were asked to imagine how many of the daring aviators would find themselves in the grip of air pockets and be dashed to the ground before the very eyes of a horrified populace. Attendance at the Sacramento meet set new records.

Strange to say, subsequent research established that city after city, each in its turn, was all unknowingly harboring the most devilish of all mysteries, the ghastly, invisible air pockets, in each case the worst in the world. By a coincidence no less mysterious than the pocket itself, the discovery invariably was made just before Will Pickens put on a flying meet. Falls—there were no crashes until 1917—did occur and the spectators would look knowingly at one another and nod, "Air pocket; I knew it would happen."

Thus Will H. Pickens became the only man who ever took a pot of gold out of a hole in the air.—**Hy Sheridan**

Underworld of Sex

A phone rings in the middle of the night and a strange voice mouths a message of filth. A man you know suddenly attacks a child. A girl turns out to be a guy. Here is the story behind these twisted actions

by Jules Archer

Ever since Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey lifted the lid on sex, the American public has become increasingly aware of the unusual sex problems which are plaguing the nation's police forces. Hardly a day goes by without a dozen bizarre cases making newspaper headlines—while a hundred dozen more escape detection. You read about these cases in the guarded language of the daily press, and you wonder about the strange things these people do in the name of satisfying their irresistible urges.

In Carlsbad, New Mexico, a housemaid held for six weeks in a woman's cell on charges of theft, turned out to be a young man. In Chicago a man was arrested for exposing himself in church to women at prayer. In Los Angeles a 63-year-old man was jailed on morals charges for bringing teen-agers to a secluded spot and inducing them to have sex relations while he looked on. In Canton, Ill., a 24-year-old bus driver was caught raiding women's underthings from a clothesline at night, and proved to have a room full of panties, step-ins, brassieres and girdles.

A prostitute arrested in Washington, D. C., became incensed and named a Government official as a man who came to her every week and insisted upon being whipped. In San Diego, Calif., a 22-year-old married man was arrested for posing as a Kinsey investigator over the phone, and succeeding in getting 40 women to answer 50 highly intimate questions. A lady kleptomaniac caught red-handed in Dayton, Ohio, explained that her husband had left her, and that stealing things from department stores seemed to relieve the tension she felt at times of physical desire.

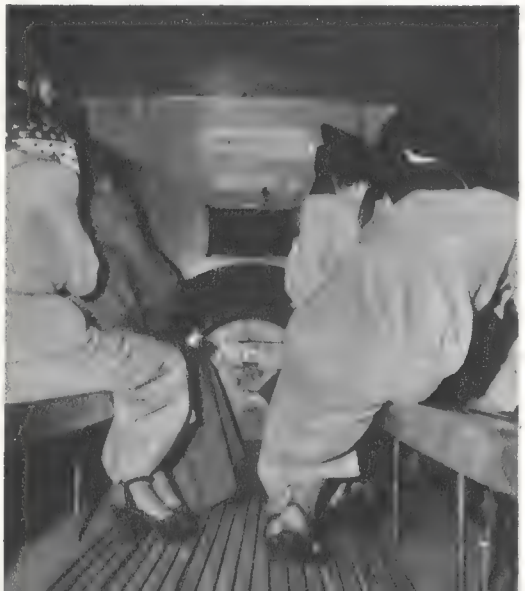
A staggeringly large number of men and women deviate from the pattern of normal sex conduct as it is popularly understood. The cases we read of in the papers are only the exposed top layer of this libidinous underworld. If we think about them at all, we generally label such people as "perverts," and assign the blame to the fact that they are oversexed. But Dr. Paul W. Tappan, New York University sociologist, declares that many more of them are *undersexed,* rather than oversexed.

A normally sexed person has both desire and ability. Deviates have desire, but often lack the ability to consummate a satisfactory sexual relationship. Thus their desire tends to drive them to substitute satisfactions of many curious kinds. They find these by-roads exciting and stimulating in a way which puzzles and often repels the average person. It is characteristic of their innate sexual weakness that most deviates are tardy in developing the sex drives of adolescence.

When he or she comes in conflict with the law, the deviate is usually described as a sexual psychopath. Such a person, as defined by Dr. George Gardner, is "characterized by sexual behavior which is aggressive, atypical, compulsive, repetitive and inconsistent with maturity."

The deviate or psychopath is also almost always a product of severe emotional conflict. When childhood influences produce tension and neurosis, the child cannot properly adjust to the outside world as she or he grows up. Thus, cut off from normal human relationships, the deviate seeks the pleasures which are pursued in the back yard of society. Dr. William H. Mikesell, psychologist of Municipal University of Washburn, explains, "Conflict lies at the very heart of maladjustment, and produces disorganized behavior."

Police struggle constantly to protect the public from sex deviates—and the deviates from the irate citizens they molest. Here some suspected deviates go for a ride.



The most commonly recognized type of sex deviate is the homosexual man or woman. So much has appeared in print about homosexuality in recent years that the problem need not be rehearsed here again in detail. It is important to understand, however, that you can rarely detect a homosexual woman or man merely by observation. The extremely effeminate man and the highly masculine woman who are practising homosexuals are rare types, compared to persons who seem normal to the eye, yet are inverts.

It's important for young men or adolescents to avoid

[*Continued on page* 76]

MEN or WOMEN?

Often this question is more difficult to answer than most people realize. You'll find who's what and why by turning to page 60

THE CANNIBAL IN ARMOR

"He is a mild, peaceful man, of gentle manner. . . ."

In the oil lamp's yellow glow Samuel Marsden's quill pen moved swiftly. A saintly man, his eyes glowed as he described his Maori friend, Hongi, chief of the powerful Ngapuhi tribe owning New Zealand's strategic Bay of Islands.

"He seems to possess a very superior mind. . . ."

Small wonder that Marsden recommended Hongi to aid Professor Lee of Cambridge when the latter requested help in compiling a Maori vocabulary and grammar. So warmly did he write of his friend that Hongi soon was en route to England together with his brother-in-law, Waikato.

London welcomed them with open arms. Feting the "brown king of the antipodes" was seized on as the fashion. At lavish banquets Hongi and Waikato were flooded with princely presents—gold and silver ornaments, jeweled snuff boxes, splendid clothes.

The climax of the visit came when the cannibals were summoned to special audience by George IV. Before an amused court, England's king presented Hongi with a suit of chain armor, complete with clanking sword.

En route home the savages stopped at Sydney. There Hongi learned his people were at war with a neighboring tribe and one of his relatives had been slain.

Before leaving Australia Hongi surreptitiously traded his costly presents—except armor and sword—for 300 muskets and a quantity of powder and shot. Arriving at the Bay of Islands he roused his tribe, distributed the muskets and gathered a great fleet of war canoes. Thus prepared, the Ngapuhis, led by the armor-clad Hongi, laid siege to the formidable *pa* of Totara, principal stronghold of the offending tribe. Hongi found its chief, Trembling Leaf, entrenched behind a log palisade.

Unable to take the *pa* by storm, Hongi offered honorable peace if a certain sacred greenstone ax were surrendered. Anxious to end hostilities, Trembling Leaf agreed, relinquishing the ax and opening Totara's heavy log gates. Then, side by side, the Ngapuhi and Hauraki tribesmen feasted "in everlasting peace."

Late that night Hongi arose, donned his armor and quietly awakened his warriors. At his signal they fell on their hosts without warning, slaughtering more than a thousand men, women and children in the ensuing massacre. For days the great stone ovens blazed as they enjoyed a feast of the victims.

Early in April, 1822, the cannibal in armor moved to conquer New Zealand's great North Island. Followed by 3,000 warriors he attacked the powerful *pa* of Matakitaki. Awed by the terrible musketry, dismayed by the "metal man who never falls," the stronghold capitulated. Its survivors were slaughtered.

"I'm appalled!" Marsden exclaimed when he was told of his protege's cannibalistic conquest.

Following these victories, Hongi's prestige soared to unprecedented heights. Lesser chiefs, unable to oppose him, flocked to his banner.

"I will rule all New Zealand," Hongi boasted.

And it seemed his boast would come true. The strongly fortified *pas* of the Ngatiporou at distant Cape Runaway and Poverty Bay fell soon after. Near and far the chain-clad savage struck, until the whole of North Island trembled at his name.

Hongi's cruelty and treachery, however, slowly deprived him of allies. He continued to range afield, conquering tribe after tribe, only to have them rise again in his wake.

By 1827, conflict flared between Hongi and the Whangaroans, his former allies.

For the first time the Ngapuhi chief failed to wear his armor—probably by then a rusted affair—and in a skirmish was shot by one of his own men.

Hongi lingered in agony for fifteen months before he died—the cannibal in armor who had set out to conquer New Zealand, and had come within an ace of succeeding.—Jeff Sutton

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU

Continued from page 11

blushing Miss Phillips inserted a finger beneath her blouse and arranged the offending strap. Sam stood up defiantly, retrieved his hat from the rack and left the office. A buzz followed his retreating figure.

"But how could he?" Marilyn's voice asked. "You can't see through this blouse." . . .

Sam called the doctor from the bar of the Hotel Freemore. Kelly watched him hang up the phone and had the bourbon ready when Sam returned to the bar.

"You know," Kelly said. "I think you're nuts. You got a gift."

"A gift which will cause me to be fired inside of a week," Sam retorted. "My office looks like a burlesque show. And I was almost run over at noon."

"What did the doc say?"

"He seemed interested. I only gave him a sketchy outline of course. But he'll look me over."

"I still think you're nuts," Kelly said. "Hey. Here comes another babe." . . .

Doctor Lane rubbed his nose and studied Sam. He reached for the phone, tapped it uncertainly with his forefinger, and looked at the patient again.

"It is not mental, Doctor," Sam said wearily. "Kelly mixed the drink and, after that, I only saw underwear."

"But what is your complaint?" Doctor Lane asked, puzzled. This time Sam looked at the doctor.

"I want to be cured," he said.

"Good heavens! I'd like to have your sickness," the doctor exclaimed.

"You're joking," Sam replied. "Or else you think I'm joking. Believe me, the complications are not as pleasant as the malady. But I'll prove to you I'm telling the truth. Call in your nurse and I'll tell you the color she's wearing."

"You might just guess correctly. No. I have a better idea. I'm sure Miss Donahue will be happy to help."

He pressed a button on the desk, and in a few seconds the pretty black-haired nurse entered the room.

"Miss Donahue, we have a very unusual case here and we need your help."

"I'll be happy to help, Doctor," she said.

"I hope so. I'd like you to take this black crayon and . . . er . . . perhaps black won't . . ."

"Black will show up fine," Sam told him.

"Oh . . . Well, Miss Donahue," Doctor Lane continued, "please take this crayon, go into the other office, and write some numerals on your—your lingerie."

The nurse's smile faded.

"On my what?"

"You heard me. On your underthings. You may add the cost to your next pay check."

Miss Donahue inched closer to Doctor Lane.

"Psycho?" she inquired in a whisper.

"Please, write the numbers. Actually crayon them on," Doctor Lane said patiently.

"And then what?"

"Come back."

"I will not!"

"With your dress on, Miss Donahue," Sam explained.

The nurse tapped her foot, took the crayon, and left the room. When she returned, she closed the door and remained near it.

"Okay. Whose move is it now?" she asked.

"Do you have your dress on?" Sam inquired.

"You're damned right I do, and it's staying on!" she snapped. "And I'm giving two weeks' notice right now. I don't know what's going on around here, but nothing's coming off."

"Miss Donahue," pleaded Doctor Lane. "The dress is on, Mr. Bascombe. Go ahead."

"She has a sense of humor," Sam said. "4-6-8 and ½. Smack across the tummy."

Miss Donahue's jaw fell open and met the scarlet sweeping up from her neck. Her hands groped and felt the crisp, white dress material.

"He was watching through the keyhole," she gasped.

"He never moved from that chair," the doctor corrected her. "I gather from your expression that he was right."

Miss Donahue opened the door, nodded slowly, and dashed out.

"Hm-m-m," Doctor Lane commented.

He moved Sam to another chair and proceeded with an optical examination. Sam waited hopefully. When the doctor finished, Sam lit a cigarette.

"Well?"

"There is an odd film completely covering both pupils," the doctor murmured. "It seems transparent and liquid. Let's try a few washes."

"Fine," Sam agreed heartily. The doctor hesitated.

"Are you sure you want me to go ahead?" he asked.

"I'm sure," Sam said with finality. The doctor shrugged.

"It's your funeral."

"Well, not quite," Sam answered. "This cure of yours isn't lethal, is it?"

"I meant it figuratively," Lane said defensively.

He pressed the button again and Miss Donahue's voice came quickly from the next room.

"If you think I'm exposing myself to old human X-ray there, you have two more thinks coming."

"I'll blindfold him," Doctor Lane said helpfully.

"Ha, ha," laughed the nurse drily. "What's one more piece of cloth between friends?"

"Miss Donahue," Sam called. "The doctor is trying to cure me of that extra sight. I am not in the least bit interested in retaining that ability. I will not look at you."

"In fact, his back will be to you," Doctor Lane promised. "I merely need your help with the solutions."

Miss Donahue peered around the partially opened door and, as Bascombe turned his back and climbed onto the table, she came in cautiously.

"Just try one side glance," she warned.

"I'll keep my eyes closed," Sam said.

"That will hardly be possible," Doctor Lane muttered, going to work.

After a busy, efficient hour of solutions being applied, Sam rested on the table, a wet compress covering his eyes.

"That's the last one," the doctor said. "We'll let it work a few minutes and then try you out."

"How?" Miss Donahue asked suspiciously.

"Don't you realize by now this is not a plot against your virtue?" Doctor Lane asked in an annoyed tone.

"That sounds like my boy friend and—"

"Miss Donahue. This is a medical phenomenon. And you are dedicated to helping the sick, to—"

She glared at the doctor and picked up the crayon from the desk.

"They gave me the cap but never said one word about underwear," she complained.

"Thank you, Nurse Donahue," Doctor Lane said gratefully. "Just cross out the old numbers."

She left the room and returned shortly. The doctor helped Sam to a sitting position and then took hold of the wet compress.

"I have a feeling you'll regret this," he said.

"Take it off," Sam ordered.

The doctor removed the bandage and Sam looked at the pretty Irish nurse. A blush again covered her face, but she held her ground.

A look of philosophic sorrow came over Sam's face.

"I don't know whether that means we've failed or succeeded," Doctor Lane said.

"Can you read the numbers?"

Sam shook his head sadly and Miss Donahue relaxed.

The doctor placed a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

"Just a minor feeling of depression at your loss. After all, there were interesting points to that ability. But you'll feel better in awhile."

"What do I owe you, Doctor?" Sam asked.

"Well . . . er . . . you may go, Miss Donahue."

He waited until the nurse left and then turned to Sam.

"No money," he said, "but—and this is purely for scientific reasons—for my fee I'd like you to tell me the ingredients of that drink."

"I'd rather not," Sam said. "Besides I don't think I know them all."

"That's my fee, Mr. Bascombe. Come now. Give it a try." . . .

Kelly watched Sam enter the room and approach the bar. He reached for the bourbon and held it ready. As Sam sat down, Kelly studied his face.

"Cured?"

"You might say that," Sam answered. Just then a lovely redhead, a lovely leggy redhead strolled slowly by. Sam watched her and the bartender watched Sam. Kelly's mouth opened slowly and he suddenly grabbed Sam's shoulder and pulled him around facing the bar.

"You can't see underwear anymore," he said. "What's the matter?"

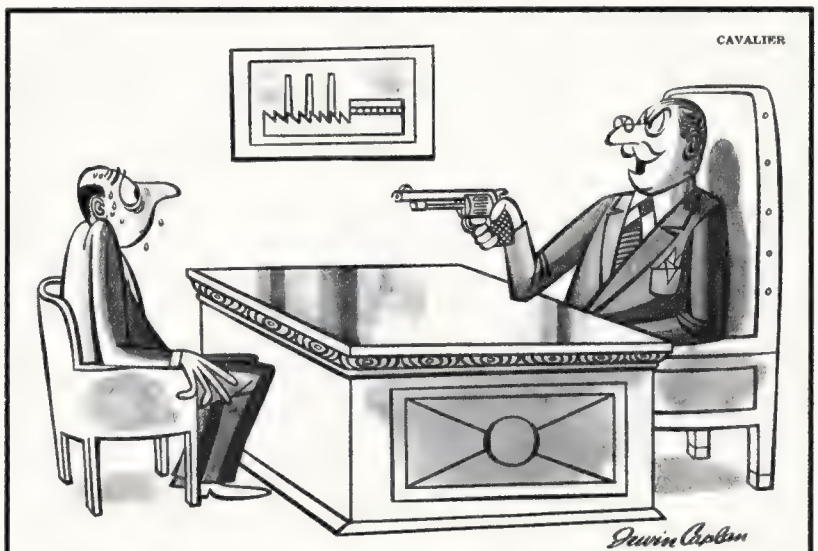
Sam shook his head, sighed.

"I can't see dresses either," he whispered. "No clothes at all. Just. . ."

Sam paused, shrugged his shoulders.

The bartender considered matters for two long minutes then placed the chromium shaker on the bar.

"One more try, Mr. Bascombe," he urged. "Start pointing." •



"Frankly, Hanson, I've been very dissatisfied with your work. However, the company's policy of never firing anyone leaves me in an awkward position."

In a Cave with a MOUNTAIN LION

Maybe I was crazy to crawl into a dark hole after a giant mountain lion—but what an experience!

by Grancel Fitz

Illustrated by Bob Kuhn

"Before you went in there, I told you what I thought," my wife, Betty, said when we were back in camp. "I haven't changed my mind. Anyone who insists on crawling into a dark hole after an able-bodied mountain lion is crazy."

In the sober light of reflection, after the excitement had died down, I was forced to admit that there was something to be said for that point of view. But, since it turned out the way it did, I wouldn't have had it otherwise for a good deal.

It had proved again that in big-game hunting you neither know exactly what an animal will do nor how you will act yourself, no matter how experienced you are. That is what makes it so interesting.

When the whole thing started, we were in the wild, rugged country of southwestern Utah, about as steep as horses can manage. The crest of the high ridge down which we rode was an unbelievable red, almost the color of blood, and its fanglike outcrops of greenish-white granite, along with scattered clumps of dark, twisted evergreen, gave it an eerie quality that defied the peace of the slow, fluffy clouds in the noonday sky. The place seemed a curiously appropriate setting for violence and sudden death, evidence of which we soon found.

There wasn't much left except bones and deer hair, and even these were partly covered by the dead leaves and brush that a mountain lion uses to hide his kills. Like the remains of several other deer that we had found in four days of hunting, it was too old to interest our lion hounds, but we reined in our horses for a minute to look.

"It's a wonder these deer don't have nervous breakdowns from being scared all their lives," Betty remarked. "The lions kill plenty of them."

"You can figure that each full-grown lion kills one or two deer every week," Verl Kelsey told her. "They can do an awful job on a flock of sheep. They are bad on young horses and cattle, too."

As the three of us started to follow the hounds, which had worked on down the ridge, I remembered that in one proved instance a single mountain lion killed 192 sheep in one night, apparently just for the fun of it, and it struck me again that there is quite a bit of mystery about them.

The biggest mountain lions weigh more than 200 pounds, and no one can question their potential deadliness. They are much larger and more powerful than African leopards, which have spread plenty of black pages on the record. So it seems strange that they have not killed more human beings in unprovoked attacks. At times they have done that, beyond any doubt, but authenticated cases are extremely rare. As I considered this, another mystery occurred to me and I turned to our guide with a question.

"Verl, did you ever hear a mountain lion scream?"

"No," he said. "I blame screech owls for those stories. A screech owl can make a lot of different noises."

Living in lion country all his life, Verl has had a part in the killing of more than a hundred lions.

His testimony should carry some weight, so as we rode along I told him that once I had had the privilege of hunting in Idaho with Cougar Dave Lewis, then 84 years old. He had killed his first lion in what is now Oklahoma when he was 11, and for more than 70 years he had lived in lion country. Hunting them was his passion. All told, it was claimed, he had killed more than a thousand. Old Dave had told me he had never [*Continued on page* 68]

The hounds dragged the lion out of the cave by its huge forepaw for a posthumous photo with the author.

We found our tired but enthusiastic dogs yelping insults at a mountain lion which was swearing back at them.

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NEW YORK TO MIAMI IN AN EGGBEATER

Continued from page 7

The next day I checked in at the Cape Charles Coast Guard station and picked up the local weather report. Ahead of me was the tricky crossing of the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay, so full of strange tidal currents and unexpected reefs that even the Big Mo got stuck there. I wanted the weather and the tide very much on my side, and according to the charts, they were. The officer in charge decided conditions favored my crossing at once.

"We'll give you until 5 p.m. to check in at the Little Creek station," he said. "If you aren't there by then, we'll start looking."

Halfway across and out of sight of land in either direction, I ran into a strong current that began carrying me out to sea. To counteract it, I had to quarter into the waves which were now becoming quite choppy, as they have a habit of doing in fast water. They were probably not more than six feet high, but even so I had to do some fast throttle work, slowing up to avoid a wave breaking ahead of me, darting forward to slip over a smooth wave before it could form and break, catching myself at the crest so as not to whip the propeller out of the water on the downward plunge.

There was no real danger about it as long as I could see what I was doing and time myself accordingly. But in the midst of it, I was hit by a local shower of no consequence, except that it splattered my glasses. When they were wet, I could not see through them; without them, I could not see at all.

Wham! A wave over the side. Instinctively I turned into it. Straight up I shot. At the crest I seemed to be so completely out of water that the *Scamp* was standing on her propeller. Then down she dove as though heading for bottom. Still, though she hit the bottom of the trough with a wrench that must have bent the keel like a bow, she came up fighting.

During the next few minutes the propeller screamed out of water a dozen times, each time shaking loose more and more of my gear. And each time I took on more and more gallons of water. Now, a gallon of water weighs about 8½ pounds, and it wasn't long before I had maybe 500 pounds of the stuff pouring down on me every time the bow went up and then cascading forward as the stern whipped up. Cans of oil crashed into my shins so hard—well, to give you some idea of how hard they hit, they put dents an eighth of an inch deep in the auto gas tank I had bolted to the frame.

The rain stopped just about the time I got out of the current and into smoother water. I had four inches of water in the boat. My radio and gasoline lantern were still dry and intact in their oilskin wrappers, but everything else, including my stove, was battered, or soaked, or both. But the *Scamp* did not seem to mind the extra load, which was just as well because I had no time for bailing.

I made it into Little Creek two hours ahead of the time allotted me by the Coast Guard, and felt some thrill of triumph at the knowledge that at least there would be one night when they would not be out looking for me.

I had now spent an entire week on my journey, with only a third of it behind me. But it was the worst third—and a third I will never do again nor should anyone else in an open boat of the size and power of the *Scamp*.

I got my first taste of luxury-traveling when I entered the Dismal Swamp Canal below Norfolk. Black, towering trees that almost met over the still black water gave the place an atmosphere that was both restful and enchanting. It was also lonesome, and at night, when I tied up in some protected inlet, it was downright sinister. Being a Long Islander, I had no idea what kind of animals might be making all those noises back there in the aptly named Dismal Swamp. Still, not even the most expensive cruisers in the world could have had it any better than I, nor made any better time, so I had my moment of glory and reveled in it.

For the next few days the winds blew steadily from the south. Across Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds I was forced to endure for hours at a time the constant slap-slap-slap of foot-high waves that set up such a jarring in the *Scamp* that I seemed to feel my eyes getting loose in my head. What I minded most was that I didn't have anyone to complain to about it. All alone, I could only sit and mutter about it to myself, and that wasn't always satisfactory.

There were long, monotonous stretches through Georgia and upper Florida with nothing but barren sand dunes on the ocean side, and flat marshes as far as the eye could see on the land side. But the waters were protected from everything but rain—there was a lot of that—and I made good time.

On one stretch I did better than 200 miles in one day, with 175 miles being about my average. I had no trouble in getting fresh vegetables and milk along the route, there being plenty of small villages if one wants to turn a mile or two off course to reach them. There are also many excellent service stations along the way where one can get just about everything in the way of marine supplies.

Two days before reaching Miami I ran into winds so strong that I was forced to tie up in the lee of islands in the Indian River. To make up for time lost, I tried running at night after the wind died down, but that, too, proved dangerous. All along the way new bridges and docks were being constructed, and the water was filled with debris. Still, it was exciting, skimming past cities, and then plunging into darkness as total as it had been when the Seminole Indians paddled their dugouts along the river.

Finally, just 16 days after leaving Brookhaven, I tied up at Pier 5 in Miami. I had made it in time. The Outdoor Writer's Association of America were just about to begin their annual convention, and I was there for the opening address. In spite of the errors I had made at the beginning of my trip, I was able to prove that travel with an eggbeater was a practical way of solving traffic problems.

Ten days later I started back for New York. This time, with no deadline set for my arrival, I was able to take my time and enjoy myself. Do you fish? I had but to cast a plug or drop a worm-laden hook overboard, and start pulling in my supper.

But I did get caught in a heat wave. And because I was heading north, with the south wind at my back, I didn't even get the benefit of the breeze of my speed. The deck became too hot to touch. To preserve my film, I wrapped it in oilskin, and then covered the package with water-soaked towels. My hands sweated so much that they were slippery on the wheel. Even the birds left the waterway. All of them, that is, except the buzzards. On every piling, on which pelicans had perched, there were now those funereal buzzards, and they were too hot or too lazy to fly away at my approach. They would just look at me sort of hungrily as I slid by, swiveling their naked necks to watch me until I was out of sight. When you are alone, birds like that can prey on your mind, if not on your flesh.

One night, caught between villages, I eased into what I thought was a shallow marsh inlet. It was dark, and with some relief I dropped the anchor overboard, expecting it to hit bottom immediately. Instead, all the rope whipped overboard and jerked to a stop with a thud, hanging straight down. There was no bottom. I don't know why deep water in a narrow creek should startle me the way it did, but the fact remains that I got the very vivid impression that there was something sinister about that creek. A loud splash, as though a tree had fallen into the water—though there were no trees around—convinced me that it was evil.

I yanked in my anchor with frantic pulls, started my motor, and got out of there. I think now that what I heard was an alligator launching himself, but at the time my nerves were in no shape to make a diagnosis of night noises. Between the buzzards, the bottomless black creek, and the loud splash, I was awake enough to drive on all night, and did.

If the buzzards were an omen of ill luck, I cheated them of their satisfaction the next day by a narrow margin. I was cruising up the Waccomaw River, thoroughly relaxed after my self-made scare of the night before. Suddenly I saw a snake lashing its way across my bow. I gave the wheel a quick twist, but not in time. I felt a slight jar, and when I looked

back in my wake, I could see nothing of the snake. I decided my propeller had cut it to bits, and let it go at that.

A couple of hours later I pulled up to the dock in Bucksport, and with considerable relief got out to stretch my cramped legs. Then I remembered that the lower grease unit of the motor was long overdue for a check, and decided to do that before I forgot about it. I climbed aboard again, tilted up the motor and—

"Look out!"

The sudden shout in the sunny stillness nearly startled me into jumping overboard. I let go the motor, dropping my screw driver in the process, and looked up with my mouth agape. A colored dock hand stood above me, pointing wildly.

"Snake!" he shouted.

I waited until my nerves stopped vibrating, and then looked over the transom. It took a while for me to believe what I saw. Coiled around the bracket of my motor was a deadly cottonmouth, its head poised to strike at the very point I was about to inspect. A second, one way or another, and I would have been a very sick or a very dead man.

What had happened was that in passing over the snake back on the river, I had scooped it up on the propeller shaft instead of striking it with the propeller. It must have liked its free ride, for it had coiled up around the bracket, and was loath to leave. Even after I pried it off with the boat hook, it swam around and came back. Again I prodded it away. Again it came back, and this time it was fighting mad.

"Kill it quick," shouted the dock hand. "It sho' have it in foh you."

But I was remembering that I was a photographer, and instead of grabbing an oar, I grabbed my camera. When the cottonmouth midway in its climb into my boat, poised to strike, I snapped its picture. Not until I had finished that job did I grab up the oar, take a golfer's stance, and decapitate it in a golfer's stroke. Quite calmly I climbed up on the dock and began shaking. And shaking. And shaking.

The rest of the trip was just a matter of proving that the longest way round is the shortest way home. I did not even make a pretense of running outside. Instead, I remained with the Intracoastal Waterway all the way, and the trip was restful, delightful, and fast. My only trouble came when ocean liners heading into New York harbor built up quite a chop between Sandy Hook and Rockaway Inlet. But other than my crossing of that big sea lane, the trip was traffic free, dust free, and just about as close to free in every other way as a man in this day and age could ask. When I totalled up my expenses at the end of the 4000-mile trip, they came to exactly $375.34, or about three quarters of a cent a mile, including board and room.

Would I do it again? I don't think I would alone. But with a companion? Man, you're really talking my language now. So help me, there is nothing like it in the world. Not just for the rich. It's for everybody. •

THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T DIE

Of all the tough hombres who crossed these United States in the days of ox-team transportation, Hugh Glass of Mecklenburg, Pa., was perhaps the toughest.

A small and wiry man of 30, Glass had attained fame as a hunter and trapper in western Pennsylvania. When his friend, Andrew Henry, proposed a journey to the Yellowstone Valley in the fall of 1823, he enthusiastically helped organize a party.

Near Big Stone Lake, in what is now South Dakota, the travelers came upon bear tracks. Glass was riding some distance from his companions when he met the maker of the tracks—a big grizzly.

Suddenly his horse pitched and Glass found himself sitting on the ground. Before he could get to his feet the bear had him in an iron-like embrace.

The other members of the party shot the bear, but Glass had been so badly mauled that his companions did not believe it possible for him to survive. They could not carry him with them, and with winter approaching they dared not stay with him.

Henry Long, another Pennsylvanian, volunteered to remain behind. Charles Duprey said he would stay too.

Henry and his followers went on. Glass lingered on the brink.

Finally, on the fifth day, Duprey proposed that he and Long go on. "If we don't start soon," he said, "we may never catch up with the others."

Feeling certain that Glass was a goner, they took everything he had, including his gun, flint, horse and blankets. "Poor devil, he won't live the night through," Duprey prophesied.

But he was wrong. Glass lived through the night, and the next morning his mind was clear.

He began to get mad as hell. Crawling on his hands and knees, he came to a berry patch, and for nearly a week subsisted on berries. Gradually his strength returned. Walking slowly, with the aid of a staff, he set out for Fort Kiowa, a hundred miles distant.

Food was scarce and, after two days of walking, he began to think he wouldn't make it. Then he came upon some wolves killing a buffalo calf. Glass pulled off his hat and, waving it and shouting, ran toward them. The wolves fled and the calf was his.

Having no flint with which to start a fire, and no knife to cut the meat, he gouged out chunks of it with his fingers and ate it raw. Then he twisted off a hind quarter, threw it over his shoulder, and set out once more.

The day he arrived at Fort Kiowa, he found another party about to start for the Yellowstone. In spite of his condition, he begged to join it.

About 50 miles north of where now stands Bismarck, N. D., the party was attacked by Indians and all but Glass were killed. He escaped by hiding in a cave.

Four days later, nearly exhausted, he walked into Fort Tilton.

Here he found help. The next day he set out for Fort Atkinson.

In some manner the news of Glass' survival and superhuman journey had already reached Fort Atkinson. With the exception of Long and Duprey, all of his former companions went out to receive him.

Glass looked them over. "You're a fine bunch!" he said. "I was going to kill all of you. I ain't past doing it yet."

He turned and looked at the fort.

"Oh, hell!" he said. And then he smiled. "I'm too damned glad to be here to kill anybody. Come on, I'll buy the drinks."

Glass later migrated to Oregon, where he died in 1885 at the age of 92—just passed out in his sleep, they say, peaceful-like.—Tom Bailey

THE CASE OF THE PHONY POISON

Continued from page 34

broad A's had been lost somewhere between the house in Lakewood and the hostelry.

The Pinkerton man decided in view of the circumstances, to confine himself to a single question. He asked Mrs. Kaber why, in her opinion, her new in-laws had not given her a wedding present. "Because," said the lady, "the so-and-sos knew I had no use for them."

Walker chewed on the remark. Mrs. Kaber's explanation, he decided, was, like the explanation of old Moses Kaber, oversimplifying the matter.

He sent a feminine operative into Cleveland's tea-cookie-and-cause world to find a particular kind of woman—a woman who had once been close to Eva Kaber but who was on the outs with her now. A socialite by the name of Edith Barnes turned out to be just what the superintendent ordered.

Mrs. Barnes said that Mrs. Kaber had once told her that the Kaber family had objected to her on moral grounds. "What's the harm in going off for a week end with a man if you really like him?" Mrs. Kaber had explained to Mrs. Barnes. "You only live once." Mrs. Barnes, a highly moral lady, had been shocked.

Not long before Kaber's murder, Mrs. Kaber had divulged to Mrs. Barnes that she was pregnant. "Oh," said Mrs. Barnes, "I am *so* happy for you, Eva!"

"What is there to be happy about?" asked Mrs. Kaber.

"Dan has always wanted a child of his own."

"This isn't Dan's child," said Mrs. Kaber, "and he would know that it couldn't possibly be, if I make myself clear." It was all too clear to the upright Mrs. Barnes. The friendship had terminated then and there. Mrs. Kaber had, in the meantime, presumably canceled her date with the stork.

Among Mrs. Barnes' disclosures to Walker was that Mrs. Kaber was a superstitious person, given to placing great stock in dreams, and so on. That piece of intelligence enabled Walker to tie into a deductive knot two loose ends of the mystery—the Arabian Nights woman who had called on Mrs. Brickel, and the bottle of ginger ale.

If Mrs. Kaber were a superstitious woman, Walker reasoned, then she probably had traffic with fortune tellers. The Arabian Nights character had, then, been a fortune teller. The ginger ale had originated with her.

Fortune tellers frequently bilked gullible clients by selling them, at fancy prices, bottles of harmless colored liquid reputed to have good or evil powers, depending upon what the customer wanted. The woman in the satins had sold the ginger ale to somebody in the Kaber household. To whom, and precisely why, was something else again.

There were about a hundred fortune tellers in Cleveland in 1919. The Pinkertons checked them all. Then one day, through a binocular, Marion McArdle's girl friend got a look at Mrs. Erminia Colavito, a spiritualist medium who operated a trumpet and crystal ball in the spaghetti-and-tomato-pie section of the city. Mrs. Colavito was Walker's woman.

A woman operative called on the medium. She wasn't just another woman operative: she had been chosen carefully, imported from Pinkertons' New York offices, in fact. The woman who walked into Mrs. Colavito's was a walking advertisement for an unhappy marriage.

What the visitor wanted to know of the medium was whether Mrs. Colavito could raise her first husband and get some advice from him.

"What kind of advice?" asked the medium.

"My first husband, the one who is dead, left me ten thousand dollars in insurance," said the operative. Mrs. Colavito quickened. "I think my second husband, the one I'm married to now, is trying to get the money away from me. I want my first husband's advice."

The channels into the other world were all open that day. The operative's first husband came right through, as they say in ectoplasmic circles. "He say," rumpled the medium, "for you to hold onto money and come back tomorrow."

After a dozen tomorrows, the operative expressed the opinion to Mrs. Colavito that it might not be a bad idea if her second husband, seeing as how he was pretty much of a weasel, joined her first husband, wherever *he* was.

"Not bad idea," said Mrs. Colavito. "I geeve you something."

Mrs. Colavito gave the operative four ounces of what turned out to be stale ginger ale—at $25 an ounce. "Geeve him," were the instructions, "teaspoon thees stoff three times a day in food and dreenk. That feex him."

The bottle was of the same manufacture as the one found in the Kaber home, and the cork was sealed by wax of the same shade as that on the Kaber cork.

The Pinkertons had been coaching Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Kaber's former friend, in the art of roping. Now Mrs. Barnes went on the Agency's pay roll. She called on Mrs. Kaber at the widow's hotel. She had come, she said, to be of aid to Mrs. Kaber in her hour of need, and also to ask her forgiveness.

"What," Mrs. Kaber asked, "caused you to undergo such a change of heart?"

"Can I trust you with a secret, Eva?" asked the amateur sleuth.

Could she? What *was* it?

"I've left my husband," said Mrs. Barnes. "Now I understand the position you were in."

Mrs. Kaber, every inch a woman, no matter what else she might have been, craved details. Mrs. Barnes said that her husband had grown both deficient and delinquent in the boudoir, and that she had a lover—a gentleman by the name of Jack McCoy.

Mrs. Kaber divulged, not exactly to the surprise of the sleuths, that she had found herself in an identical situation. She had a lover named Stanley, a suburban society bachelor, but she had seen him infrequently since the murder. Mrs. Barnes had a suggestion. *Her* boy friend, McCoy, lived in Pittsburgh. Why didn't she and Mrs. Kaber repair yonder, and Stanley, the widow's lover, could follow?

Why not indeed! Two days later the two ladies were ensconced in a room in the William Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh. Jack McCoy, a Pinkerton operative who had certain attributes of two reigning movie idols—the physique of Francis X. Bushman and the cute smile of Wallace Reid—emerged from the September smoke and fog, crisply turned out in boiled shirt and tails. He crushed Mrs. Barnes to his starched facade in the presence of Mrs. Kaber, lending an exciting note of authenticity to the Cleveland lady's fiction that she had left her husband for a lover. Mrs. Kaber couldn't wait for the arrival of Stanley.

David Warfield, the celebrated tragedian, was appearing at the Nixon Theater in a play that featured murder by stabbing. The Pinkertons saw in this an opportunity to unnerve the suspect.

McCoy took the two ladies to see the murder play. When the stabbing scene was enacted, Mrs. Kaber reached into

MEN OR WOMEN?

(Answers to quiz on page 53)

1. George Molino Sanchez was accused by the F.B.I. of posing as the wife of an airman in an attempt to swindle the government of more than $2,000 in dependency-allotment checks. 2. Catherine Wing, taken into custody with another girl who posed as her wife. 3. Shortly after his marriage, Edward Price Richards began to undergo a physiological change and petitioned the Los Angeles Superior Court to change his status from male to female. 4. Mrs. Billie Morrison told Denver police she impersonated a man for 20 years because "it's easier to get along as a man." 5. A Newark, N. J. detective arrested a "woman" he saw approaching young men in bars. To his surprise, he found the "woman" was George Simonson, a quiet family man he had known for years. 6. Frances "Richard" Orlando, shown with her "bride," said she posed as a man because it was easier to find work. 7. In New York police raided a masque ball and found this gent and 98 others dressed as women. 8. Marcella Majerus masqueraded as a man and husband for five months, was found out when her "bride" became suspicious of her sex and Seattle police asked her about her draft registration.

her handbag for a bottle of smelling salts. She was so unnerved after the performance that she got drunk in the tables-for-ladies section of a Golden Triangle watering hole. McCoy and Mrs. Barnes poured her into bed.

About dawn, Mrs. Kaber awakened, got out of the bed she shared with Mrs. Barnes and began to write a letter. She made several false starts, and tore up what she wrote, to start over again.

Later, when Mrs. Kaber's torn-up writing was retrieved and pieced together, it developed that she had written to her daughter, Marion. She had cautioned Marion not to go near a woman described merely as Mrs. C., quite obviously Mrs. Covalito, the medium. She had further cautioned Marion to warn her grandmother to keep her feelings about her late son-in-law to herself.

Stanley, Mrs. Kaber's man, failed to arrive in Pittsburgh. Mrs. Kaber was writing him and wiring him daily.

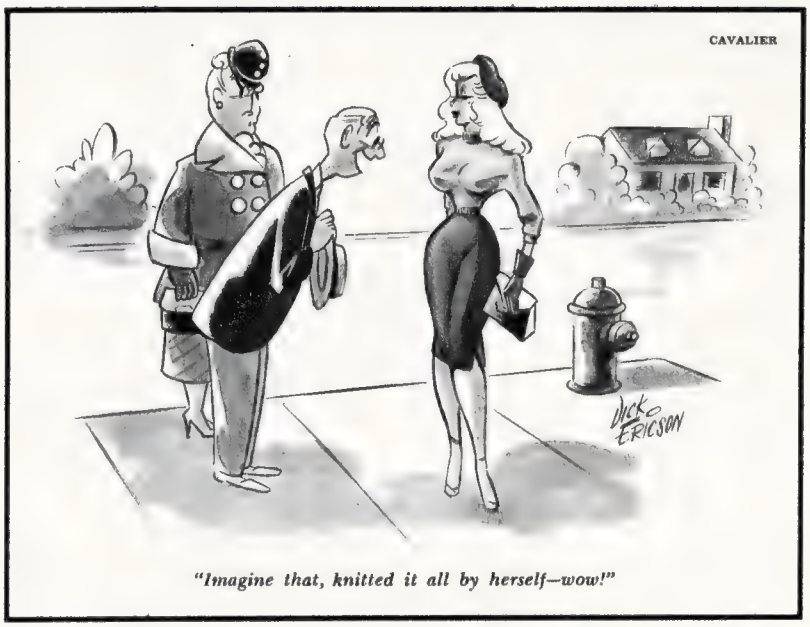
The Pinkertons, in unpeeling their way into Mrs. Kaber's past, learned that she had frequently visited the Cleveland public library and taken out books dealing with hypnotism. From a friend of Mrs. Kaber's daughter, it was learned that the mother had found in Marion an ideal subject.

The hypnotism intelligence brought the broad outlines of the crime into sharp focus for Superintendent Walker. Mrs. Kaber, tired of her husband and having a lover, had plotted the murder. She had had a willing ally in her mother. Her daughter she had hypnotized into aiding her, to an extent still to be determined. Mrs. Colavito, the medium, had been prevailed upon to supply poison, probably for a large sum of money, after Mrs. Kaber had caught her in the ginger-ale fraud. The poison had been only partially effective, in that it had paralyzed but not killed the victim. It had then been determined to stab the paralyzed man to death.

Who, Walker wondered, had been the actual killer? He was absolutely sold on his theory that the killer had been a frail person of exceedingly limited strength. That description did not fit Eva Kaber who had, anyway, been at a distant point the night of the crime. Nor did it fit her daughter, the medium, or old Mrs. Brickel. The old lady had strength remarkable for her years.

In Pittsburgh there came to pass, as the saying goes, a revolting development. Mrs. Kaber's man, Stanley, finally showed up, probably to put a stop to the telegrams and letters, and what happened but that he went completely off his nut about Mrs. Barnes. There was nothing Mrs. Barnes could do to make Stanley, a three-alarm wolf, hide his ardor, or at least keep it under control in the presence of Mrs. Kaber.

Mrs. Kaber happened to have 20-20 vision, which was considerably more than she needed to see what kind of a man Stanley was. Just like a woman, she heaped her wrath not upon Stanley but upon Mrs. Barnes. There was one hell of a scene in the hotel room of the two ladies, during which Mrs. Kaber made uncomplimentary remarks about Mrs. Barnes' bust. A house dick had to break it up.



"Imagine that, knitted it all by herself—wow!"

Mrs. Barnes, her usefulness as an operative at an end, returned to Cleveland. So did Stanley.

While Marion McArdle and Mrs. Brickel remained in the murder house, Mrs. Kaber, either by accident or design, dropped from sight.

Mrs. Colavito, the medium, was playing cagey. The woman operative to whom she had sold the ginger ale complained that her husband was still around. The medium said that some people had stronger resistance to the potion than others. She sold the operative three more bottles. She wouldn't, however, come across with anything stronger than ginger ale.

On the first anniversary of the start of the probe, Mrs. Kaber was still welling in the silences. Marion McArdle, old Mrs. Brickel and Mrs. Colavito had yet to make a false move.

In the 13th month of the probe, Mrs. Colavito, whose phone was tapped, got a call. "This," said a man's voice, "is Sam. When is that woman going to pay up? It's more than a year now!"

The call was traced to a drugstore on the other side of the city. Sam had disappeared by the time the dicks got there. The druggist said a man named Sam Calla had been using the phone.

Sam Calla was an underworld littleshot. He was a small, slight man, and for years he had suffered from a complication of diseases that had sapped his strength. Walker had identified his frail killer. Now to find him.

Through underworld channels, Sam Calla was traced to Buffalo. There, a Pinkerton operative, posing as a criminal, roped him. The crime had been substantially as Walker had figured it. Sam Calla and a pal, Vittorio Pisseli, had been hired by Mrs. Colavito, acting for Mrs. Kaber, to kill Kaber. Pisseli had made the dagger and waited outside while Calla had been let into the house by the daughter and mother of the author of the plot. The girl, under her absent mother's domination, and her grandmother, motivated by good, old-fashioned hatred, had simulated the robbery while Calla and Pisseli had gone upstairs to Kaber's room. There, discovering his own frailty when attempting to stick the dagger into the victim's stomach, Calla had slashed him two dozen times instead.

In a $3,000 deal, Mrs. Kaber had made a down payment of $500 to the murderers, but welched on the balance because, as she had put it to Mrs. Colavito, Calla and Pisseli had done a "messy" job.

Everybody but Mrs. Kaber, still vanished, was placed under surveillance—even Pisseli, who had meantime departed for Italy. The denouement was delayed until Mrs. Kaber was located in New York City.

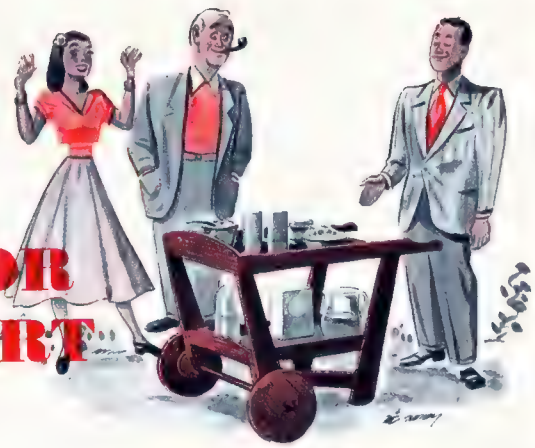
She and the medium—who had brewed up the poison—got life. Though it was merely innocuous ginger ale which sometimes passed between Eva and the seeress, sometimes it was a much more lethal liquid. Why the poison, administered by his wife in his food, didn't kill Dan Kaber but merely paralyzed him, remains a Cleveland medical mystery.

Calla and Pisseli got life, Pisseli being punished by the police of Italy.

The grandmother was indicted for murder, but the indictment was nolle prossed because the jury evidently felt the aged woman, though a tartar, had been dominated by Eva. Marion McArdle likewise went free, a jury acquitting her because, in their considered opinion, she had not acted out of inner evil intent but had, rather, been the unwitting subject of outward influence by her mother.

Eva Kaber died in prison. •

YOU CAN BUILD THIS OUTDOOR BAR CART



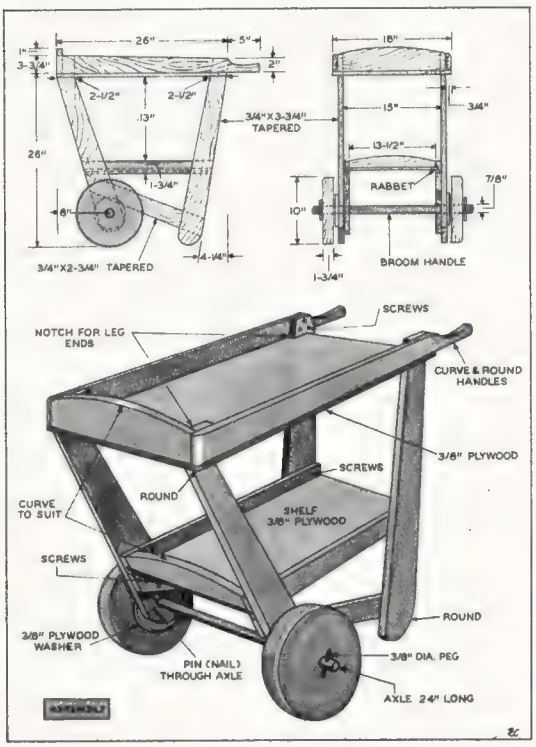
Roll out the bottles; also the food, plates, glasses and cutlery on this good-looking, handy little cart next time you have friends over for a barbecue or other party. Use it outdoors on lawn or terrace, or indoors; it's built and finished for either place.

Materials, if pine or fir is used, cost 10 dollars, and the whole thing, with the exception of the wheels, can be made with saw, plane, drill and screwdriver. Wheels are best cut on a power bandsaw—any woodworking shop will do this for 50 cents or so.

To insure accuracy, lay out the profile drawing full size on a sheet of wrapping paper stuck to the floor with Scotch tape. Draw in the side-frame parts carefully, including the taper on the legs and lower braces, for both sides must match identically. Note that the upper ends of the legs pass through notches in the top panel and are screwed to the side rails. The front piece (with curve) is also fastened to them. Now assemble the side frames on top of the plan, fastening the lower braces with wood screws from what will be the inside.

Next, the top side rails and front piece are fastened to the plywood panel with screws from underneath. Drill for all fastenings to ease the work and avoid splitting the wood. Cut the curve in the handles with a coping saw—also the aforementioned notches in the panel. Holes must be drilled in the corners of the front notches to permit the coping saw blade to be inserted. Push the top ends of the side frames through the notches and screw in place, again from the inside.

The lower tray can now be fitted, and will make the cart rigid. If possible, rabbet the plywood into the sides, as shown; otherwise construct the tray in the same manner as the top. The front piece here is cut at an angle to conform with the slant of the front legs, and screwed to the plywood from beneath. Fasten assembled tray in place with screws driven into the legs from inside. Note: all screws may be 1¼ inch, No. 6 flat head.



Now bore a ⅞" hole through the lower end of each front leg, being careful to get them aligned correctly. The axle, a two-foot length of mop or broom handle, is run through these holes and pinned in place with a finishing nail driven into it through the front of each leg.

Slip on the wheels, drill two ⅜-inch holes through the axle just outside the wheels, and drive in pegs or dowels. Be sure that the wheels turn freely, but without wobbling. A little vaseline rubbed on the axle will help a lot.

Wash all the wood with Oakite, allow to dry and sand thoroughly. Apply a thin coat of white shellac, diluted about 50% with denatured alcohol, and sand again when dry with No. 6/0 garnet paper. Finish with two or three coats of high grade marine spar varnish, sanding between coats.

Trays may be left as is, or covered with linoleum or glass. **—Roland Cueva**

HALF YOUR WHISKEY IS BOOTLEG

Continued from page 29

speakeasies except report them to city police for action, which this agent did. But he kept tabs on the runner and trailed him to a four-story brick warehouse. He reported his find to Walter F. Carroll of the Alcohol Tax Unit of the Internal Revenue Bureau.

Simultaneously, people living near Brooklyn Police Headquarters reported a powerful stench which they thought was from sour mash. The police promised to investigate, but just as they were about to probe into the matter Carroll contacted them and asked their cooperation in a raid on the brick warehouse that same day.

At 4 p.m. nine federal agents and four plainclothesmen battered down the front door of the distillery with axes and crowbars. One group of raiders grabbed two of the operators in the garage. Part of the raiding party charged up to the roof past huge vats and copper coils. There they cornered three more men, including the owner of the building.

They found a sealable refrigerator truck and 364 five-gallon cans of alcohol. The second floor had living quarters for six, with full stocks of food. Nearby was a huge cooker and three 500-gallon tanks to receive the distilled liquor. A large copper tank, known as the column, ran from the second through the third floor. The heated fluid from the sour-mash vats below passed through this column and was distilled. The raw alcohol resulting from it was fed into large receiving tanks. Six open vats, each containing 6,000 gallons of fermenting mash, were found on the fourth floor.

An intricate set-up like this, aside from the expensive equipment, required the services of expert "still engineers," chemists or "brew-masters," an efficient distribution organization involving upwards of 40 to 50 persons, and a purchasing agent to get the large quantities of sugar, yeast, fuel oil, tin cans, etc. Only a well-financed syndicate could handle an operation like this, and federal men see the money coming from other underworld rackets.

In 1952, 20,000 stills were seized. According to experts, who figure the knock-off rate as one out of five, these seizures indicate the existence of 100,000,000 stills. Since the collective daily capacity of the captured stills was 750,000 proof gallons, and since the average still operates for 37 days before capture—five times this amount tells us that 138,750,000 proof gallons of bootleg alcohol is manufactured yearly. Compare this with the 148,000,000 proof gallons of legitimate beverage alcohol distilled last year and you know why *half your liquor is bootleg!*

A survey made by the Licensed Beverage Industries of stills seized in 1952 lists 10 with more than 1,000-gallon capacity; 10 between 500-1,000; and 10 between

300-500. Twenty-two were in the northeastern states, eight in the deep South—an indication of the way the wind blows.

One still was found, of all places, on a floating barge anchored at a junkyard in Gravesend Bay, Brooklyn.

Acting on an anonymous tip, Thomas Doyle, chief investigator of the Alcohol Tax Unit in the eastern district of the Treasury Department, and a squad of agents swooped down on the barge and uncovered a unique marine still capable of turning out 500 gallons a day.

The operator, a plump, gray-haired, sad-faced Italian wearing a blue denim shirt and dungarees was hardly the type you'd suspect of doing a $3,000-a-day business. He kept his sugar supply ingeniously hidden in a 5,000-gallon steel tank under a three-inch layer of gravel on the back of a big truck. From there it was pumped into a 1,500-gallon receiving tank on the barge itself. He also had a 2,400-gallon fuel tank on shore from which fuel was pumped to the barge to operate the big cookers. When the operator thought the smoke or smell was attracting attention, his practice was to have the barge towed to a new location.

Big stills knocked off in New Jersey bear more resemblance to the southern variety than to those in New York. Treasury agents uncovered a huge, cleverly camouflaged still near Egg Harbor which was attributed to belong to a new bootlegging syndicate extending into three states.

Michael J. Passolano, agent in charge of the South Jersey area, said at the time of the raid that leads showed the 30,000-gallon still was a joint operation by gangs in Philadelphia, New York, Newark and Hammonton. He said that racketeers, driven from gambling by the federal $50 tax, had shifted to bootlegging.

The raid culminated several months of intense searching of the area in which airplanes were frequently used. The still was covered with military camouflage net bought as government surplus. Netting also covered a narrow footpath which connected the still area with a "drop" near the road, where the supplies were delivered and from which trucks removed the whiskey to "stop-off" points, for transfer to sleek, souped-up cars.

A hand-generated field telephone linked the "drop" with the lean-to which sheltered the still operators and through which the warning of the approaching raiders undoubtedly was given. Fuel for the still was pumped from the drop by a 600-yard hose to storage tanks. The set-up even included its own lighting system, powered by large storage batteries to avoid the noise of gasoline generators and an overhead cable and platform for hauling supplies from the road. . . .

The distribution of bootleg whiskey differs greatly in the South and southern Midwest than it does in the North. In the small stills, the "red eye" or "deep shaft dew," "white mule," or whatever it is called is usually made for immediate consumption. It is sold by the still operators themselves, or their families or friends within a radius of 50 miles.

Big-time distribution systems have been set up in the South to cater to the demand in Atlanta, New Orleans, San Antonio and other big southern cities, though at least one huge still in North Carolina was found operating solely for the northern market. Conversely, a big still seized in western Pennsylvania, was shipping its stuff to North Carolina markets, because the heat was on in Pennsylvania.

The average southern still is erected at a cost of a few dollars. It produces anywhere from a couple of jugs to 50 gallons a day. It is set up out in the open, near a water supply, with a hidden road winding in from the highway. In such stills, there are generally from three to five men involved who may operate it two or three days a week (always different days to fool the revenue men). The total investment rarely passes $500, but the income is usually comfortable enough to take care of the average family.

Most stills of any size employ lookouts or spotters who signal the operators with whistles, hog calls, auto horn honkings or dynamite blasts. This explains why so many stills, while still warm, are often unattended when raiding parties strike. In one raid in Kentucky, however, during an intensified crackdown in one region, agents were amazed to hear not one—but six blasts—within a few minutes of their arrival. Instead of uncovering one still in the heavily wooded area, they found 17!

Just as ingenious as the bootleggers, however, are the agents. They employ walkie-talkies, planes, helicopters and aerial photography. According to a Treasury Department report, a single Coast Guard plane covering 10 states and carrying an expert agent-observer, netted a spring harvest of 297 stills and 81 arrests—in only 15 days' flying time. It would give the location of the still and the number of people seen around it to an investigating crew on the ground in radio cars.

Let's go along on a typical backwoods moonshine raid and see what it's like. This one took place outside of Lyman, a small town 12 miles north of Gulfport, Mississippi, a hotbed of hooch makers.

Fred Farrell, district supervisor of the Alcohol Tax Unit, had received a tip from a plane observer that a big still was operating deep in the woods. For weeks, agents kept the place under surveillance. In the daytime they hid behind large uprooted tree stumps a couple of hundred yards away from the still and watched through high-powered telescopes. Other agents, with walkie-talkies, lay on their stomachs at night near the "stop-off" place where the liquor was dropped off by trucks and station wagons. The stop-off was a respectable-looking white, two-story house, a few miles from the still. At the house the stuff was transferred to an unsuspicious-looking Cadillac. Fast cars that can out-race the cops are always used to rush the booze to retailers.

Sometimes professional auto racers pick up extra bucks this way. In Sudderth, Georgia, a bootlegger tried to outrace a federal agent's car by throwing glass jugs and spare tires in the road to block him. He was caught, however.

But to return to Farrell: when he felt that all hands were operating at the still, and that he had the boss tagged, he decided to move in. On a chosen night, agents were stationed in radio cars a quarter of a mile on either side of the stop-off place. The instant that Farrell spotted the truck and station wagons from the still, he called the two cars through his walkie-talkie and told them to move in. As they emerged on the scene, Farrell and his men emerged from their hiding place, guns drawn. They trapped the boss of the operation and the drivers in the very act of transferring the hooch from the trucks to the auto.

Early next day four agents moved in stealthily through the woods, mostly on their stomachs, and hid in the tall grass within yards of the still, a crude open shack. At zero hour—high noon—Farrell's car suddenly swerved into the woods, followed by another, both sirens blaring as they headed straight for the still. A number of drunken pigs lying outside of the shack suddenly came to life and staggered about. Three young men dropped everything and rushed out, straight into the arms of the armed agents. They surrendered meekly, sheepish at being caught. The agents hacked the still to bits and tore at the steel mash drums and other equipment. "If we don't really cut 'em up," Farrell explained, "they'd reweld them again and use them on their next location." Other agents poured the golden corn liquor out of jugs into the mud. Some of the hogs wallowed in it. Two died, and one went off doing a St. Vitus' dance.

Like most bootleg raids of recent times, the men did not put up a fight. Nor did any of them carry a gun. Most modern bootleggers shun gun play because possessing or using a gun in connection with a federal offense greatly increases the chances of a severe jail sentence. If the operators can make a getaway, okay. But otherwise they'd rather take their chances on the comparatively mild fines and prison sentences handed out.

This situation was the source of severe criticism by James E. Scanlon, head of the Treasury Department's southern Indiana alcohol unit.

"Too often in the past," he charged, "state fines have served only as a license and a risk in the business. From now on they may expect federal trials and stiff jail sentences."

When a still is raided in backwoods country, agents roughly determine how long it's been in operation by measuring the circumference of grass around the still, and examining the area for tell-tale moss and mold or other signs of age and presence of fermentation. Thus, they are able to estimate the total output and the extent of tax evasion.

The existence of stills is usually found out in five ways: (1) by checking sugar purchases, (2) informers, (3) routine investigation, (4) the general public and (5) sheer accident.

Since the lifting of sugar rationing in 1947, sugar wholesalers are not required by law to report unusually heavy purchases by people who seemingly have no

use for their product. Incidentally, the big rise in bootlegging began with the end of sugar rationing.

A very high percentage of stills are spotted due to informers' tip-off efforts. For years the Treasury Department has had a special fund for paying informers who lead them to the collection of evaded taxes. Bootleg informers, however, aren't as eager for payment for their services as are income tax informers. The reason for this is illustrated by the following incident:

A letter in an illiterate scrawl was received at the federal alcohol agent's office in Biloxi, Mississippi, last year giving fairly vague directions on how to find a big still.

Several days later, a character in farmer's work clothes came to the office. "How come you didn't check on that still I wrote you about the other day?" he complained to the agent indignantly. The agent insisted that the farmer show them the exact location. He seemed reluctant, but went along after persuasion.

When they got near the place, the informer wanted to get out, saying it was just 100 yards down the road. The agent in charge made him stay in the car with one of his men, however, while he and seven others investigated. As they approached the still, hidden deep in the brush, three unhappy looking gents were flushed out, hands high. Several agents grabbed them and led them back to the car.

When they reached the car and the hapless trio saw the informer trying to hide his face, they tried to break away and manhandle him. "Why that mangy mongrel," the head man cried, "he's got a still biggern' ours down the road!" And sure enough, he had.

This is often the case with informers. As soon as competition gets too tough, forcing prices down or closing outlets, one of them is bound to squeal on another. Understandably, they rarely ask for their rewards.

Two years ago John Wallace and a group of fellow moonshiners were trapped in Meriweather County, Georgia, after a tip to federal men. While awaiting trial, they caught up with Wilson Turner, the government witness, beat him to death, burned his body with wood and gasoline, and threw his remains into a stream. Wallace received the death penalty for the crime and two others were sentenced to life imprisonment.

Another informer tipped off the feds in New York that a man who was out on parole, after serving a term for bootlegging, was hanging around a bar—a violation of his parole. The agent found him and threatened to send him back to prison if he didn't start spilling. To date, this one man has been responsible for the seizure of over $800,000 worth of stills.

Many moonshiners have tried ingenious way to disguise the halitosis of whiskey. In Mississippi, where whole rows of families engage in small-scale bootlegging, they try to hide the odor by burning old tires. One chap in North Carolina strewed his farmyard, on which was a hidden still, with decaying meat.

The sight of tipsy sows, staggering along a Kentucky road was the undoing of one hooch merchant. And in Tennessee a pixillated mouse emerged from a milk can full of freshly distilled "red eye" to greet the police as they raided a small home still.

A number of bootleggers have been trapped accidentally. In Detroit, recently, firemen who entered a burning building cold sober found themselves getting hot and drunk from the fumes. They found 200 gallons of raw hooch in the attic.

Liquor distillers are concerned over the trend of the past two years, which they blame almost entirely on the rise in taxes on liquor. Every bottle of bootleg whiskey sold kills a sale of their legitimate product. An untoward increase in crime traced to bootlegging, or death epidemics from poison alcohol, such as occurred in an Atlanta prison last year, will, they fear, supply fuel for new prohibition legislation.

The Treasury Department doesn't quite go along with the distillers, however. They want to keep the tax, if possible to increase it. (It's gone from $3.00 a gallon to $10.50 since 1946.) Consequently, they tend to belittle reports that there is a tremendous rise in bootlegging. Yet their own statistics prove that federal agents have made more raids last year than ever before. Add to these the amount made by state and municipal agencies, and you have definite proof of the trend. They also tend to pooh-pooh the stories about big-time bootlegging in the northeast, maintaining that 90% of the bootlegging in this country goes on in the South. This is true, but northern bootlegging on the grand scale has increased so tremendously in the last few years there's no telling how far it will go.

When the last tax hike was put into effect in November, 1951, a request was made for 275 new agents to combat what the Treasury Department felt would be an increase in bootlegging. The increase came, yet the staff of agents is at its lowest point in 13 years right now. Also, the liquor tax increase didn't help as much as the Treasury Department thought it would. In the first year after it was in effect, tax receipts were considerably less than the year before, due to the tremendous increase in bootleg buying.

"But lower the tax reasonably," said one major distiller to me, "and we'll put the bootlegger out of business ourselves." •

WILD MAN FROM VINEGAR BEND

Continued from page 31

Wilmer's runaway fast ball held up his prowess. He dropped six of his first eight starts, but he rallied magnificently to close with 12 victories and seven defeats.

By now he was ready for the Texas League. Again, he faltered at the beginning. He had one victory in seven tries. Then finding the range as if he were pitching sour apples back on the farm, Mizell inspired Houston to the Texas League title by finishing with 15 wins in his next 22 outings.

So elated was the team and management with Mizell that the whole town of Vinegar Bend, Alabama, was brought in to celebrate a Mizell night.

There was no doubt about Mizell's pulling power. The whole town of Vinegar Bend came, 35 strong, and as many natives of Houston as could fit in the park joined them.

Nobody can put a finger on "Vinegar Bend" Mizell's charm exactly, but there is something about his stride, his style and his character which spark up any ball field he plays on.

"It's the way he walks to and from the mound that does it," Red Schoendienst, Cardinals' second baseman explains it. "He has the gait and the fans love it."

"There is no question," asserts Al Hollingsworth, Houston manager, "that the boy moves as if he is not used to sidewalks. Then he has that infectious grin and, besides, he can pitch like blazes."

Mizell, who crinkles his forehead and who has a weird look in his handsome, dark-haired face when he drawls, possesses an unusual wit. You're never certain if he is conscious of it—just like you never were sure about Dizzy when he was in his peak.

One day, back in Houston, somebody observed to the pride of Vinegar Bend that the only way he could be kept out of the majors was by running over him with a truck. Vinegar turned in some concern to manager Hollingsworth and blurted, "You're not going to do that, are you, Skip?"

And down in the Texas League they're still talking about the southpaw's misadventures with the tricky pick-off play. Picking a man off first is not an easy play for a pitcher. A right-handed pitcher swings around to throw to first when he wants to keep a daring runner close to the base. A left-hander, facing the runner, has an advantage in keeping the runner close, but a clever left-hander can add to his advantage and raise havoc with the runners, as Warren Spahn of the Braves has done, by developing a deceptive motion. Wilmer was sure that he had perfected his motion one day and immediately gave it a try. Three times he caught runners off base. Three times the players got out of the rundown and reached second base safely.

Mizell didn't discourage easily. In the late innings he saw a runner getting careless and he worked his motion. Unfortunately he fooled his first baseman too—the ball went into right field and the runner raced around to third.

In the ninth inning Bob Hunter, now of the St. Louis Browns, reached first. He got the steal sign and took off for second. Then, out of the corner of his eye, he saw that Mizell had fooled him—he wasn't throwing to the plate. Hunter kept on running and made second safely. Mizell just stood on the mound, staring at him.

Manager Al Hollingsworth strolled out to the mound to get an explanation for this latest motion—or lack of it. "I don't know, Skip," Mizell said simply. "I just looked at him and looked at him and looked at him and then I became hypnotized."

But it was typical of Big Wilmer that he didn't give the pick-off up as a bad try. Spring training found him working at it with the wall at St. Petersburg's Al Lang Field as his first baseman. Eddie Stanky, the Cardinals' manager, threw some spice into the game by betting the big left-hander that he wouldn't pick off a runner all season.

Vinegar Bend was quite proud of the outcome. "I won the hat," he says proudly, "and this year I hope to win a whole new wardrobe."

The 1952 season started out for the kid just like the minor league years did. His first seven decisions ended with but one victory to his credit. The sympathetic sports writers laid off the "character" talk—fans aren't usually interested in a "character" unless he is winning. Then at the end of June Mizell rounded into form and posted nine victories in his last ten decisions.

It was on the basis of Mizell's late performances that many experts picked the Cardinals to finish higher this year than they did last when they reached third place. They figured he rounded out a well-balanced pitching staff which includes veterans Gerry Staley, Cliff Chambers, Alpha Brazle and the other promising youngsters, Stu Miller and Harvey Haddix. Of course, the wise boys did not forget to consider two ballplayers named Musial and Slaughter when they picked the Redbirds to soar.

If there have been any "no" voters in the group who passed judgment on Vinegar Bend Mizell's future as a pitcher, they haven't made themselves heard. Most baseball men have re-echoed the thoughts of Al Hollingsworth who said, "Seldom do you see a modern baseball player as unspoiled as Vinegar. He is really something. He has a good fast ball and the makings of a good curve. He is not a trick ball pitcher by any means. And he has that competitive spirit and desire to win that reminds you of Dizzy Dean."

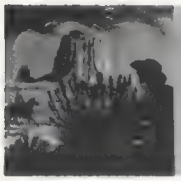
There's a good reason baseball men like to bring Dean's name into the Mizell story. Baseball today is becoming a cut-and-dried business. Agreed, it is big business, but much of the attraction of the game in the past has been the color of the personalities involved. The big stars of late—the DiMaggios, Musials and Fellers—have been workmanlike players who counted on their performances to pull in the fans. At present, Musial is the only real big star left in the game. Mickey Mantle of the Yankees promises to be great, but he's well on his way to being a corporation and this business-like approach does not lend itself to the color the game needs. Mizell could be the shot in the arm baseball is looking for and writers and fans alike are watching him closely, hoping he'll top some of Dean's famous gags.

If you've ever heard baseball men talk about Ol' Diz, you'd know how much he means to their history of modern baseball. They tell each other the old stories—how Dizzy pitched a shut-out in the first game of a double-header, then watched indignantly while his brother Paul threw a no-hitter in the nightcap. After the game Diz looked hurt and said in part, "If I'd knowed Paul was agoin' to do that, I'd a tried for one myself." And there was the time he walked over to the Braves' dugout and told the bewildered Bostonians that he was going to throw "nothin' but fast balls." It didn't make much difference what he told them—they couldn't see what he blazed by them that afternoon as he shut them out. Another time he told Frankie Frisch, then manager of the Cards, to relax, "I'll make a great manager out of ya." But the story goes that he almost made an asylum inmate of the Fordham Flash during the 1934 World's Series with the Detroit Tigers. Frisch had pounded it into Dizzy's head, he thought, that Hank Greenberg, the Tigers' big slugger, was death on a fast ball low on the inside. Late in the first game, Diz was sitting on a big lead when Greenberg came to bat. Diz looked him over, looked over at Frisch, then fogged his fast one through—low and on the inside. Greenberg drove it out of the park. Dizzy clucked and told the apoplectic Frisch he was right about Greenberg.

Expecting Mizell to be another Dean is expecting quite a lot, but baseball men are optimists by nature. And they also believe in first things first so before they start on the Mizell legends, they want the big boy to show that he's a real star. There's little question but that he'll do that this season.

He's come a long way since the day in Albany, Georgia, when he was given a grey uniform, traditional uniform for away games, and refused it saying, "No, thank you, I'll stick with the whites." And he's gone a long way since the first time he picked up a baseball just four years ago.

The feeling here is that he's going all the way to greatness. •



HE FILLED HIS OWN BOOT HILL

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scouts watching from the hills. Whenever raids on stock or on isolated workmen were possible, they were made. Often they were successful. The tension rarely let down. Anytime a man stepped outside the house, he might be fired at or see an Apache crawling through brush. Carelessness was fatal. When Pete's son was 13, he lay down beside a haystack one midday and fell asleep. He was only 200 yards from the house, in plain view, yet an Apache crept up and killed him.

Pete fought on, doggedly. He had a respite after the Civil War when Fort Mason was built near his ranch, but a year later it was abandoned and again Pete was left to fight alone. The warfare was as vicious as it was unremitting.

Apaches died, too. An enthusiastic Tucson reporter wrote that Pete always slept with one eye open, but it is certain both his eyes were open when he was awake. Never could he relax. One noon as he and Dona Rosa walked through the front door, Pete caught a movement on top of the ridge to the east.

"Apache just jerked his head behind that rock," he said. "Go back of the house and fire a gun in the air."

Pete got his Sharps rifle. Dona Rosa fired. The Apache stuck out his head to see what was going on. Pete fired. Dead Apache.

The rock is still on the crest of the ridge and is still known as "Pete Kitchen's rock." Early accounts gave the distance from Pete's front door as 500 yards.

Pete's marksmanship was famous in early Arizona days, and another story, told often at the time, has Pete dropping a rifle ball in the kitchen door of a neighbor nearly a mile away as a warning that Apaches were about to attack.

Pete's deadliest shooting was done when he hauled produce to Tucson. He had extended the road south from Tubac to his ranch, and the long route became known as Pete Kitchen's Road. There were many times when only Pete used it. Frontier humorists said it ran from Tucson Tubac Tumacacori Tuhell, and it was hell for Pete when he took hams and bacon to Tucson. Usually he tried to select a time when the Apaches were inclined to remain in their stronghold because of bad weather or were holding a ceremonial feast.

He tried it in 1872, which Arizona considered its darkest year in the long struggle with the Apaches. Pete had been at The Potrero 14 years and was now 50. He had been fighting Indians 19 years, and he wasn't quitting. While his men loaded the wagon train, he scouted down into the Santa Cruz Valley, and Pete knew how to scout. All the signs looked good, and he returned home, giving the order to start next morning.

Cochise struck almost at once. At the ranch, Dona Rosa could hear the shooting. Apaches rose from bush and arroyos, firing, charging, screaming. Pete had gone ahead and was cut off from his men. Two Apaches tailed him, evidently with orders to make sure this time. Pete threw himself from his horse, rolled into a dry wash and started running. He doubled back in a branch wash and, 100 yards farther, looked over the bank.

With a patience only Apache warfare can instill, he waited. After a while he saw a dark head and still he waited. Then he saw two dark heads. Again he waited until they were in line. One shot from the Sharps did it, and Pete started running back toward the wagon train.

He knew this district even better than the Apaches, knew how to reach a low ridge which would give him a view of the battle his men were fighting. He even knew an arroyo from which he believed the Indians would be shooting.

They were there, and Pete was behind and above them. He laid a row of cartridges on the ground, waited until he was breathing normally and began. He had the backs of these men for targets, and he killed four in a row before the others suspected something was wrong. Pete got two more as they fled. His men heard the old Sharps and charged. The battle was over.

Pete's horse was killed and six mules in the wagon train were dead or hurt. Three men got slight wounds. But next morning the train went on. It reached Tucson, Pete sold his produce and returned with payment in gold.

Cochise died in 1874, troops moved into the San Pedro and Sonoita, and for a time the Apache tension eased. But always Pete had Sonora bandits to fight. The trail to Mexican towns led through his valley, the border was only four miles away and the Mexican thieves liked Pete's horses, cattle and gold. Sometimes they got the stock, but never the gold, and it was largely with these men that Pete filled his boot hill. This was not warfare on the Apache scale. Pete made it a personal affair and was always ready to take on one, two or a dozen bandits, for whom he developed a peculiar hatred.

"Apaches are born to murder and rob," he said on a visit to Tucson. "Same's a cougar. They just don't know anything else. But the Sonora scum grow their own meanness, and that's the kind I like to shoot out of a man."

His war against the bandits was merciless, and in waging it he ignored the international boundary. When his favorite horse was stolen, Pete headed south, alone, following the trail as well as could an Apache. He rode all day, all night, all the next day, finally surprised and captured the man. When he returned home he had the horse, but no bandit.

"So he got away," a friend said.

"No, I caught him," Pete said in his low voice. "But I was tired and didn't want trouble while I was sleeping. So I put him on the horse and tied his arms behind him. Just to make sure—I had to have me some sleep—I looped a rope around his neck and run it over the limb of a tree. That seemed plenty safe, but know what happened? In the night that fool horse up and walked out from under him."

The next year Pete went to Magdalena, Sonora, to buy cattle. He didn't get any, but after two days of gambling he quit a big winner and started home. Cards hadn't occupied his whole attention. A half dozen heavily armed Mexicans, some of whom he knew, kept track of the game, and Pete was sure they'd follow him. He cut across the desert to the east, leaving the trail with a bunch of cattle that would cover his tracks, and knew he'd be reasonably safe.

"But I got to thinking," he said afterward. "Those six was out to kill and rob me, and here I was doin' nothing about it. It didn't seem right. So I cut back to the Magdalena trail, hitting it at a good place I knew. I'd got all fixed behind a rock when along they came, not in too much hurry, figurin' to catch me that night."

"How many'd you get, Pete?" a friend asked.

"I didn't do so well. One was ridin' a horse he'd stole from me last year, and I sorta concentrated on him. The rest had better horses'n I expected and sure left that place. I got only three."

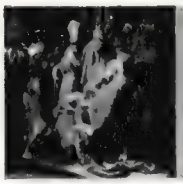
With the death of Cochise, Geronimo took over and soon Apaches were raiding again. More soldiers were scattered through the border country, and settlers began drifting in. Tombstone brought 15,000 white people to the desert, but Geronimo, often operating from Mexico, sent many small parties to wipe out settlers, attack wagon trains and burn stagecoaches.

For another 10 years Pete caught his share of this and then, on May 4, 1884, Apaches attacked the ranch of Artemis Peck, 13 miles east, and killed Peck's wife and child. The next day, 26 years after he had established himself in The Potrero, the Indians raided Pete Kitchen for the last time. It wasn't much, and not long afterward General Miles brought an end to Apache depredations.

Now Pete could enjoy life and his rewards. For 30 years he had been in almost ceaseless struggle with Apaches and bandits. Suddenly the dozens of rifles and revolvers in his fortress were silent. He could walk out of his door without drawing a shot.

But in that moment of victory, Pete Kitchen quit. Perhaps he couldn't stand the quiet and peace, or at 64 he may have been just tired. He sold the ranch in 1886 to Colonel C. P. Sykes. Reports vary as to the price, ranging from $60,000 to $86,000. Pete had no title. No one bothered with such things in early Arizona days. When Sykes asked how much land he owned, Pete had the answer.

"Wherever my cattle graze," he said, and that was good enough. Pete Kitchen had earned it. •



CIRCUMCISION IS A MUST

Continued from page 15

to approach it with the same philosophy as they do the appendix: if it's healthy, you have nothing to worry about—you can live out your life without an appendectomy. If it bothers you slightly, you may still get by. But if serious inflammation and infection sets in, better have the nuisance removed.

This seems to be the trend in the armed forces. Thumb through last September's issue of the U. S. Armed Forces Medical Journal and you will find, according to Commander Judson A. Millspaugh, of the U. S. Naval Hospital at Pensacola, that circumcision is a "simple valuable operation which, in many cases, is definitely indicated, particularly in the military service."

As far back as 1855, a sharp-eyed, keen-minded medical man—Dr. Jonathan Hutchinson—pointed out that men of the Jewish faith were considerably less prone to syphilis, gonorrhea and other venereal diseases than their uncircumcised neighbors. This observation squares up with the experience of VD centers, hospitals and clinics throughout the country.

Dr. Millspaugh reports that of 400 servicemen admitted to the Pensacola Naval Hospital for syphilis treatment, 395 were uncircumcised. He has found that circumcision, combined with penicillin treatment, is a quick effective cure of early syphilis.

When you learn the score of penile mischief created by the male foreskin, you may wonder how it is that one small flap of skin can cause so much damage. A few simple pointers from the medical profession reveal many hidden hazards in this tiny adjunct of the masculine anatomy.

Man's foreskin may be described as a loose fold of tissue covering the glans (head) of the penis and lined on the inner side with a mucous membrane. By keeping the covered areas of the glans continuously moist, it maintains a large, tender skin surface—extending from the mucous membrane over most of the glans—that can be easily injured by large or miscroscopic tears during intercourse. These tears, or injuries, provide entrance into the bloodstream for germs that may be acquired during coitus and for which the mucous pocket makes an excellent moist, warm breeding ground. The foreskin—especially when tight or nonretractable—acts as a sheath to hold in the bacteria while the process of infection is taking place.

Circumcision, by removing the mucous area surrounding the glans, strengthens the skin surface of that organ, lessening the danger of injury, and prevents the retention of bacteria, smegma or other irritating agents.

It is one of the ironies of history that we are only now beginning to give broad recognition to this simple health-preserving operation—whereas primitive man using a flint knife, a sharp-edged bone or a sea shell, has been practicing circumcision for many thousands of years.

No one knows just where or when humans first decided to improve on nature's handiwork by performing plastic surgery on the end of man's generative organ. We do know that the Jews, often credited with having invented the practice, had little to do with its origin.

The ancient Greek historian, Herodotus, writing in the fifth century B. C., claimed that circumcision began with the Egyptians and that the Jews picked it up from them. Ample evidence exists, in the form of bas-reliefs, statues, papyrus texts and mummies dug up from along the banks of the Nile, to show that the Egyptians of 7,000 years ago honored their heroes, high priests and royalty by circumcising them with stone scalpels.

It seems doubtful, however, that any single tribe or people can be credited with first patent rights on man's most primitive surgical invention. The record is so cobwebbed, that by the time circumcision first appears in the Bible as a "sign of the covenant" between God and Abraham—approximately 2,000 years before Christ—it had been practiced for many centuries by the priest doctors of tribal civilizations.

Down through the ages man's foreskin has been bobbed, tailored and otherwise abbreviated to meet the code of his society. Turks, Persians and Arabs of the Mediterranean, the aborigines of Central Australia, Basutos, Kaffirs and Swahilis of Africa, Totanacs and Aztecs of the Americas—all these and a hundred other ancient and primitive peoples looked reverently upon the act of circumcision as one does upon a primal rite that is fraught with religious, social or sexual significance. In most groups it was a time of solemn or festive celebration, marking the onset of manhood, virility and readiness for marriage. The youth of the tribe were expected to withstand the ordeal with manly courage, after which they were initiated by their elders into the arts of love and sexual intercourse.

In many such groups, marriage was forbidden unless the females were also circumcised, a custom that is still practiced in some parts of the world. This operation, involving the removal of the prepuce (labia) that surrounds the clitoris (erectile organ) was often accompanied by defloration, or breaking of the virgin's hymen.

Circumcision was also used as a tribal mark, a seal of identification without which no male beyond a certain age was eligible for membership in the clan. Among the Jews, Mohammedans, Coptic Christians and many other peoples, it developed religious meaning symbolizing a covenant with the Almighty.

Contrary to many confused opinions on the subject, use of the operation for hygienic purposes has never been forbidden by later Christianity. Interviews with Roman Catholic and Protestant clergymen reveal that the practice of circumcision is rapidly on the increase among members of these faiths. One churchman, a well-known Catholic priest, sums up the modern attitude on this question: "I never hesitate to recommend circumcision as a practical health measure to expectant parents in my parish—and I am pleased to find that this simple and sensible precaution is being more widely practiced today than ever before."

As medical science mobilizes its forces for human health, doctors, hospitals and clinics throughout the nation are beginning to discover that circumcision is a key weapon in the fight against cancer and venereal disease. It may be man's oldest operation, or his fanciest bit of plastic surgery—whichever you prefer—but from the looks of things, circumcision may soon become as compulsory and universally accepted as the common vaccination. ●

"Forget it! It's only human to mistake reverse for forward drive."

IN A CAVE WITH A MOUNTAIN LION

Continued from page 57

heard a lion scream and pooh-poohed the idea.

In spite of this, and no matter whether you call a mountain lion a cougar, a panther or a puma—or any of the other names used for him in western Canada, southern Argentina or Patagonia—you will find that a vast number of words have been used in describing the terrifying sound, "like the scream of a woman in distress," with which he is supposed to rend the night. Several reputable scientists embrace the scream school of thought, but I wonder how many of them ever heard such a sound and could check up on the animal that made it.

We hadn't gone far when Verl suddenly dismounted to study some lion tracks.

"These are the freshest we've found, by a whole lot," he said. "Maybe we can do something with them."

Just then old Popeye, half foxhound and half bloodhound, let out a yowl to announce that he thought so, too.

We followed the big cats' wanderings over high, timbered ridges and through intervening canyons. There wasn't more than an hour of daylight left when the intermittent baying of the trailing hounds changed, at last, to a frantic chorus of barking.

Before we got too close we dismounted and tied up the horses where they wouldn't get too nervous. Then we walked over to find our tired but enthusiastic dogs yelping insults at a lion which swore back at them. They must have routed it out of bed close by, for it wasn't even panting.

Betty had never hunted before in the Rockies, and this was the first wild lion she had ever seen. I wanted her to shoot it, of course, but I wanted to photograph it first.

The lion didn't like that. It objected so much that after a minute it jumped out, smashed through the dogs and raced down the narrow canyon. I noted that it didn't really run but streaked away in great bounds, and I have a sharp-etched memory of one glimpse when, in mid-air, its forepaws were stretched far forward and its hind legs trailed straight back under the long, high-carried tail. It easily outdistanced the dogs, although they took after it as hard as they could go.

"Now it's gone and we'll never see it again," Betty lamented. She was almost ready to cry.

Verl and I laughed. "With those hounds on its tail it hasn't got a chance," we told her.

With this encouragement she felt better, and after we had ridden a half mile we heard the tree-bark again, a short way up a steep mountainside.

Up to this point the hunt had followed the usual pattern, but when we left the horses in the creek bed and started up the slope, things began to deviate. A couple of hundred yards above the creek we found a big, rugged outcrop of yellow sandstone. The hounds were barking furiously at the mouth of a cave in its base.

The jagged opening was about four feet high and perhaps a foot wider. The back wall confronted us squarely, perhaps six feet inside. At the right a hollow, only a couple of feet deep, looked like the beginning of a tunnel. But the dogs made it obvious that the lion had entered a deeper tunnel which slanted up from the base of the left wall. It wasn't far inside or the hounds would have been crowding the actual tunnel mouth.

Verl looked the situation over and shook his head. "We haven't a chance," he said dejectedly. "The only thing we can do is try to get the dogs away and go to camp."

Now, I'm no believer in recklessness, but there were two reasons why I didn't agree. The first was Betty's shotgun, and the second was my flashlight.

Being a one-rifle man, I can flip the bolt of my .30-06 pretty fast, but there was a chance that in this tunnel it might not be fast enough. However, cartridges for a suitable rifle for Betty had been unobtainable—my .30-06 is too heavy for her—so I had suggested that she bring her 12 gauge shotgun and use it with single rifled slugs instead of shot. If I were armed with this, a three-shot automatic loaded with one-ounce slugs, I figured it would take quite a cat to get through the three ounces of lead I could turn loose in a hurry. I traded guns and dug the flashlight out of my pack-sack. Unfortunately it had been turned on in the bag, and the bulb filament showed only a dim, red glow.

As soon as I was ready I knew that Verl's statement had been dictated only by a prudent wish to avoid responsibility for an accident. Without hesitation he entered the cave beside me, flashlight in one hand and his .22 pistol, the only gun he had with him, in the other.

Unprovoked attacks by mountain lions are one thing. Here we had something else. The risk, of course, lay in the possibility that the tunnel might be very short, so that the lion would consider itself cornered when we appeared. Sometimes the most terrified animal can be the most dangerous, and if the lion decided that the tunnel was no safer than the tree it had left, we might get a lot of cat in our faces. I kept the gun trained on the tunnel mouth as we approached it.

We could look into that hole only by lying prone on the rock when we got past its edge, for it slanted up at an angle of about 30 degrees. At first I could see nothing. The light was too dim, and the lion was just about the color of the walls. Then Verl saw it, and when I made it out, I somehow felt strangely let down.

Only its hind end and tail were visible, and the knowledge that it couldn't attack us with that end seemed almost funny. It was not more than 15 feet away, but I couldn't tell whether or not the front of the animal was around a bend in the tunnel.

After a minute I told Verl that I'd try for its spine. A shot there would paralyze its hind quarters.

"All right," he said. "But when you shoot, let's get out of here fast, so we'll have more room if he comes."

Nodding agreement, I calculated as best I could where the slug should go and turned it loose. Then things happened, all at once. The flashlight went out, my glasses flew off and the noise sounded like the end of the world. Had the roof fallen in from that unbelievable sound, it wouldn't have surprised me. We shot out of the cave like a pair of pigeons.

The hounds charged in as we came out, but with equal promptness they rushed right out again. Their respectful behavior toward the still invisible lion told the story.

"That lion isn't disabled," Verl said. "It's only wounded."

We retrieved my glasses, which were fortunately whole. I bent them back into shape, and put them on. There wasn't anything to do but go back in.

This time, when we looked into the tunnel, it seemed darker. With eyes unaccustomed to the gloom and probably trying to distinguish some sort of outline of the lion where we had last seen it, I had a formless feeling that something much closer was obstructing the view.

It is hard to understand just how these things happen. One instant I was unable to see the lion. In the next I was looking right into its face, which wasn't ten feet from mine. Betty asked me later if it was snarling, and I really have no idea. I saw its chin, then the spot just below, in the center of the chest, that I wanted to hit. I shot once, carefully but fast.

We backed out again, in not quite so much of a hurry, and a moment later a big, blue-ticked hound named Pike went into the tunnel. Aided by the down slope, he seized the dead lion by the foreleg and dragged it into the open. When we looked the lion over, we saw that the first shot had been too low for the spine. It had gone through the tail and the pelvic bone and lodged in the muscles of the hind quarter.

Three days later Betty made a one-shot kill of a record-class specimen, a larger lion than the first. And that same afternoon I had the fortune to get a whopper whose unstretched skin measured 8 feet 4¼ inches from nose to tail tip.

As it turned out, we were so lucky that all three of our trophies proved big enough to be included in the lists of North American big game, among the official records of the biggest mountain lions ever shot. But while the lion from the cave will make the smallest rug of the three, it will always rate from me a sort of personal salute. It gave me more concentrated excitement than any animal I've met in 18 years of hunting. •

THE KILLER CAME TO DRINK

Continued from page 26

the porch on a newspaper found in the cabin. Prescott fell asleep shortly afterward on the floor by the stove. Flint remained awake, his thoughts on the bank loot under the floor. His split of the $60,000 would mean high living for a long time. Just as soon as the snow melted enough he'd get a couple of states away.

He thought of how long the meat would last. At the rate of two pounds a day apiece, estimating the supply at a hundred pounds, the venison would be gone in less than a month. What if the snow lasted until spring? He had no more shells. Prescott had perhaps one or two, but even 100 rounds wouldn't guarantee another deer. Prescott's snoring pushed itself into Flint's thoughts.

He rejected the idea, until he realized that the money, as well as the meat, could all be his. He arose from the chair in which he had been sitting near the stove, struck a match, and made his way softly around the motionless figure to the mackinaw on the table. He slipped Prescott's gun from one of the pockets. In the dying match flame he saw that it contained one shell. He lit another match, cupped it in his hand to shield the flame, and crept back to the big man. He bent down and put the muzzle an inch from Prescott's temple. . . .

He dragged the body through the blackness to the trap door, raised it and fumbled about in the hole beneath until he found the bag containing the money. After rolling the body into the hole he eased down the door. He put the money under the stove and laid down. Sleep came to him as readily as it ever had.

The sky was painted a morning grey when he awoke. He got to his feet feeling stiff and cold. The fire had gone out. He whittled some shavings and soon had the stove roaring. He went out to get a piece of meat for breakfast and, as he bent down for it, he saw a chunk of meat laying at the base of the steps. In stooping to pick it up he saw prints of an animal's paw where his and Prescott's feet had flattened the snow. The creature was small, judging from the size of the marks.

Cursing he went into the cabin with the meat. As he cooked it, the realization that he would have to take some action to keep more meat from being taken, set him to thinking. He couldn't bring the meat inside. The heat would make it inedible within a week. He finished breakfast without hitting upon a solution.

Thirsty, he went to the water bucket. It was empty. He picked it up and went out to the spring. Faintly, here and there along the way he saw the animal tracks on the snow crust. He kicked at them angrily. Probably that damn racoon whose tracks Prescott had spotted behind the cabin. He found the water in the spring still darkened with blood. His thirst was slight so he went back to the cabin without filling the bucket.

It was midday when he began to put into effect the plan he had conceived earlier to keep the animals from dragging off the meat. He stripped the lining from his overcoat, and Prescott's mackinaw and spread the coats on the porch floor. He heaped venison upon his coat and drew the sleeves and the hems up over the meat and bound them together with strips of the silk lining. Using several pieces of the lining, twisted together for strength, he slipped the makeshift rope under the coat sleeves and, supporting the improvised sack on his shoulder, he knotted the rope about a crossbeam of the porch.

He eased his shoulder out from under the sacked meat and stepped back. The meat was safe, suspended well above the floor. A grin of satisfaction spread over his face. Then the makeshift rope gave way and the bundled meat crashed to the floor. He glared at it for a moment then stalked into the cabin, slamming the door behind him.

After ramming a couple chunks of wood into the stove he became aware of his thirst. He got the water bucket and went out to the spring. Most of the bloody water had trickled out, but the faint pinkishness of the tiny pool was not to his liking. He dipped the bucket into it and took a few sips, enough to take the dryness from his mouth and throat. The water seemed to have a slight taste of blood. He emptied the bucket into the snow and went back to the cabin.

When he sat the bucket down, his eyes fell on the cupboard. His ferret eyes gleamed as a thought dawned upon him. The rat poison! He swung open the cupboard door, lifted the cardboard box from the top shelf, and shook from it a half filled tube. He brought a chunk of meat in from the porch and squeezed the entire contents of the tube upon it, then hammered the evil smelling paste into the meat with a chunk of firewood. Outside he placed the meat on the bottom step where it would be accessible to the meat-stealing animal, should it return.

The next morning the poisoned meat was gone. Certain that the marauding animal was now dead, he treated himself to an extra large chunk of meat. After breakfast he grabbed up the water bucket and went out. On the way to the spring he saw new paw prints faintly marking the snow crust. He filled the bucket, noting that the water was only faintly discolored. As he started back to the house the sunlight fell upon him through a break in the clouds. It was warm, and he noticed a warmth in the air. Maybe the snow would be gone far sooner than he had hoped. His spirits rose.

In the cabin he took a drink. The water still had an alien taste, but his thirst bade him to drink heavily. He sat down at the table and dealt out a solitaire layout with the cards Prescott had left there. He beat the devil at the very first try. Ah, his luck was really on the

"You don't say! When did they come out in king-size?"

upswing! He reassembled the cards and began shuffling them.

Then a sudden burning sensation began in the pit of his stomach. Acid stomach, he thought from eating the extra portion of meat.

He went to the water bucket and raised it to his lips, taking a long drink. Maybe that would ease it up.

At the table he started to sit down, then jerked erect. The burning sensation had sharply increased. His stomach felt as though it were filled with hot coals. He had a sudden desperate desire for water. He went to the bucket, his legs trembling and weak. He grabbed the bucket. It slipped from his shaking hands and crashed to the floor. He stared at it blankly, then spun around, his face whitened by fear and pain, and ran out the door.

His legs buckled several times as he made his way to the spring. At the water hole he started to drop to his knees to drink, when he saw a patch of fur—a few inches of an animal's tail ringed with black and white hair. The body itself was hidden in a hole in the snow where the deer had fallen.

He sank to his hands and knees. In that last moment before he pitched him into the water hole he remembered something Prescott had tried to tell him. The big man's voice echoed in his mind . . . *Racoons have ringed tails . . . queer habit of washing their food. . . .* ●

TREASURE OF BLOOD GULLY

Continued from page 48

Bricky shrugged. "Ye're a big boy ter bury in this stony ground, Alan. Just watch yerself, that's all."

The rest of that day will always be sharp and clear in Alan's memory. It was an eerie feeling to hear the hoofbeats of Lou's horse close behind him, to watch him cut in on a lone beast racing for cover and drop it with one perfect shot. At times Alan tensed himself for a bullet, at others he fought the impulse to throw up his own rifle and so end the business one way or another.

That night he checked his gear over. The Geiger settings had been altered, and there were fresh clay-marks on the bottom of the box. The motive was plain enough, once you admitted that the suspect was a crazy man. Lou had made a strike and had verified it with the Geiger.

Alan lay in his bedroll in the darkened camp and pondered the matter. Three courses were open to him. One was to reject this evidence as circumstantial, and to carry on, hoping that everything would be all right. The second was to get out as quickly as possible, which would be aboard Jim Burrows' landing-craft the following morning. The third was the contribution of Alan Hall, geologist—to test that strike himself, whatever the cost.

But where could it be?

He started into sudden wakefulness, pulling the borrowed rifle to him. Neither of the other shapes had moved, and yet it seemed as if a voice had spoken to him. He recalled a fragment of his dream—a memory of two men riding, of Lou's words: "No point in going that way—gullies, scrub and snakes." The area Lou didn't like, eh?

There would be clay in the gullies—not sand as there was down here near the beach—clay, to stick to the bottom of a Geiger-box.

As quietly as he could he rose, picked up the Geiger and the rifle, and went to the corral. The gelding was used to him now, and he managed to saddle up without making much noise. Then he led the horse due south, the sand muffling the hoofbeats. Soon he was riding toward the gully area.

The predawn glow gave him his direction, and the moonlight was still bright enough to show the way through the scrub. After half an hour, with the shadows of the little hills closing about him, he became conscious of moving shapes.

The gelding propped in fear. Alan whipped the rifle from its scabbard, then laughed softly as he realized he had found the missing herd. The knowledge that he had been right in this single instance was strangely reassuring.

The first gully opened before him, a shallow basin flanked by sharply-defined ridges.

With a vaguely-prickling excitement he dismounted, took a background count, then a reading. The clicks were sharply defined. This was promising, but the country was more so. He recognized the ridges as outcrops—he guessed that the whole area was an upflung fold of pre-Cambrian rock, an ideal hiding-place for ores of uranium or almost any other kind of metal.

He pressed on. The count sustained itself as the gully deepened. He moved off the sandy flood and began to test along the western wall, where the strata rose sharp and clear in the moonlight. The Geiger ticked like a watch. He moved further along. The clicking merged into a continuous vibration. He stooped, oblivious of time, checking, moving, testing as the light brightened into dawn.

This was it!

"Found something good?"

He snapped erect, grabbed for his rifle, then realized the futility of it. Lou Marston was within 20 yards of him, his rifle held easily across his body.

"Good thing, eh? You're a kind of a Geiger yourself, the way you behave." Lou's face was inscrutable.

Alan licked his lips. "Pretty good. Government should pay you the full bounty. And there's copper, for sure."

"I guessed it. Wanted your gadget to check the hot stuff. Couldn't risk buying one through normal channels—it would have started a stampede."

The man's very lack of emotion angered Alan. "You didn't have to murder for it," he said. "You could have recorded the find and had it verified—"

"Murder?" Lou's jaw dropped. "Bricky say that?"

"It's obvious, isn't it? And when you couldn't get the Geiger that way, you sneaked off with it to check this find. And you're here to finish the job. Get on with it, man, if you've got the guts!"

Lou seemed more baffled than ever. "Took it at night? You know that? Why, the dirty little—!"

His rifle-barrel was down now. Alan freed his own and swung it to the high port, his thumb nudging the safety-catch. He could have shot Lou Marston then, let him have it from the hip, or felled him with the swinging butt as in the old infantry days. But something was wrong.

Lou wasn't acting as he should.

His head was back, listening.

A distant drumming seemed to shake the ground.

Lou shook himself from his daze, glanced quickly up the wall as if gauging chances:

"Buffalo, coming in! Where's your horse?"

"Round the corner."

They ran together, stride for stride, in the clogging sand of the valley floor. At the bend they stopped again. The gelding came around at full gallop, its eyes distended in fear. Lou's dive for the trailing reins was a yard short.

"Keep going! Other side of the valley!"

They were midway across when they saw the buffalo.

The sheer walls of the valley were filled with a river in full flood—a river of browns and grays and flecked highlights, of tossing horns and flaring nostrils and wicked red eyes. The drumming grew into a mighty echoing roar.

"Too late to move!" Lou called. "Stand and take 'em on! There's just a chance we'll split 'em!"

Standing shoulder to shoulder with the Territory man, Alan brought his rifle up. A great calm was upon him. There was no horse under him now, only a target coming at him and a weapon in his hands.

The years rolled away, and he was Sergeant Hall, infantryman, and the place was another desert, and the target was a charging company of a forgotten division of a lost Afrika Korps.

The first two buffalo went down together at a hundred yards. Alan took the next to the right, lining his sights on the tiny vulnerable spot just inside the

massive shoulder-blade. He pulled the trigger again.

Dead-hit!

He watched a floundering, boiling melee come up over the bodies. Another one down, and one reeling away, to be knocked sprawling from behind.

Now there were flying animals all about them, and the sand was rising in choking clouds. He fired blindly at anything that showed, groped for a spare clip and rammed it home. A wall of carcasses was before them like the prow of a ship, splitting the solid wave of the stampede. But the others, the hurt, panicky ones scrambling to their feet from the first pile-up, were the danger now.

"Got 'em beat!" exulted Lou Marston. "Boy, where did you learn ter shoot like that? We'll be right—"

"Lou! Behind you!"

A fear-crazed beast slammed at them through the dust. Alan fired one shot, then was bowled over by a mighty shoulder. He hit the ground rolling, knew the sting of pain as flying hooves grazed his ribs. Lou Marston was not so lucky. The buffalo hit him head-on with a sickening crunch. He went over the animal's back like a bundle of old clothing.

Alan was up again. His rifle was useless, smashed by a hoof. He staggered out, caught a handful of the big man's shirt, and began to drag the inert body toward the pile of carcasses.

It was a long journey. He was aching in every limb, and his skinned chest burned like flame.

Beasts still blundered at him out of the dust-pall. Once he was knocked down, and lay for a long time across Lou's body before he dragged himself to his feet again. It was an eternity before the bleeding hides of the slaughtered animals reared above him.

Lou was in a bad way. Most of the ribs on his right side seemed to be caved in, and from a deep gash high in his chest the blood bubbled darkly. His left leg was broken. His big right fist was clenched about the barrel of his rifle. As Alan worked on him, the wounded man's eyes fluttered open.

His words were throaty, half-choked by the rush of air through the hole in his chest.

"Want—get it straight," he whispered. "Planned—pinch your gadget. Never—had chance. Didn't try kill you other day. Cartridge—missed fire. Somebody else—stole gadget. Feller's a madman—gone troppo—"

"Who? Bricky?" asked Alan.

"That's the name."

The voice was strong and came from immediately behind him. Alan wheeled. Bricky was there, his rifle well forward, his pale hair glowing in the early sun. A silly position to be in twice in one day, but this time there was a difference. It was in Bricky's eyes. They were blank, heartless, reflecting only outwards, like windows shuttered from within.

"Bricky's the name," repeated the little man. "Bricky Waters, who once had a pal called Lou. But Lou was a double-crosser, see? Lou found that queer ore up the valley, an' decided ter go it alone. Told ole Bricky nothin'. So Bricky watched where Lou went, an' learned the score. An' when this geologist feller came back, Bricky listened. That Geiger—wunnerful thing, eh?"

"Lou was awake to you," Alan said. "That's why he stuck with me. And you planned to put us both away."

Bricky shrugged. "No offense, mister—but you said the Government only paid a thousand quid down. I wanted out of this place quick—it was drivin' me crazy. Couldn't split that thousand. That's why I follered the pair o' yer today, an' stampeded the herd in after yer."

"You did that?" Alan stepped forward, his fists raised. The rifle covered him.

"Hold back there! I kin still do the job. Nobody'll know different," the madman said. "Not if I lay you out in the open an' stampede the herd back. Little messy, but effective, eh?"

"But look here! You can't—!"

"Talkin's finished. Back up!"

Obedient to his gesture, Alan moved backward.

The morning sun was burning on his bare head, and he was conscious of an overpowering thirst and weariness. It came to him that neither would trouble him much longer, and suddenly even the discomfort was precious. The little man was deliberately forcing him to walk back into the open, to save himself trouble.

Bricky glanced down at the still form of Lou Marston as he shuffled forward. The big man's eyes were closed and his breathing was imperceptible. It was over for him, anyway, this final humiliation.

Then Bricky signalled for Alan to stop. The two men faced each other at a distance of 20 yards—too far for a flying dive, too close for any chance of a miss.

"Here it is," said Bricky, raising his rifle.

Alan saw the cold blue ring of the muzzle, and wondered dully whether his mind would register the spurt of flame. And then, nagging at the edge of his vision, something else forced itself upon him.

Lou Marston's body stirred. With infinite slowness it rolled onto its wounded side.

A terrible blood-streaked face showed for a moment—a dead man's mask, but in it the cold fighting eyes were alive with a bitter, deep hatred. A rifle-barrel slid forward across the rump of a dead buffalo.

"Sorry," said Bricky, as if loath to lose his audience. "Man's got ter look after 'imself, I always say."

Alan flinched at the crack of the rifle, threw himself to one side. Bricky staggered a little, his eyes fixed wonderingly on the silent weapon in his hands. He looked once at Alan, and for a moment there was the awakening of horror in his face. Then there was nothing. He was dead when he hit the ground.

Alan ran toward the other man. "Lou! Are you all right? Lou!"

"I'm terrible," said the big fellow. "But I can stick it out till you get help. That Burrows is due in today. Owes me 50 quid, an' I won't talk to him till he's paid it. Thinks I'm a hatter, 'e does." •

"It's called 'Body English'—that's the way Estelle Winters got her husband."

CARS OF PLASTIC

Continued from page 39

cellophane and the entire form is smoothed by hand. Then the chassis is rolled into the bright sunlight or dried by heat lamps. Eight or ten hours and the plastic body is thoroughly bonded.

The removing of the plastic body from the mold is done by tapping over the entire surface with a wooden mallet.

Then the body is sanded with a mechanical rotary disc to remove all surface faults. When the smoothness is metal-like, the body is attached to the chassis and painted. Lacquer gives best results.

Then the body is drilled at the proper points and bolted to the chassis with chrome or stainless steel washers.

The *Skorpion* and *Wasp* utilize a built-up layer of fiberglas cloth to function as the bumper. Actually, one's imagination can run riot when working with fiberglas. Virtually any design can be accomplished, and the plastic body is as adaptable to the attaching of accessories, windshields, and grilles as is a metal body.

As far as fiberglas boats are concerned, everything said about car bodies goes for boats, too.

Some time ago U. S. Army and Navy officials tested military assault and lifeboats made of fiberglas. In one test a Tommy gun was fired point blank into a hull and failed to dent it.

The Wizard Boat Works has another test. They take a fiberglas rowboat up to the roof of the factory and toss it off onto the cement driveway. Nothing happens—it just bounces. If you're still skeptical, they'll give you a sledge hammer and let you work up a sweat trying to cave in the boat.

The U. S. Atomic Energy Commission has a fleet of small fiberglas craft down in southern California on the Salton Sea. Their specific use, of course, is not known, but the interest shown by the Department of Defense, is testimony to the sturdiness of these craft.

They'll never rust, stretch, shrink, warp, rot, attract barnacles, or disintegrate. Fiberglas, whether it be employed on a car or on a boat, is uncomparably handy in another respect: upkeep and repairs. A tear or hole, should one occur (which is highly improbable), is merely sanded smooth, given a liberal coating of plastic resin, then patched with the necessary layers of fiberglas cloth and allowed to dry, after which it is treated to a sanding and final painting.

For custom car or individual boat building, fiberglas plastic is unexcelled. Many responsible persons predict that as time goes on, the public will discover, much to its amazement, that metal isn't all it's cracked up to be. Right now one of the plastic boat building firms is turning out around 50 boats every week and running far behind orders at that.

The Brooks *Boxer* car, for example, was recently purchased by the U. S. Rubber Company which is now, in cooperation with the Glasspar Company, doing the ground work that, eventually, will result in a complete, mass-produced car, chassis and all. Right now bodies for 100 to 106-inch wheelbase chassis are available from the Glasspar Company in Costa Mesa, California. The price changed recently and is not known.

Likewise, the Eric Irwin *Lancer* body is suitable for installation on chassis in the neighborhood of 110-inch wheelbase. Weighing just 200 pounds, this body can be obtained for about $700, f.o.b. Costa Mesa. And for those who have access to an old midget chassis with wheelbase somewhere close to 80 inches, there are the *Skorpion* bodies which Viking Craft will supply for $445, f.o.b. Anaheim, California. All of these bodies come completely primed and ready for installation.

And when you get one, you'll know what it is like to live in the future. •

DEATH DRIVES A SLOW CAR

Continued from page 8

coast trips and six to Mexico, I've seen a good many automobile accidents caused by mopes. To find them I did not have to go very far afield.

One of the most ghastly occurred within a few miles of my home at North Salem, N. Y. A few miles north, on Route 22, a motorist with two passengers in a sedan was driving behind a mope in a jalopy. For several miles the jalopy had been hogging the fast lane at slow speed, refusing to pull to the right. Eventually the sedan was badgered into trying to pass him—and on a curve!

Just then a truck rumbled around the curve from the opposite direction. It looked like a head-on collision. The driver of the sedan took a desperate chance, stepped on the gas and tried to pass to the left of the truck.

The sedan went off the left side of the road. Before it crashed into a stone wall, the limb of an oak flattened the top of that car like a crushed tomato can. The three occupants were mangled to bloody pulp before the car struck the wall. As usual, in such cases, the mope kept right on driving. He felt no responsibility. He didn't want to get "involved."

In the past quarter of a century or so, I've read a great many warnings about the hazards of fast driving. I have yet to read one about the mope's responsibility for some of this fast, reckless driving. Like millions of other motorists, however, I have long been aware of the increasing menace of the mope and have wondered what could be done about him.

Some months ago, with the encouragement of CAVALIER, I set out to find the answers. Since then I have traveled thousands of miles, interviewing highway commissioners and traffic engineers, state troopers and law enforcement agencies. I've also talked to many mopes.

It didn't take very long to discover that, although no nationwide survey of the mope has ever been made, almost everybody is becoming increasingly aware of the hazards he creates. Everyone, that is, except the mope himself.

"The unusually slow driver often thinks of himself as a very safe driver, and he would be astonished to realize that he is often an important factor in causing accidents," Burton W. Marsh, Director of the Traffic Engineering and Safety Department of the American Automobile Association told me in Washington, D. C. "He would also be surprised to know that his slow driving has cut down the capacity and hence, the value of the highway tremendously.

"Traffic benefits most when all of it moves at approximately the same speed. Under such conditions you get better capacity, and you have less overtaking and passing. Your dangers are reduced. Traffic movement is then more relaxed and conditions better. It is the great divergencies in traffic speeds which cause trouble. They cause accidents, irritations, and inefficient use of the highway."

When I began this investigation, like most motorists I thought of mopes as Sunday drivers or beginners that one encounters at irregular intervals on the road. One of the amazing things I learned was that these intervals occur with a frequency which can be accurately charted.

During the past year, as a result of more than 2,000 ambulatory traffic pattern studies made by highway officials, it was discovered that no matter where you may drive in the United States—whether the terrain be flat, hilly, curvy, straight, or combinations of all four—the percentage of mope drivers remains constant.

When you travel on a super-highway, only five percent of your fellow motorists will be driving in excess of the maximum speed limit. Eighty-five percent will be driving at speeds ranging from the maximum to a reasonably safe minimum. And 10 percent will be driving at a dangerously *slow* speed.

On the average three lane highway

these percentages change somewhat. Eight percent of the motorists exceed the maximum speed limit, 86 percent drive at reasonable speeds, and 7 percent drive dangerously slow.

Over a period of years, on long trips, I've developed one wearing driving habit shared by many motorists. Once I succeed in passing two or three creeping traffic blocks, I have the nervous urge to keep right on going as long as there's gasoline in the tank, without stopping for food or anything else. If I do stop, I reason, I'll have to pass those same damn creeping traffic blocks all over again.

But recent traffic surveys now reveal that this habit is of little help in making time, for on any section of the highway there will be other mopes to pass under equally exasperating conditions. Therefore, if you have this "keep going" urge, you might as well give it up and stop when and where you please.

Mopes are *not* Sunday drivers. Most highway officials believe that mopes fall into types.

The first, most numerous and hardest to change, is the *Obstinate Mope*. He is not a beginner; in fact he may have logged many more miles than you. His slow speed driving habit is so set that neither warnings by cops, highway signs nor anything else will persuade him to drive faster.

The second is the *Defect Mope*. He may drive a truck whose speed is monitored by a governor without due compensation for grades. Or his truck may be overloaded or mechanically deficient. In the case of a passenger car, the engine may be in bad shape. Or the car may be of a low-powered, foreign make entirely unsuited for American highways. This type of mope is the only one in which the mechanical, rather than the human element, is the greatest factor.

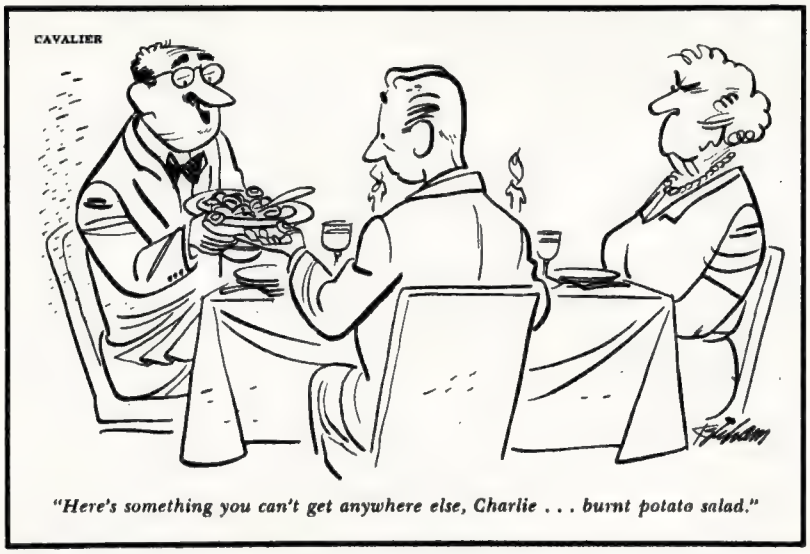
Timid Mopes are third in number. They have deep-rooted fears of drivers who travel at the legal maximum speed. They are made nervous by traffic volume and frightened by the noise and size of trucks that pass them.

Though third numerically, Timid Mopes are most dangerous because of the uncertainty of their reactions.

Break-in Mopes are fourth. They're the motorists who take to the highways to break-in their new cars at slow "manufacturer-recommended" speeds. Although individually their moping is usually limited to approximately 500 miles, after which they revert to normal driving, there are always an increasing number of new Break-in Mopes to take their places.

Fifth are the *Laggard Mopes* who drive slowly and for a specific, temporary reason. Usually the driver is a young fellow taking his girl out for a drive. Family Sunday drivers motoring for pleasure occur less in the mope class than you might expect. Increasingly, as the concept of motoring has been changing from pleasure to transportation, Sunday drivers head for a destination and are in a hurry to get there. Few of them even slow up to admire scenery.

In surveys made of Sunday-driving on Connecticut's Merritt Parkway, it was discovered that there was no change in highway patterns during a bleak month in autumn as against a month in spring when the dogwood was in bloom.



"Here's something you can't get anywhere else, Charlie . . . burnt potato salad."

Sixth, least in number and danger, are *Beginner Mopes*. As explained to me by traffic officers in several states: "If they're not very sure of themselves, they tend to keep off the highways. If they are, they are still so new at driving that they obey all regulations. One warning to increase speed will usually do the trick."

What, if anything, is being done about mope drivers?

Ride along a three-lane highway behind a creeping road block and, the solution that occurs to you, as it often has to me, is a wider highway. But travel on a super-highway and you also encounter mopes. You can't eliminate them by making roads still wider. It's economically impractical. As Theodore M. Matson, director of the Yale University Bureau of Highway Traffic, pointed out to me, "One of the fundamental precepts of modern highway planning is that you cannot economically design a highway for a traffic load much less than capacity at reasonable speed.

"This reasonable speed is regarded as the maximum speed determined for that highway."

What happens, even on our most modern super-highways, is this: Under normal conditions, when you enter a highway from a side road monitored by a stop sign, it will take you approximately six seconds. When you change lanes—either for faster driving or preparatory to leaving a highway—your "weave and merge" takes from two to three seconds. All this under normal conditions.

But when the mope introduces himself into the picture, this time factor goes haywire in a slow-up chain reaction which may stretch out for miles. The mope may have started building up a creeping traffic block miles before. As a result, it may take several minutes before you can embark on the highway with safety.

It probably will also take several minutes before you can risk leaving it without a bad smashup. You've probably often had the maddening experience of driving along the inner or "fast" lane at a lesser speed than traffic in the right hand "slow" lane. Trying to weave and merge into that outer lane preparatory to a turnoff, under such conditions, can be a prelude to a crash. Such crashes happen continually to normal motorists, while somewhere far ahead the true cause of them—the mope—continues lazily on his way.

Not long ago, on U.S. 16 in Michigan, right in our most automotive-conscious region, I saw a typical example of this. So typical, in fact, that driving behind one of the cars involved, I could have drawn a blueprint of what was going to happen.

We were moving along at 23 mph on the inner lane. The cars and big trucks to the right were doing almost 40. Directly ahead of me was a green Chevvy whose driver was trying to get into the right hand lane. He tried for almost a mile and a half and then, in desperation, tried to scoot in ahead of a big tractor-trailer combo. He didn't quite make it.

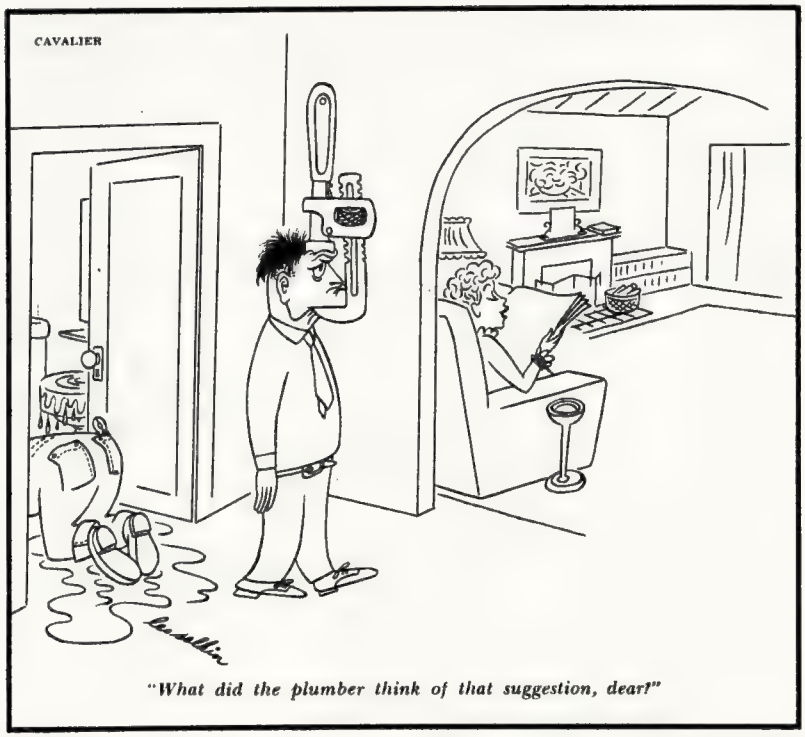
Although he applied his air brakes immediately, the tractor-trailer driver hit the Chevvy at an angle. Three passenger cars and a small truck quickly piled up in the outer lane in a series of front and rear end collisions.

I swerved to the left to miss hitting the angled rear end of the Chevvy, narrowly avoiding a head-on collision with a car coming from the opposite direction. The car coming up behind me wasn't that lucky.

It isn't that too-wide highways aren't just economically impractical for coping with mopes. No matter how wide they're constructed, mopes will continue to foul them up.

But what about a minimum speed limit to compel the mopes to drive faster?

When automobile associations, highway officials and motorists began to become acutely mope-conscious a few years ago they tried to get Congress to pass a nation-wide minimum speed law. All they managed to get was a Congressional recommendation to all states for the



"What did the plumber think of that suggestion, dear?"

adoption of a "Minimum Speed Regulation" in the Uniform Vehicle Code, and it reads as follows:

"No person shall drive a motor vehicle at such a slow speed as to impede or block the normal and reasonable movement of traffic, except when reduced speed is necessary for safe operation or in compliance with the law.

"Police officers are hereby authorized to enforce this provision by direction to drivers and, in the event of apparent willful disobedience to this provision and refusal to comply with the direction of an officer in accordance herewith, the continued slow operation by a driver shall be a misdemeanor."

Thus far, this "Minimum Speed Regulation" has been adopted by 23 states. Twelve of them, Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Delaware, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, North Carolina, Rhode Island, South Dakota and Wyoming carry it as written.

California, Colorado, the District of Columbia, Maryland, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Ohio, Oregon, Texas, Utah, Washington and Wisconsin have a similar provision.

One of our most mope-conscious states is Mississippi. Three years ago Director of Highway Planning I. W. Brown and other officials decided that a law with teeth in it was necessary. As a result, Mississippi was the first state to pass a minimum speed law—30 miles per hour.

Remembering a stretch of U.S. 90 between Mobile and Gulfport as some 76 miles of the worst mope-created bottlenecks in the country, I drove down to see what the new law was doing to eliminate it. A test drive between Mobile and Gulfport showed that my running time was no faster than it was before the law was passed. I stopped off and questioned several cops about it.

"Sure we pick up slow drivers," I was told. "But they continue to drive slowly. You can't change a mope's driving habits by passing a law. You've got to keep prodding him constantly."

Up in Connecticut, Commissioner of State Police Edward J. Hickey tried a prodding experiment on the Merritt Parkway. He set up a block system in which motorists were shepherded by cruiser cars driven by state troopers setting the pace in 50 and 55 mph zones. The mopes didn't keep up. As always they set their own deliberate pace. Creeping road blocks soon developed. The test, a sad disappointment, failed to provide a convincing argument to the legislators for a state-wide minimum speed law.

"The State Traffic Commission has discussed it," William M. Greene, Director of the Connecticut Safety Commission informed me, "and believes such a law unnecessary, as the situation would appear to be covered by Connecticut's "safe and prudent" speed regulation which, presumably, is effective when a vehicle causes hazards by moving too slow."

This "safe and prudent" regulation can wallop the mope *if* the highway cops want to enforce it, and in some states they do.

In Illinois, Indiana and Iowa they call it "reasonable and proper speed," and in those states I found mope-conscious highway cops socking some slow drivers with it. I say "some" because it just isn't possible to swat them all. There aren't that many cops.

In New Jersey, as in some of the other states, highway cops who try to speed up slow drivers and occasionally arrest them for failing to comply sometimes are discouraged by the way in which mope cases are treated in court.

Not long ago an Ohio driver who was moping along a New Jersey highway was arrested by a state trooper. A judge promptly discharged him. A few days afterwards I interviewed several New Jersey State Troopers. They were pretty glum about it.

"Any mope can have a half dozen good excuses when he's hauled up before a judge. You don't have concrete evidence, like you do when a driver exceeds the speed law. We try to use discretion and give a mope the benefit of the doubt. But some judges are unrealistic. They don't seem to realize that a guy who is driving too slow can endanger as many if not more lives than a driver going too fast."

In contrast to this, California is really beginning to crack down. One mope was sentenced by a Los Angeles judge to five days in jail for obstructing traffic by going 32 miles per hour in a speed zone.

In New York State, the highway cops are keenly aware of the problem. They give a mope one warning, then hand him a summons.

"We can get him on either of two counts," state troopers told me. "One is reckless driving. Mopes don't seem to understand that reckless driving can also mean driving too slow, and they're inclined to be argumentative when we book them on that count.

"Usually, however, we tell them to speed up. When they fail to do so, we book them for refusing to obey an officer. Whatever the charge, however, it stands in nine out of ten cases in court, and the mope is found guilty."

Of all states, however, New Hampshire has long been successful in discouraging the slow driver. As early as 1937 "Chapter 125, Section 2"—stating that no person shall operate a vehicle at such slow speed as to interfere with the normal and reasonable flow of traffic—was written into the law. Mopes are fined $10 and in flagrant cases $15.

"We people in New Hampshire believe the law is workable," Frederick N. Clarke, Commissioner of Motor Vehicles, told me. "The slow poke is no better than the guy who drives at an excessive speed—maybe worse.

"I hope all administrators can see that the 'road mope' is one of the big obstacles in any attempt to obtain a more even flow of traffic.

"Every weekend and holiday, when we experience a tremendous volume increase in traffic, New Hampshire enforcement officers frequently direct the 'road mope' to the side of the highway for an interview.

"When there is a break in the traffic line, he is permitted to proceed—after receiving stern instructions to move along—or else. This type of enforcement has been well-received by the people of New Hampshire."

As it goes in New Hampshire, it is now beginning to go throughout the nation. The true menace of the mope is finally becoming recognized for what he is.

He is death behind the wheel of the slow car. •

BEST IN THE WEST

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Lakes. They hit particularly well from September 10th until the season closes on October 15th. Trolling with wobbling type spoons and similar lures bring best results, although many are caught by casting from shore. A few trout taken from these lakes have exceeded 30 pounds, although the average fish taken weigh 1½ to 3 lbs.

Rocky Mountain whitefish can be found in most of this area, and the Montana grayling is particularly abundant in Grebe, Wolf and Cascade Lakes in the Canyon area.

Look, chum—if you headquarter in this area, or just roam through it and don't catch a barrel of fish, go home and double your insurance. You're one very unlucky gent.

Take along that bass casting outfit and all the plugs you have. They come in handy fishing for lake trout, and you'd be surprised how many real bass lakes you'll run across in the three states mentioned. Crappie are to be found in most of the bass lakes. Those little highland lakes in the northern Idaho region are full of crappie and bass.

Now I'll hit other favorite spots once over lightly.

There are some great streams and lakes in the Missoula, Montana region. I'll never forget a display of 12 16-inch trout that I saw in one of the sporting goods stores the day I hit that town! They had been caught, the card read, in two hours by a couple of fishermen who threw back the smaller ones. And if you get to Missoula, you wouldn't think of missing that Flathead Lake region and the Whitefish Lake country.

You've heard all your life about the colorful north Idaho region. That Lake Pend Oreille country is something right out of a sportsman's dream book. Rushing, spring-fed streams, alpine lakes with tackle-busting bass, the famed Kamloops trout—this country would be hard to overlook on a trip west. If you aren't successful on the big lake itself after Kamloops, there are 13 other small varieties to pick from. The little "silvers" give you a big run. On light tackle they are sporty and generally come thick and fast. Smoked or fried, they are delicious. My wife caught a 9½ lb. Dolly Varden on her first day out just off Maiden Rock near Talache Lodge.

Some spots in this vicinity are a little "high" for costs, but places like Talache Lodge abound in color, good eats, plenty of fishing and very reasonable prices. Rooms can be had as low as $5 per day, and the exceptionally good food is reasonably priced. It is worth a trip to this place just to know the three young couples who run it. Pend Oreille is one of the most beautiful lakes on earth. If you plan on a trip to that country, write Talache Lodge, Sandpoint, Idaho, for reservations, and Jim Parsons, Sandpoint, Idaho, for all the dope.

I'd heard tall tales on Jackson Hole, Wyoming for as far back as I could remember. It never impressed me much. Somehow, I always thought of a big mud hole on a prairie—a sort of stock-watering hole, you know.

How wrong can a man be?

Bob Carmichael, of Moose, Wyoming, told me that he could stand in one spot on several streams in the Jackson Hole country between September 10th and October 15th, and catch his limit of trout without moving! I'm willing to bet he can, too. . . .

Betty McCune of Waco, Texas, cast a plug into one of those Jackson Hole lakes and came out with an 18 lb., 7 oz., lake trout. Betty was no experienced fisherwoman, either!

It is a fabulous land of rugged, snow-capped mountains, trout-filled streams, sky-blue lakes—and the Snake River. If you head West, and come within 3,000 miles of the Jackson Hole country, don't miss it!

The greatest fishing thrill of my life came when I hooked onto that 7 lb. rainbow trout in fast water on the Chama in northern New Mexico! We were fishing for pee-wees for supper, Bill Faris and I, and I was using a 2x test Wright & McGill leader, somewhat larger than a piece of thread, you know!

When that seven pound rainbow struck, a cold feeling went through me like I've never felt before. When he came up for the first time, I felt icicles sliding down my back! That fight took 45 minutes. Imagine yourself worked up to a yelling frenzy every second of that 45 minutes, afraid the rushing, leaping, flashing fighter wouldn't be on the next second.

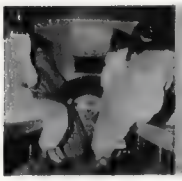
I was weak when it was over, weak and trembly, but I finally had him there on the gravelly bank.

Bill Faris' place is located 15 miles west of Tierra Amarilla, New Mexico. He has plenty of cabins and the rates are very reasonable. His address is Box 25, Tierra Amarilla, N. M. Bill says there's a German brown trout 3½ feet long swimming around in El Vado reservoir. He watched the game department seine and release this 30 lb. trout during some fish-saving operations last summer when water in several spots got low. So there's a WORLD'S RECORD TROUT waiting for some angler in the El Vado country.

Forgive my enthusiasm. But when I start talking about western fishing things happen to me that I have no control over. My eyes sparkle, my tongue gets dry and I start blubbering. Hit any of the spots I've mentioned and you'll see what I mean.

But don't tell the fish who sent you. •

"I appreciate your asking me to come in for a cup of coffee, but I just finished four hamburgers, and I couldn't hold another thing."



UNDERWORLD OF SEX

Continued from page 52

involvements, if possible, with homosexual men who might entice them into inverted sex practices. Beware of the male whose behavior is too affectionate or intimate to seem normally masculine. It should be remembered that male homosexuals may be either aggressive or effeminate. The same is true of Lesbians.

Dr. Bertrand S. Frohman, Beverly Hills psychotherapist, provides one clue for the identification of homosexuals, which he states he has frequently observed to be a unique physical characteristic. "The eyes appear to rotate upward, concealing parts of the iris, thus exposing an area of white between the lower lid and the inferior border of the iris," declares Dr. Frohman. "The etiology is purely speculative. It may be due to the homosexual's habit of striking coy poses, dropping the head and raising the eyes flirtatiously; or it may be due to hormone imbalance which may exert an endocrine influence similar to that observed in hyperthyroid states."

Psychiatrists are at present waging war among themselves as to whether homosexuality can be permanently cured, or whether it should be psychiatry's job to teach them to accept their own inversion without self-hatred or guilt.

A very mild form of homosexuality is *transvestitism,* which is an insatiable desire to wear the clothing of the opposite sex. In the case of men, this includes the use of feminine make-up. The average transvestite is quite harmless, and usually does his masquerading in the privacy of his own home, before mirrors. If and when he does go out, disguised in female costume, he gets a thrill out of being mistaken for a woman. Sometimes he attempts to pass for female all of the time.

Buxom Mrs. Mineeta Salazar, for example, was arrested on a forgery charge in San Francisco. She had to be re-booked as Wilhelm von Stockke, a 33-year-old man who had been passing as a woman for 16 years. In Germany a 24-year-old tailor of Munich was arrested for strangling a young girl, when he confessed he did it to wear her scalp while prowling the streets at night disguised as a woman, heavily rouged and wearing corsets.

Transvestites may be active homosexuals, or then again may be married men of weak sexuality. Some well-known female impersonators of years gone by were transvestites who shrewdly hit upon this way of satisfying their libidinous urges, and at the same time made a living out of it. Opposite number of the male transvestite is the woman who wears male attire and attempts to play the role of a man either in private or public.

There are two kinds of men who are usually involved in *pedophilia,* or sex relations with small children. The first such kind of pervert is the young, immature male—often an adolescent—who feels deeply guilty about masturbation, but fears to try heterosexual relations. The second offender of this nature is the man in his 50's or 60's who is having trouble with his potency, or in obtaining normal relations with a mature woman, and who seeks instead innocent sex partners who will oblige him.

Strange as it seems, there are also women pedophiliacs—but unlike the male perverts, they are rarely detected. "Another type of criminal attack against the person committed by women is violations of the sexual integrity of children," reports Dr. Otto Pollak, University of Pennsylvania sociologist. "Considering its potential harmfulness, this offense type is disturbingly neglected by criminological research. . . . The sexual attack of a woman against a boy will leave no trace whatsoever, unless a social disease has been imparted."

For a good while, the nation's press was in an uproar over the number of pedophiliac cases being reported in many parts of the country, leading to a demand for new protection against "the sex criminal." What was not generally realized, until all the shouting died down, was that the man *most* apt to molest small children sexually is not usually a stranger, but someone close to and well-known to the children's families! Of all sex deviation problems, pedophilia is undoubtedly the most difficult to suspect, detect or prevent. There is always the danger of mistaking a kindly interest in children with secret sex motives.

The best guide you have for the protection of your own kids is the discovery made by Dr. Manfred S. Guttmacher, Chief Medical Officer, Supreme Bench of Baltimore. In a study of sex offenders, he reports, "All of the very seriously intellectually defective individuals (I.Q.'s under 50) were found among the offenders having children as their objects."

One of the most common types of sexual deviation is *exhibitionism.* Largely a male offense, it consists of displaying the sexual parts in public to a small girl, teen-ager or adult woman. Almost 500 such cases were reported to Los Angeles police in one year. Over half were carried out while the offenders were seated in automobiles, displaying to girls or women who passed by on the street.

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There are a number of devious, often unconscious, desires which motivate the exhibitionist. It is usually a sign of arrested sexual development when a man exhibits himself. He may be saying, in effect, "See—I'm a man because I have a man's parts," in order to bolster his feelings of inadequacy. It may be a symbol of aggression toward the opposite sex, substituting for normal sex behavior of which he feels incapable. It may represent a sadistic urge to inflict emotional pain upon female onlookers.

To Havelock Ellis, exhibitionism is "fundamentally a symptom based on perversion of courtship. The exhibitionist, if a male, displays the organs of sex to a feminine witness, and in the shock of modest sexual shame by which she reacts to that spectacle, he finds a gratifying similitude to the normal emotions of coitus. He feels that he has effected a psychic defloration."

To Freud the exhibitionist is simply trying to emphasize his maleness, finding infantile satisfaction that he has the male organ denied to women.

Whatever the exact motives of the exhibitionist, there is no doubt that he is an emotionally sick person. Dr. Wilhelm Stekel, Freud's famous associate, goes so far as to suggest that his compulsive acts are committed in a state of intoxication, or temporary mental aberration. He notes that the urge to repeat the act is always irresistible; and is then followed by deep remorse and utter depression.

Women, too, may be exhibitionists, but there are much fewer cases of this kind. Dr. Eustace Chesser, well-known British medical authority, cites as a typical case a 25-year-old secretary, highly attractive, who suddenly entered her boss's office when the rest of the staff had left. She was clad only in her underclothes, and wore nothing above the waist. After smiling at her employer, she left the room. He found her at her desk, sobbing. She begged his forgiveness, and explained that she was the victim of an uncontrollable impulse. He forgave her, but she repeated the act again, and then resigned.

In most cases, however, exhibitionism in a woman is much more subtle. In its mildest forms it is even very much accepted by the public at large under such popular labels as "pin-ups," "sweater girls," "cheesecake," "strip-tease," etc. Whereas such female exhibitionism is regarded as almost natural in women, male exhibitionism is considered as a public nuisance, at the least.

An unusual view of exhibitionism is offered by the recent Secretary-General of the British Social Hygiene Council, Sybil Neville-Rolfe. She declares, "Take, for example, the exhibitionist—often a man well on in years—who terrifies and shocks children and young girls in country lanes and public parks. There have been cases of such men who have been given 20 or 30 short prison sentences for repetitions of the same offence. It is now known that most of these cases are due to an enlarged prostate gland, and that as prison cannot alter the abnormality, when the exhibitionist regains freedom he cannot help again committing the offence."

The opposite number of the exhibitionist is the *voyeur,* better known as the "peeping Tom." His gratification comes as a result of looking at sexual objects, acts or scenes. The basic reason for this deviation, most psychiatrists agree, is an ungratified curiosity in childhood. Dr. Fred Brown, clinical psychologist of Mt. Sinai Hospital, suggests, "He may have a childish wish to see what his parents were doing when alone, or he may have an impulse for sexual intercourse which he fears. By seeing others in the act, he can assume the role of an innocent bystander who says, 'I wasn't doing anything, only looking."

Freud suggests that the peeper also enjoys the fantasy of possessing what he sees. In line with that, Dr. George W. Crane indicates that voyeurism is often found in men over 40, who dread the decline of their sexual vigor, and resort to visual stimulants to test the strength of their responses. It would not be amiss to state that steady patrons of burlesque shows—and especially those in "bald-headed row"—are mostly voyeurs.

There are, of course, mild strains of exhibitionism and voyeurism in most men, but these are usually held in check and expressed within the framework of marriage, where they certainly are not social problems. Exhibitionism and voyeurism are perversions when they become substitutes for normal sex behavior, usually through violation of female privacy or dignity.

"What kind of sugar?"

Another curious sex deviation is called *fetishism,* or the transference of sexual interest from women to an object which was associated in early youth with sexuality.

Almost all men have some fetishes which they find heightens sexual excitement for them. But the true fetishist is practically impotent unless the object of his fetish is present, either in connection with a female partner or in place of her.

A man may unconsciously have a fetish about earrings, and marry a girl who wears them constantly. After marriage she may stop wearing earrings. When the does, he may find his ardor for her cooling, without quite knowing why himself. His earring fetish may date back to being bathed as a child by a nursemaid whose ears were always festooned with jewelry.

The fetish may be a part of the body, a type of body or an inanimate object. Fetishists have been known to snip hair from girls or women, rob intimate lingerie, steal and collect women's shoes from their closets. Many such men, including fetishists of a milder nature, are often unable to have a sex relationship unless the woman is clad in a certain way —such as wearing silk stockings and a garter belt.

Krafft-Ebing reports the case of a man who was introduced as a youth to a girl who wore some large roses on her bosom. From that time on he was aroused by the sight or odor of roses. He would buy them, kiss them and fondle them, and was unable to be virile unless he had them at hand. Another Krafft-Ebing case tells of a man with a glove fetish who could not be potent with his wife unless there were a pair of her gloves—the older the better—by her head for him to kiss. Many fetishists have a complete sex experience simply by looking at some object which represents their fetish.

What is the explanation of this curious deviation? The fetishist, as a rule, has had sexual desires as a small boy or an adolescent which he has felt were wrong or sinful. This made him feel guilty, the more so since he could not prevent himself from having those desires. To escape from this situation, he transferred his taboo desires from a woman or an act to an object associated with the taboo. Thus, he could use this object as a symbol of the taboo, and gain the same sexual thrill thereby, without feeling guilty about desiring the taboo itself.

As an example, the fetishist may feel a strong incestuous desire for his sister in childhood. Realizing that he must not touch her, he transfers his desire to the silk stockings she is beginning to wear. Thus he becomes a silk stocking fetishist, and thereafter is unable to be aroused unless his female partner is wearing, putting on or taking off silk stockings.

While most fetishists are harmless, another type of deviation—*sado-masochism* —can be dangerous. The sadist and the masochist represent opposite poles of the same thing—a need for pain in the love relationship. The sadist cannot find sexual satisfaction unless he first inflicts physical or mental pain or torture upon his partner. "Some persons never love another with great fervor," declares Professor John J. B. Morgan, Northwestern University psychologist, "until they have made the object of their love weep." The masochist needs to be hurt or tortured by his partner before he can be sexually gratified.

The sadist is the sexual criminal who makes most of our headlines, and who presents the greatest problem to his community. He is responsible for most of the sex murders, the rape, the violation of young virgins. He gets that way, as a rule, because of a failure to outgrow childish aggressiveness. He is usually insecure about his masculinity, and his dangerous aggressiveness is meant to prove his "manliness" to himself and to others.

The masochist is usually found to be suffering from extreme guilt feelings, for which he craves punishment. The guilt is most often in connection with sex. By being whipped, beaten or humiliated, the masochist feels that he is paying for his "sins," and therefore has the right to sexual pleasure.

Dr. Eustace Chesser tells of the curious case of a masochistic husband married to a sadistic wife. As part of their marital relations, she frequently dressed in riding costume and rode her husband as she would a horse, whipping him around the room. Sometimes she tied him up and beat him. Both found satisfaction in this peculiar byplay, and did not have relations otherwise.

Sado-masochism does not constitute a community problem within the marriage framework. But the sadistic male who preys upon girls and women of the community for his brutal sexual satisfaction is highly dangerous, and must be dealt with effectively as quickly as his inclinations are detected.

At the farthest end of the underworld of sex we find deviates who find sexual satisfaction in even stranger pursuits.

There are telephone perverts who make obscene phone calls anonymously to women whose numbers they obtain by one method or another. These men, like

the exhibitionists, find a sadistic sexual pleasure in inflicting emotional pain upon their female victims.

A frustrated sexual impulse is the reason why lady kleptomaniacs go in for compulsive shoplifting. "In my own experience," Dr. Manfred S. Guttmacher states, "kleptomaniac women are sexually-unsatisfied women with tremendous hostility." As Dr. Fritz Wittels, Columbia University psychoanalyst, explains, they are really robbing as a substitute for sexual satisfaction which they cannot obtain. Their acts are symbolic protests and defiance.

The *pyromaniac* is a sex pervert who actually receives a sex thrill from setting buildings on fire and watching them burn. (Nero was the first famous pyromaniac.) Psychiatrists find that the pyromaniac usually commits his arson to relieve a feeling of sexual tension or guilt. He tends to be a man suffering emotional conflict over his homosexual tendencies. If apprehended in New York State and proved sane, he faces 15 to 40 years in jail.

Bestiality, or the use of animals, is not unknown in remote or lonely places where men are forced to live in relative solitude. In the Kinsey Report, it was shown that 17% of boys raised on farms had such experience, and that in certain Western areas the incidence ran as high as 65%. "Bestiality is never regarded as strictly normal," declares Professor Clyde Kluckhohn, Harvard anthropologist. "It may be ridiculed as an obvious second-best; condoned as youthful experimentation." It is perversion if persisted in when heterosexual relations are available.

What should be done about the underworld of sex?

First, we need an enlightened public to understand the various kinds of sex deviation; to understand which are harmless and which are dangerous. Certainly it is a mistake to classify the mild fetishist as a "sex criminal" along with the masochist who feels a compulsion to attack little children. We need more articles such as this to take the hysteria out of the subject of sex crimes, and replace it with sober knowledge of the facts.

Second, we need emphasis in law enforcement on the apprehension of the most dangerous sexual psychopaths—the pedophiliacs, or molesters of small children, sexual sadists, rapists and pyromaniacs. These persons must be located and identified as quickly as possible, then placed behind walls for psychiatric treatment until they are pronounced cured of their disorders. If they cannot be cured, they must *not* be released to commit new crimes until they are arrested once again.

Third, we need to distinguish carefully between those sexual deviations which are public nuisances, and those which are carried out privately, without annoyance to anyone. Most authorities believe that the public good is best served by ignoring deviates who are discreet and harmless, while arresting those who commit sex offenses in public. The latter require not prison but parole under observation, with out-patient treatment at a psychiatric clinic or hospital. They do not offend society out of defiance, but because they are powerless to help themselves.

Fourth, we need to keep reminding the public that sex offenders are emotionally sick, like alcoholics. Emphasis must be switched from vengeful legislation to laws which will permit treatment and cure of psychopaths by psychiatry.

New Jersey and New York state legislatures have already led the way by passing new laws which call for such treatment, instead of jail terms, for convicted sex offenders found to be suffering from mental disorders. The time required for treatment is flexible, so that no dangerous sex deviate can be released from confinement until he is pronounced cured or harmless.

It isn't humane or intelligent to punish a man for annoying us by an unpleasant nervous tic. We need to be equally civilized about the man with a tic in his sex life. And we can never afford to forget Voltaire's warning: "The punishment of criminals should be of use; when a man is hanged he is good for nothing." •

HOTSHOT DESPIRITO

Continued from page 18

and little else to offer, Tony told his story to a trainer named Jack Carrera. Carrera looked up and down the kid's slender frame and wasn't impressed. But the way the kid said, "I just want to make some money for my mom and dad" kept him from turning him down right then. Instead he took the youngster around to meet his boss, Jim Carr, a plumbing supply manufacturer from Lawrence. Carr, taken with the boy's sincerity, was quickly sold on the idea of giving him a mount.

Jim Carr, Jack Carrera and Tony DeSpirito will probably never forget that first race. The awkward kid, showing absolutely no ability with his hands, committed one of the worst sins of horse racing—he crossed in front of and cut off the other horses in the race. The stewards of the track, more aware than Tony of the danger he had brought into the race, branded the boy incompetent and ordered him to accept no more mounts.

Carr had every reason to call it quits on the kid then—he'd given him a chance and Tony had shown nothing. But the kindly owner couldn't get the thought of the little family back in Lawrence off his mind. When he shipped some of his horses to Sunshine Park in Tampa, Tony the breadwinner went with them.

On January 22, 1952, Tony's second chance came up—he was given a horse with the prophetic name of Grand Shuffle. Tony booted that horse home a winner and booted himself into another suspension. The vigilant stewards had seen the kid cut off other horses and although they allowed the win to stand they suspended Tony on the same charge of "incompetency."

A record of two races and two suspensions would have convinced a lot of boys that they were in the wrong business, but Tony refused to give up on himself. And Carr and Carrera wouldn't give up on him either. They did something then that they should have done after the first suspension. They got hold of Bob Wholey, a saddle-scarred veteran and told him to take the kid and teach him how to ride, starting right with the fundamentals.

The first thing Bob Wholey told Tony was, "Forget everything you ever learned before." This was the easiest assignment he ever gave him—the kid had nothing to forget. From then on it was hard work all the time and Tony loved it. He learned that his hands were a jockey's most valuable tools, and he learned how important it was to have the right touch on the reins as he guided a horse around the track. Then he learned how to judge pace and how to use his head. And while Wholey and the kid worked long, hard hours, Carr and Carrera stood in the background and watched a jockey being born.

One morning a new spectator came down to see the workout. He was Norman Charlton, a steward at Sunshine, and the boy's progress impressed him. Shortly after that, the good news came out—DeSpirito's suspension had been lifted.

The kid had lost more than three weeks of competition, but he still had 10 days left in the meet to show what he could do.

Now the hard work began to pay off. When Tony DeSpirito left Sunshine and headed north for Rhode Island, he had 10 wins to his credit. But more important than the 10 wins was the newest addition to his fast-growing board of strategy—one Wingy Suddeth. Wingy, so called because he has just one arm, (he lost his left arm in an automobile accident) is a canny jockey's agent. Those closest to the DeSpirito story say that he is the most important man in Tony's success story.

Apprentice jockeys like Tony DeSpirito seldom get a chance to ride the really great horses. They are usually assigned to the mounts the trackmen call "platers." Wingy Suddeth's job was to

pick out the best of the platers for the kid and how good a job he was doing soon began to show on the records. Tony added 15 more victories to his string at Lincoln Downs and, with his confidence restored, invaded Massachusetts' Suffolk Downs where he racked up 88 wins. From Suffolk he bounced to Narragansett Park and 41 more appearances in the winner's circle.

By August Tony DeSpirito was the idol of New England racing fans. There were those who criticized his style of riding and said he didn't even know how to sit in a saddle but, as his backers pointed out no boy could expect to be a finished rider in such a short time. The criticisms that reached Tony's ears didn't bother him much. He was doing the big thing—he was sending money home to his family. A jockey gets $35 for riding a winner, $25 for a loser, so Tony's weekly earnings varied with the number of winners he brought home. One thing never changed —the first hundred bucks earned each week went home to the folks. Then one week brought the realization of his biggest ambition—he presented his mother with a new house in Methuen and his father with a new car. After that he indulged one of his own passions and bought himself a Cadillac.

Late in October Tony, still red-hot, passed the 300-wins mark and the first talk about him smashing the record started. The talking died down some when he was thrown from a horse, suffered his first racing injury and was laid up for a week in the hospital. This hard luck spill brought a new DeSpirito rumor around: the kid had lost his nerve.

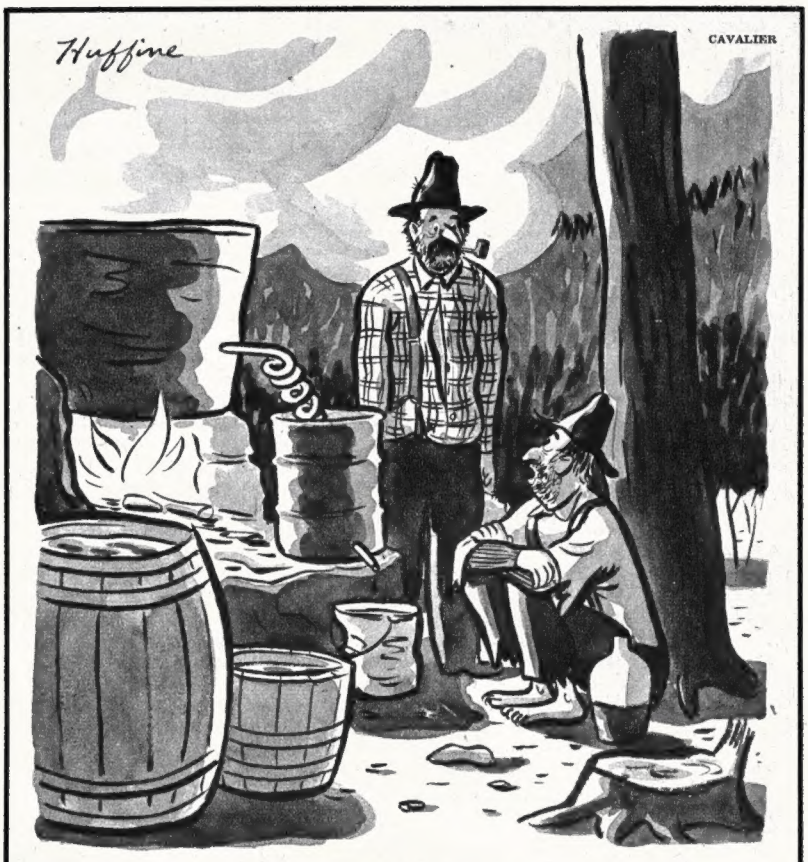
Tony still wasn't listening. He came out of the hospital, climbed aboard a mount and started to pile up the wins as relentlessly as before. By December 10 he had passed the 370 mark and now even his critics were pulling for him to break the record. Then came the ride on Bresada and the ten-day suspension.

But Tony hadn't run out of comebacks. He continued to sweat out the suspension without adding a word to the thousands his fans had written, and when it was lifted, he started another streak. On the morning of Dec. 30 he had 385 wins. As the ninth race at Tropical Park started that afternoon, he had 388 wins and a tie for the record.

Every eye in the park was on Tony as he swung onto King's Quest, his mount for the ninth race. All the pressure in the world was on him, but he didn't show it. Then while Carr, Carrera and Wingy Suddeth watched, he brought King's Quest down the stretch for the big win.

There has been some talk around the track that Tony DeSpirito has taken his new fame pretty big, but he didn't take it big that day. When Marshall Cassidy, one of the stewards who had suspended him, presented him with a trophy and said some nice words, Tony was still the same determined kid who left home to help the family. In the middle of all the celebrating he turned to Jim Carr and said, "Please phone Mom that I did it."

On the following day he returned to business as usual and picked up win number 390.



"Let's go have supper before we drink any—give it a chance t' age."

Although Tony Despirito is already a record-holder, his career is actually just beginning. On January 22 of this year Tony lost his apprentice allowance. This allowance or "bug" as it is called, gives the apprentice a five-pound advantage over a veteran jockey. For example, if a mount is slated to carry 117 pounds in a race, he will have to carry only 112 if an apprentice is aboard.

Though Tony got off to a good start at Sunshine, experts feel that he will not come close to breaking Walter Miller's two year record of 722 wins. Many other youngsters have compiled impressive records as apprentices only to pass from the scene when they lost the "bug." A prime example of the ways an apprentice can go may be found in the cases of Willie Shoemaker and Joe Culmone. In 1950 Culmone and Shoemaker, both apprentice jockeys, tied Walter Miller's record with 388 wins apiece. Today Willie Shoemaker can hold his own with any group of riders at the major tracks. Culmone, on the other hand, hasn't been a sensation since that first great year.

Talk to any dozen racing men and at least eleven of them will tell you that Tony DeSpirito will follow Culmone's path. But it's to be remembered that last year at this time the same eleven men would have told you in no uncertain terms that DeSpirito wasn't going to break the one-year record.

The kid himself seems to have definite ideas on how far he has come along in the racing world. Last March Jim Carr told an Associated Press writer that Tony had said to him, "Give me a horse as good as Arcaro's and I'll beat Arcaro." Carr didn't show the same confidence in the kid when he took him back to Sunshine this year. At Sunshine, and at other minor parks, he doesn't have to ride against such top-notchers as Arcaro, Atkinson and McCreary. And while Tony may pick up the wins in these small parks, his real ability as a jockey will not be known nor accepted by turfdom until he shows he can win on the "Big Apple"—tracks like the New York tracks, Arlington, Washington and Santa Anita.

But whether Tony DeSpirito breaks the two-year record or not, whether he makes it in the "Big Apple" or flops flat, his record-breaking performance of 1952 still makes for one of the most inspiring stories to come out of the sports world in years.

Tony DeSpirito has gone a long way since the day he told Jack Carrera that he just wanted "to make some money for my mom and dad," but he is still the breadwinner at heart. That was why he became a jockey and that seems to be why he is content to stay at the small tracks. As Jim Carr said, "He knows if I sold him to one of those big stables he'd probably wind up being the third-string jockey for awhile. He wants to stay where he can do the most good for himself. He made around $50,000 last year when he was only 17. He's doing all right." •

I WAS TRAPPED ON A FLOATING ISLAND

Continued from page 19

The bamboo stiffly resisted the knife, but I managed to cut out a section, open at the top and closed by one of the partitions at the bottom. This pot, when filled with water and placed over a fire, might char a little, but it would not burn.

Making a fire was a harder problem. I had to find something that would do for tinder and then make a fire by primitive methods. Everything was still wet with yesterday's rain and the night's dew. I probed the mat of roots underneath, hoping that the rain might not have penetrated far.

But the deeper I went the wetter the ground was.

Hundreds of seed pods clung to the great kapok tree. There was my tinder in endless supply. I broke open the shells and took out fluffy, dry tree-cotton, the stuff used for mattresses. In a reasonably dry spot I made a pile of fluff.

But I must have some other dry material, just a little heavier than the cotton, to place on top of it. I found it by cutting through the wet bark of the big tree. The inside layers were dry. I shredded out strips of the inner bark and laid them on the cotton.

On camping trips I had made fire with flint and steel. The blade of my knife was steel. A very hard stone might do instead of flint. I searched the half acre but could not find a single pebble. The Amazon flood plain is almost stoneless.

Very well then, I would go all the way back to primitive man. He used a fire-thong. I found a piece of vine that would do as a thong. It's all very simple. You plant a stick in the ground, tuck a little tinder into a slit in the stick, and draw the thong rapidly back and forth across the tinder until it ignites. I tried it. It didn't.

I began to appreciate matches. But I remembered seeing the islanders in the South Seas use the fire-plow. They make a groove in a piece of dry wood and move the point of a stick up and down in the groove so fast that the wood dust breaks into flame. I rubbed for half an hour. Nothing broke, except my patience.

Puzzled as to what to do next, I stood with my hands in my pockets. My hand touched something round and flat.

"May I have some water?" came weakly from Carlos.

Feeling pretty low, having no idea what to do next, I absent-mindedly drew out the round thing and looked at it. It was an extra lens from my camera. Where the sun shone through it on my hand there was a hot, bright spot.

"Water coming up!" I called jubilantly to Carlos.

With the lens held so that the equatorial rays of the sun passed through it and came to a point on the tinder, it was not two minutes before a plume of smoke rose, followed by a good blaze. I boiled the water, then cooled it by immersing the bamboo pot in wet ground. Carlos and I drank.

I knew he was hungry and so was I. "Can you wait a little while for breakfast?"

"I think I'll have to," he smiled.

I would show him. Somehow he was going to have a fish breakfast. I tried making a fishline of grasses, but they were too fragile. After a long search, I discovered the leafstalk of a piassava palm under the edge of our drift. In Manaos I had seen the manufacture of rope, brooms and brushes from this stout fiber.

While separating the strands, I heard a chattering behind me and looked up to see a monkey in a cleft of the kapok. I flung the wooden spear at him and scored a lucky hit. The little brown animal fell at my feet.

The idea of a fish breakfast was promptly abandoned. I skinned the monkey, roasted it over the fire and breakfast was served.

One meal did not exhaust the monkey's possibilities. After the fishline was completed, a sinew of monkey muscle was attached as a leader because it would be stronger than piassava, a fishhook was fashioned out of a sharp monkey bone, and baited with monkey meat. The monkey's knuckle bones were attached to the leader to serve as weights. And with this odd monkey business I began to fish.

"Come out and fight like a man."

Fishing is never good during high water; many of the fish retreat to side channels and lakes during this period. But almost anywhere and any time one may be sure of having the bait attacked by the cannibal piranhas, and it was not long before two of them had come aboard. They are innocent enough in appearance. Looking like perch, and only a foot in length, they appear harmless until they open their jaws. Their teeth are like razor blades. These fish are more dangerous than sharks a hundred times their size, but their evil record would not prevent us from enjoying their firm, flavorful flesh.

Carlos struggled to his feet and helped me make a roof to protect us from the sun by day, the occasional showers, and the heavy dew at night. We made a lattice of twigs, tying them together with piassava fiber, and bound to the lattice a thatch of grasses. Palm leaves or banana leaves would have done better than grass, but they were not available in our short-ration world. The roof was made fast to two branches of the big kapok tree about four feet above the ground.

After all, the roof is the most important part of a dwelling. But when a windy rain blew in under the roof the next night, we found that walls would be useful too. In the morning we set about building them. Perhaps in time we would even get to making a floor!

But we kept hoping for rescue. Twice we had seen a boat several miles away and had waved our arms and shouted until hoarse, but to no effect. Once we had swept close to a point, but the jungle looked even less inviting than our island. Somehow the island had begun to seem like home. With the problems of fire, food and shelter solved, our strange voyage had lost its terror. At least on the speeding island we were reasonably safe from prowling jaguars, bushmasters and humans who might or might not prove friendly. Now that Carlos was feeling better, the trip had become almost a party.

So it was with mixed feelings, after another night spent comfortably inside our walled cabin, that we were rescued. A big flat-bottomed, wood-burning riverboat of the type formerly used on the Mississippi came downstream directly behind us. We and our hut were soon spotted and crew and passengers lined the rails of all three decks. The commandant gave a sharp order to the helmsman, the floating pavilion sidled up against our private property, and the stern wheel stopped splashing. We were hurried on board with typical Brazilian hospitality, rushed to the dining deck on the supposition that we were starving, and showered with commiseration and congratulation. It sure was pleasant to see all these human faces and the good will that shone from them.

But, as the ship plowed on, we looked back at our island. And we were still looking as it turned a bend in the river and disappeared from sight. •

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